

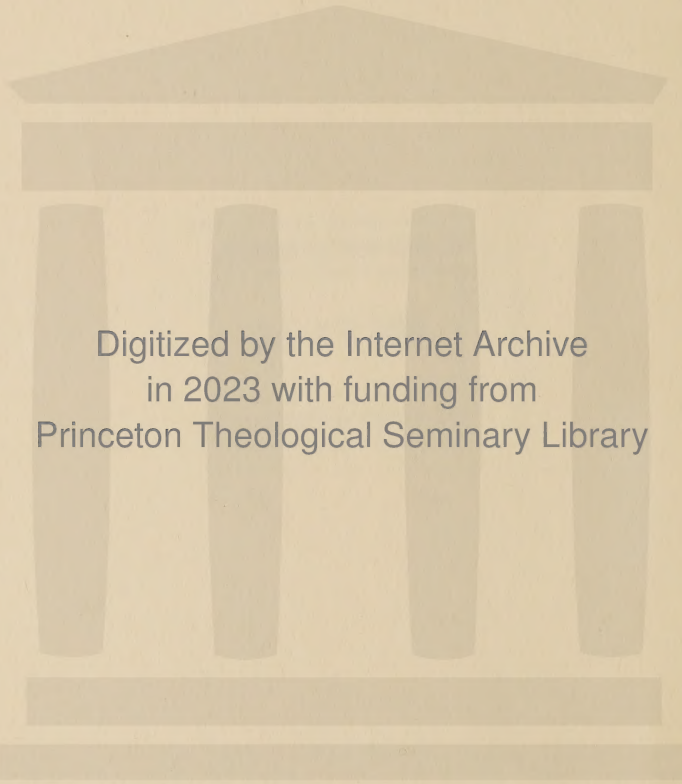
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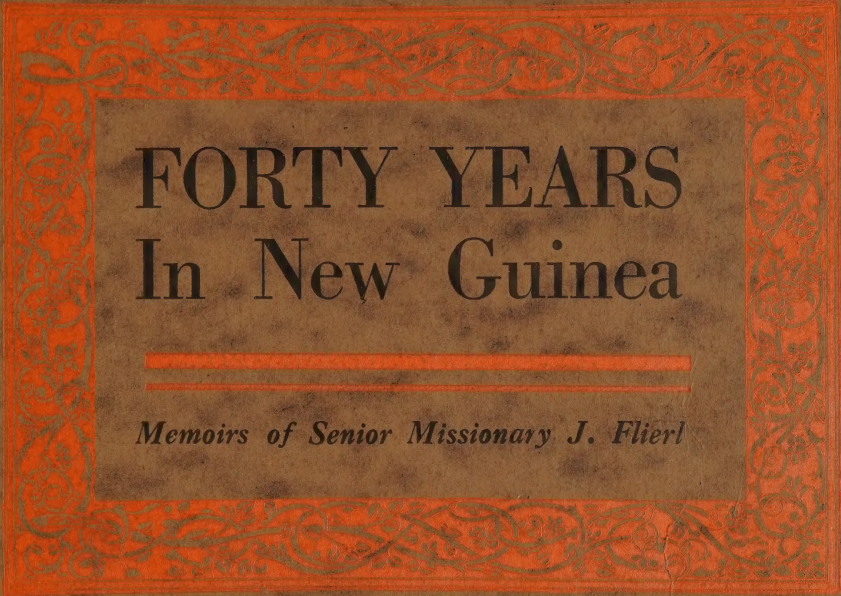
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FORTY YEARS In New Guinea

Memoirs of Senior Missionary J. Flierl

Published by the Board of Foreign Missions of the
Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Iowa and Other States
1927



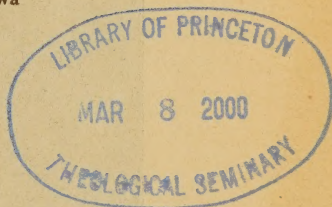
Forty Years in New Guinea

Memoirs of the Senior Missionary
JOHN FLIERL



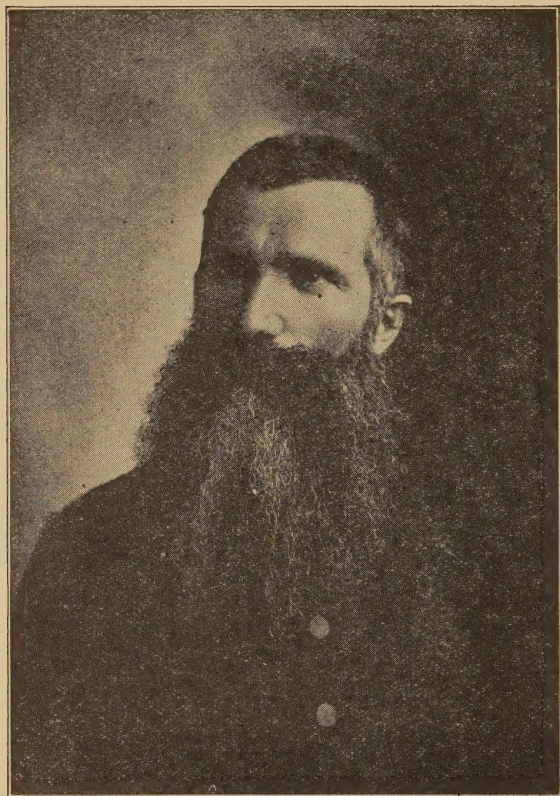
Motto:
Soli Deo Gloria

Translated by
Prof. M. Wiederaenders, A.M.
Wartburg College, Clinton, Iowa



Published by the Board of Foreign Missions of the Synod of
Iowa and Other States. 1927

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John Flierl, Senior Missionary

Foreword

I have been requested by the honorable Board of our Lutheran Mission in New Guinea to write a supplement to two earlier sketches, "*Gedenkblatt der Neuendettelsauer Mission*" and "*Dreissig Jahre Missionsarbeit in Wuesten und Wildnissen*", which trace the history of the mission up to the year 1910.

Since this new sketch can not well be bound together with those named above and since not every reader of this will have those, I consider it advisable rather to produce something complete in itself, by including a simple narrative of the early days, the preparations for, and the founding of the mission.

Mission Home, Lightspass P. O., South Australia,

January 1925.

JOHN FLIERL, Senior Missionary.

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Founding of the New Guinea Mission

The kind reader will not, I trust, consider me immodest if, for the sake of simplicity and directness, I write in the first person and also write about myself.

God is the Lord of foreign missions, but he works thru men and he prepares men for his work. Thus I have never doubted that the Lord thru his kindly guidance and providence from the early days of my youth has prepared and called me to be the pioneer and founder of the Lutheran Mission in New Guinea.

I, too, may in a modest way apply the word of the holy apostle Paul to myself: "When it pleased God, who separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by his grace, to reveal his Son in me, that I might preach him among the heathen; immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood." Gal. 1: 15. 16.

As an unexpected late arrival I was born in the spring of the year 1858. My only brother was six years older than I and our sisters were considerably older than both of us. Because I greeted this vale of tears with much crying, neighbors and friends had little hope for my future. The child likely will not live long, was the general opinion. God, however, had intended otherwise. My crying and screaming was to strengthen my voice and my lungs, for a messenger to the heathen in a wild and uncivilized land needs good lungs and a powerful voice. In due time I learned to walk, and as my strength of body and mind developed, my love of knowledge and investigation also increased. I roamed thru fields and forests, hills and valleys near our small village and always found my way home again. Since I had but few playmates, I used to satisfy my curiosity by asking my parents and other members of the family curious questions: What was beyond the hills and the forests, who lighted the lights in the sky in the evening, where God lived, and what was above the sky. Everything I wanted to know. My good father often had to give me to understand that people, especially small people like I, couldn't

know everything. I took great delight in fairy tales and other stories. In the winter time, at the spinning-wheel, my much-burdened mother found more time for her little boy and taught me the commandments and short Bible verses. My older brother showed me how to write the letters of the alphabet and gave me the first ideas of the art of reading.

My first school day in May, 1864, I shall never forget. My brother took me along to summer-school, where the smaller and the larger pupils were taught separately, put me on the last bench for the smaller children, and said sternly: "Here you sit down and here you stay!" I sat quiet and patient for two hours, until the larger pupils left and the smaller ones stormed into the schoolroom. But, alas, I was sitting on one of the benches for the girls, who began to poke at me and mock me from right and left. At first I didn't want to leave the place which had been assigned to me, but finally I accepted the very urgent invitation of the boys who sat in the bench before me, and just then old Mr. Waldau, the teacher, came back.

The village of Fuernried, two and a half miles away, where our pastor lived, had a large school. One teacher instructed eighty children in seven grades, in the summer time the larger ones and the smaller ones in separate groups each two hours, in the winter time all together forenoons and afternoons. Progress under such conditions was necessarily slow, but it was sure. After a few years I could read fluently. At this time I, for the first time, heard something about the far-off heathen and the mission work among them.

THE INWARD CALL

One day we had a surprise. The teacher told the older pupils that they could have little books to read about foreign missions. He had many old volumes of the *Calw'er Missionsblatt*, dating back to the forties, fifties, and sixties of the last century. These colored booklets in the hands of my older comrades struck my fancy. I asked them to let me read them too. They said I might ask the teacher, he would let me have some. And I received all I wanted and read them with great delight. Thru the *Calw'er Missionsblatt* for children I first received the inward call to the foreign missions. There I read about the black negroes of Africa, the copper-colored In-

dians of America, the yellow Chinese, the brown Hindoos of Asia, the Hottentots and Kaffers of the arid wastes of South Africa, the Eskimos of the frigid North, and the islanders of the vast and distant Pacific. I had a good time. Since it was winter and we had more leisure, I used to read aloud many tales of distant heathen lands, "where every prospect pleases and only man is vile", but where nevertheless the most vile and wicked are saved thru the power of the Gospel. Many times a story would fill our hearts with fear and anxiety over the fate of a missionary among cannibals and warriors, and I would remark to my father with much concern and to quiet my own fears, that, as far as I knew, the missionaries had always escaped unharmed. And my father would assure me that the missionaries, who were highly educated people, knew well enough how to deal with these savages.

The more I read about foreign missions, the greater became my desire and the longing of my heart to be a missionary some day. At first I had little hope that my ambition could be realized. How should it ever be possible for me to learn all that I would have to know, and how from our lonely hamlet in the forest should I ever find the way to distant heathen lands! About mission schools and mission societies I knew next to nothing at that time.

Then it happened one day that I read a story about a boy like myself, who also had wished to become a missionary. He had prayed to God, and in course of time God had made a missionary out of him. That, I felt sure, was also the way for me. I would daily ask God to let me become a missionary, and God would surely guide me aright, and so it has come to pass.

For several years I kept my secret and my desire to myself, not telling even my nearest relatives anything about it, only to my God I told it every day in prayer. One day when we were out in the woods picking berries, a comrade told me his heart's desire—to remain at home all his life. And I told him I wished to go out into the world so far that I couldn't get farther. Why?—that I didn't tell him.

It was during my last years of school when I was receiving instructions for confirmation. My father had something to do at the parsonage. Our pastor, speaking with father that day, prevailed upon him to give me an education. He didn't have the means, was my father's reply. Surely, said the pastor,

to study at higher institutions of learning costs much money, but we have our mission schools, they are much more reasonable. And, he added, I don't mean that your son should become a missionary among the heathen. He could go to America and become a pastor among the German immigrants.

THE OUTWARD CALL

When my father told me about this conversation with the pastor, I was at first somewhat disappointed. I wanted to become a foreign missionary and not a pastor in America. After thinking over the matter, however, I realized that God wanted to grant my prayer; if I could be educated in the mission school to become a pastor in America, I surely could become a missionary too. I felt that to the inward call God had added the outward call, and from this time on I was free to speak of the desire of my heart to become a missionary among the heathen. My comrades at school also soon learned of my great fancy to the missionary calling. Whenever I got into a quarrel with any one of them, as boys will, he would only have to call me "Missionary" to bring me to terms. I felt that I would have to live worthy of my future calling.

Soon after my confirmation, which was for me a season of great blessing, I had an experience which might be called a temporary straying-away from the goal that I endeavored to reach. I had read that prospective missionaries were not usually admitted to the mission school unless they had first learned a trade. We thought that this rule must also apply in my case. Therefore, without consulting with our old pastor, I went with a dealer in garden produce from the nearby town of Alfeld to the large city of Nuernberg, where this man had found a position for me as apprentice to a brazier. Cheerfully I set out on my journey, determined not to follow the example of "Peter at the Crossways"; however, I soon noticed that this brazier's toy shop was not a suitable way-station on the way to the missionary calling. I said nothing. But secretly I cried and prayed the Lord to lead me on the path of righteousness. In a letter to my dear parents I merely remarked that it was the custom in our workshop to work on Sunday mornings instead of going to church. But that was sufficient. My father talked the matter over with our old pastor and thereupon promptly came to Nuernberg to get

me back home. At this occasion my father for the first time in his life traveled on the railroad. My master was reasonable: Better to quit now than later! The master's wife swore, when she saw me wash my hands and prepare to leave,—that I should be so foolish to go back into the country to the ignorant farmers, when I had the opportunity to become something better in the great and wonderful city of Nuernberg.

I rejoiced inwardly. Like a delivering angel my father had appeared to me. As a paradise the hills and valleys of my native village delighted me in this beautiful spring of 1871. The only time in my life that I felt the pangs of homesickness was during the three weeks in Nuernberg, when I saw my chosen path of life obscured. In later years I always felt at home everywhere, even in the deserts and wildernesses of distant heathen lands.

Soon after, we could make the first definite move in the right direction. With a letter of recommendation from our pastor my father and I made a call at Neuendettelsau. Since the railroad from Nuernberg to Kloster Heilsbronn, to say nothing of Neuendettelsau, had not yet been built, we traveled that part of the way on foot. Since it was St. Peter and Paul's, a long summer day, we could accomplish a good deal. We reached our destination the same day and called on the late Pastor Bauer, the superintendent* of the Missionhouse. Pastor Loehe was still living at that time, but he was already in poor health. A somewhat childish letter which I had written to the latter during my stay at Nuernberg, had been duly received at the Missionhouse. My written and oral application for admission to the Missionhouse was accepted; however, I would first have to reach a certain age before I could enter. In the meantime I should work as apprentice to a tradesman or on my father's little farm and at the same time receive instructions from a pastor in the neighborhood, read good books, etc., in preparation for my entrance into the Missionhouse. Opportunity and leisure for such preparation I could best have at home, and therefore we agreed that I should remain with my parents during this season of waiting.

I have regretted ever since that we have no suitable institutions where boys who intended later to enter the missionhouse could receive their preparatory education. Such in-

*The German title reads: "Inspector".

stitutions the boys could enter immediately after confirmation, when many young hearts are especially responsive to the call for laborers in the kingdom of God, where hand, head, and heart could be both trained and educated in the best way for the missionhouse. The education of most candidates for the missionary calling could in this way be made more complete and more satisfactory.

On this my first visit I inquired of Superintendent Bauer, whether the Missionhouse Neuendettelsau did not also send missionaries to the heathen. He informed me that Neuendettelsau, together with the Synod of Iowa, had had a mission among the Indians of North America, but that uprisings among them against the government of the United States had put an end to the work and that it had not yet been taken up again. He said that the mission work among our brethren in the faith in America was very urgent and very promising, far more promising than mission work among the natives. My thot, tho I did not express it in words, was that I would gladly let others do the more promising work among the white immigrants in America, that I would much rather do the more difficult work among the heathen. I pinned my faith to the superintendent's words "not yet taken up again"; until I would be ready to go out, I thot, it would surely be possible for Neuendettelsau and its American friends to start anew the work among the Indians.

While I waited for the time that I should be admitted to the Missionhouse, I made a second visit to Neuendettelsau in the company of an older and gifted school comrade who also applied for admission at the Missionhouse. He could have entered a year before me, but his aunts, who lived in the city of Nuernberg and were unchurchly, exerted a bad influence over him, and he lost faith in his purpose. Why he should have asked them for advice I do not know. In the Missionhouse, they told him, the young men lead a wretched life full of privations, and out in distant uncivilized heathen lands they would have to suffer still more. My friend's resolution was not firm enough. He stayed at home and learned a trade and died early; me God has protected and preserved in many dangers in wild and distant countries.

On my second visit old Brother Stolz of Rothenburg, who died as pastor in Australia, showed us around in the Missionhouse. On the wall in the class room he showed us the pic-

ture of Missionary Braeuninger with a wreath around it and said in his Swabian dialect: "Der is von die Indianer erschossa word!" (He was shot dead by the Indians!) The thot occurred to me that I possibly could become his successor as missionary among those poor heathen.

The time of waiting gradually came to an end. God's faithfulness and mercy kept me, that I was not lost to the evil ways of the world. His holy Spirit kept my conscience watchful, and in spite of sin and weakness, hope, faith, and prayer never ceased in my life. My faithful father admonished and warned me, too, when it was necessary: "If you want to become a missionary", he said, "you must flee worldly pleasures and distractions."—Here in Australia I met a faithful old Christian who in the most dangerous years of his youth escaped the ensnaring temptations of his home town by emigrating to Australia, where he became a pillar of his congregation. My footsteps God directed in due time to the Missionhouse.

My old pastor had died soon after my application to the Missionhouse had been made. Younger ministers in two neighboring parish centers gave me private instructions. I received much good reading matter, useful for heart and mind. Forster's splendid book, *Cook's Travels Around the World*, introduced me to many places and countries that I was to see in my later life and increased my interest in the beautiful islands of the Pacific and their poor heathen inhabitants.

Unwise people also gave me books that were not good, that I likewise devoured in my hunger for reading matter, and that rather harmed than benefited me.—Would, that parents and teachers might be more careful and zealous in keeping away from those committed to their care all unsound reading matter, which is poison for heart and soul.

In the spring of 1875 I was permitted to enter the Missionhouse. The thirty-five rules of order in the house caused me no annoyance. The fixed schedule for the day's work I felt to be a blessing. Strenuous study was my delight. To be fully occupied is the best way to keep away idle thots. The richly developed religious life in Neuendettelsau in regular daily devotions and church services, especially during the festive season of the year, is not likely to be forgotten by

anyone who had the good fortune to take part in it for several years.

Superintendent Bauer had died before I entered the Missionhouse. The highly gifted and faithful brothers Deinzer were his successors. They offered their students the very best.

To be sure, our Missionhouse at that time was not yet equipped to educate missionaries. I sought to acquire the most necessary knowledge thru private study, especially in geography and missionary history. Accordingly, I produced good textbooks in geography, Blumhardt's *Missionsgeschichte* (History of Missions), *Missionsbilder* (missionary sketches), published by the Calw'er Publishing House, and other books. All this I studied in my few hours of leisure and on Sundays with the greatest interest. We did not have at that time the large number of valuable missionary publications that we have now. Professor Warneck's *Missionslehre* (introduction to missions) and other books I could not get until later when I was already missionary in New Guinea. Out of piety I, for many years, read the Calw'er *Kindermissionsblatt* (mission paper for children).

I had half finished my course at the Missionhouse. There was no indication that mission work among the natives in America would be resumed. I had always had a preference for mission work among the redskins and for America, likely because uncles and aunts on my father's side were living in Buffalo, New York, and I had already as a child studied their letters indulging my fancy for strange lands overseas.

But I was willing to follow the Lord's guidance even tho it should lead in a different direction from that towards which I had felt drawn from youth. One day the director of the Missionhouse announced that friends in Australia had applied for a missionary to work among the Papuans in the interior of Australia. I thot, tho these natives are not red Indians they are black unhappy heathen, and announced my willingness to go. My offer was accepted both at the Missionhouse and in Australia. There were no rivals for the place. Thus I had, as it were, overnight received

THE CALL TO THE FOREIGN MISSION

The thot that I soon should be permitted to go to real heathen was a great inspiration to me. I read with eagerness all that I could find about Australia and its natives. One

thing made me sad, the fact which I realized more and more, that the Australian natives like the American Indians were sorely oppressed, disinherited, and pushed back into the desert interior by the white settlers. However, this circumstance made both peoples appear so much more in need of help. The more discouraging their outlook for this life, the more zealous true children of God should be to tell them of the eternal heavenly home thru the message of God's grace in the Gospel. If they accept the Gospel even these most wretched people may yet live to see a better day, for "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

The last semesters at the Missionhouse passed quickly by. Shortly before my leave another call came from Australia for a pastor to take charge of the city congregation at Mount Gambier, South Australia. A candidate for the ministry should be sent with me; however, there was none available. The director, Johannes Deinzer, thot that I should serve this congregation for a year, and that later, when another man could be sent, to take my place, I might enter upon the mission work. I wanted to go straightway to the heathen, however, and therefore recommended my friend Matschoss, who at the time was assistant pastor in a Lutheran congregation in southern France. He accepted the call, and so I had a dear companion on the journey and could without further delay go to the Australian heathen.

On Easter Sunday, 1878, I was solemnly consecrated to the missionary calling in the village church at Neuendettelsau. At the same time the brethren Berkemeier, Liedke, and Schmidtkonz were consecrated for America. Two of them, Berkemeier and Liedke, are not anymore among the living.

After Pentecost we embarked in London for Australia and traveled in the old ocean steamer *Somersetshire* in a wide circle around the Cape of Good Hope. After seven weeks we landed in Melbourne. During the long journey we thot and spoke much of the work that awaited us in Australia, and especially discussed the fact that the natives were fast dying out. In that connection I one day remarked to my fellow-traveler: Perhaps after ten years I can get from Australia to the large tropical island of New Guinea, where there are still many heathen tribes, untouched by civilization.

In the home of the Lutheran pastor in Melbourne I saw the first black Australians, a Christian couple from a mission station in Victoria.

On August 17, 1878, that is forty-six years ago, we arrived at Lightspass at Pastor Rechner's, who was president of his synod and a warm friend of missions. In September we were ordained in Tanunda, and in October I left with Brother and Sister Meyer for the mission station in the far North, six hundred miles from Lightspass. The journey lasted four weeks. The railroad did not yet extend far into the North. The longest stretches one had to travel in the mail coach and over the roughest roads. The last two hundred miles beyond Beltana we had to walk alongside the wagon.

This mission on Cooper's Creek was not a new enterprise. Already in 1866 Hermannsburg missionaries, supported by the Lutheran congregation of this colony, had begun work here. The mission had seen hard times on account of failure crops and the constant wandering about of the savage natives. The first missionaries had become pastors in the South; only the faithful lay helpers, Jacob and Vogelsang, had remained at their post thru all the hard times, and Brother Meyer, a teacher, had come up to help them. The Synod had broken up into two bodies. New missionaries from Hermannsburg had gone still farther north to the Finke River, and our small Immanuel Synod held the station on Cooper's Creek and had called me as missionary.

Here I served my seven years of apprenticeship and devoted practically all my time to mission work proper. The cattle on the large ranch which we managed was tended by experienced lay helpers. The times were better both outwardly and inwardly. Great floods had caused Cooper's Creek to overflow and fill the bottoms, and water being plentiful in the neighborhood, the wandering natives lived more continuously in the vicinity of the mission. The children went to school, some of the men found work on the mission ranch, and soon the first natives could be baptized. In the course of the following years a small but promising congregation of native Christians could be formed in the midst of the Australian desert. After a few years I had built my own house, and my faithful companion thru life had come to make it a home for me. She was the oldest daughter of the late Pastor Auricht, a man with a warm heart for the heathen. The daughter was like

the father in understanding for mission work and love for the natives—not like a certain English missionary's wife in Victoria, who, when a pastor there suggested that she would likely devote part of her time to the black women and girls, pertly remarked: "Do you think I came out to waste my talents and time with the blacks?"

Meanwhile another missionary had arrived from Neuendettelsau, and our committee had the courage to consider the founding of another station far to the north-east. I was commissioned to make a journey thru that region for the purpose of investigation. With two black companions and five horses I was on the way six weeks, traveling as far as Queensland. However, only a few scattered natives could be found. All of these knew our station on Cooper's Creek and could come there. On inquiry, the government, too, showed no inclination to establish another reservation for the natives in that region. Not considering this fact at all, I had to report that according to my judgment a second station to the north of Cooper's Creek was not advisable.

THE CALL TO NEW GUINEA

At this time, about the beginning of the year 1885, the papers reported the founding of the German colony Kaiser Wilhelm's Land on the north-east coast of New Guinea. This event revived my old interest in New Guinea. The call to New Guinea came to me like the call of the man from Macedonia: Come over into New Guinea and help us, that the white settler may not drive us, too, from the land of our fathers, as he has done with the American Indian and the Australian native. The thought of going to New Guinea as the pioneer missionary took a strong hold upon me and I had to do what I could in the matter.

I sat down and wrote in detail what was on my mind, that we German Lutherans in Australia ought to begin this mission work, and why we ought to do it, and that I would be glad to go as pioneer to New Guinea myself. I sent the letter to the Missionhouse at Neuendettelsau and a copy of it to the mission committee here. After I had sent the letter, I told my wife about it. I felt that in this matter I should not first "confer with flesh and blood". She was somewhat surprised and said: "Already we are way out in the Australian desert, and

now we are to go still farther into the unknown wilderness of New Guinea!" I reassured her, saying that the matter was yet a long ways from being settled, but I added that if it were God's will that we would have to go anyway.

From the chairman of the Australian mission committee, Pastor Rechner, I received a prompt reply with the remark that he did not think it right that the committee should receive only a copy. Accordingly, I revised my first letter. The answer which I received after some time was to this effect: The plan is good enough, but we have neither the men nor the means for an enterprise of that sort.

A little later a reply came from Director Johannes Deinzer of Neuendettelsau. The letter, which voiced the sentiment and represented the authority of the Neuendettelsau Mission Society, fully approved the plan and concluded with the summons: Forward to New Guinea, quietly and quickly. At the same time the Australian mission committee received a letter with the request that I might be relieved of my duties in Australia in order that I might begin mission work in German New Guinea. Thereupon the Australian brethren courteously granted my dismissal.

Accordingly, in August, 1885, I was called away from the Bethesda mission on Cooper's Creek. A few months were required to make the necessary preparations for my journey to far-off tropical New Guinea. A lay helper was found willing to accompany me in my difficult enterprise. My young wife I preferred to leave at home with her parents during the first strenuous season in a totally strange land.

On the tenth of November our farewell service was held in the church at Langmeil near Tanunda. A large congregation was assembled at the occasion. On the ocean steamer *Adelaide* we sailed from Adelaide to Sydney. In Sydney I met the German consul and the agents of the New Guinea Company. Here we experienced the first difficulties. We were told that without special permission from Berlin we would not be allowed to enter the newly founded colony. I immediately wrote to Lightpass and to Neuendettelsau asking that the necessary applications be made to the German government in Berlin.

These gentlemen in Sydney had wished to induce us to give up our enterprise. The farther north you go, the hotter it becomes, they had told us. I had replied that in the in-

terior of Australia I had become accustomed to the heat, that we wanted to go as far as we could and that we would stop there only so long until we could go still farther.

THE LONG DELAY AT COOKTOWN

We traveled as steerage passengers in a steamer that sailed up the coast from Sydney to Cooktown, North Queensland. During the early years of the German colony in New Guinea Cooktown was the port for the small steamers of the New Guinea Company. The trip from Cooktown to Finschhafen took only four days. Eagerly we awaited the arrival of the little steamer *Papua* from Finschhafen, altho after what we had heard in Sydney, we had little or no hope that it would take us along. The *Papua* never did arrive; she was shipwrecked on the Osprey Reef in the South Pacific on her very first trip. The captain and the crew safely reached Cooktown in boats. Employees of the Company had come from Germany and a small Australian steamer was rented to take them and a cargo of freight to Finschhafen. We were denied passage. Thus began for us the long and unwelcome stay in and near Cooktown.

We waited week for week for the desired pass to German New Guinea and whiled away the time as best we could making new acquaintances. Among others we met the German physician who also held the position of consul. Many times we had to hear statements of this effect: Oh yes, New Guinea is a rich country, everybody wants to go there, even the missionaries. Here in Queensland are also many poor natives, right near Cooktown is a government reservation for them, but no mission wants to work there.

Other German employees of the New Guinea Company had arrived by the time that the rented steamer made its next trip and all expressed the opinion that for a considerable time at least it would be altogether out of the question that missionaries should be admitted to the new colony. It was the object of the government, they said, to first gain a firm footing in the new country and to make it safe for white people to live there, before missionaries would be permitted to enter.

Did God probably want us to found a way-side mission in Cooktown meanwhile? On the advice of the local authori-

ties in Cooktown we telegraphed the government in Brisbane asking whether and under what conditions we would be permitted to establish a mission on Cape Bedford Reservation near by. We soon received a favorable reply and the conditions made were very acceptable: the government offered to erect the necessary building, to furnish all provisions for black and white at the station for the first year, etc. We had to promise to continue our missionary labors on the reservation for at least five years. In January 1886 a government schooner brot us out to the new place Elim about twenty miles north of Cooktown. All the blacks round about Cooktown belonged to this reservation.

We pitched our good tent, that had been intended for New Guinea, along the ocean front at Elim, and I occupied myself with the Koko Yidimir, the language of the tribe north of Cooktown. The blacks under our direction began to fell trees and a garden was planned altho the soil was very sandy. With us at the time was a certain Brother Doblies, who had been a traveling preacher in Queensland, but had volunteered to go to New Guinea and was now stranded in Cooktown the same as we. A number of carpenters and laborers came soon after to build the station.

IN NEW GUINEA AT LAST

After several months most unexpected news came from Germany. Repeated petitions sent to Berlin from Neuendetelsau and Lightspass finally proved effective and the captain in Cooktown received a cablegram instructing him to convey Missionary Flierl, gratis and first class, from Cooktown to Finschhafen. Now we were in serious difficulties both in Australia and in Germany; we had promised to remain in Elim near Cooktown for at least five years and we were told to go as quickly as possible to German New Guinea.

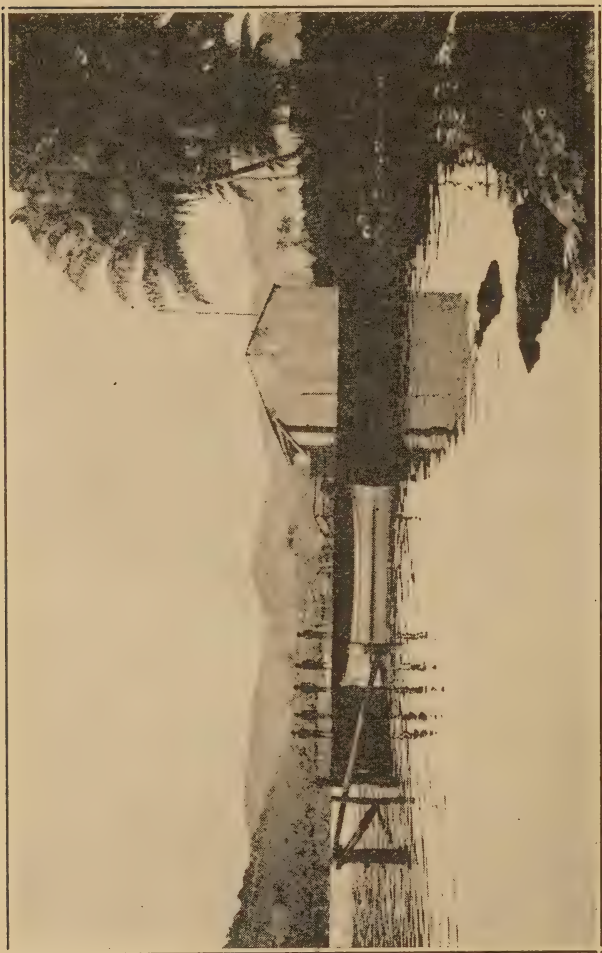
A good way out was found at last when all joined hands to solve the difficulty. Brother Meyer was transferred from Bethesda to Elim, my companion Biar also remained, and I was granted a kindly dismissal by the government in Brisbane. (My traveling companion, Brother Biar, a wheelright by trade, later resigned from the mission service and married an Irish woman in Cooktown. He lives at the present time at Port Moresby, British New Guinea, where he holds a government position as instructor of the natives in manual work.)

Early in July, 1886, I embarked in Cooktown with the little steamer *Ottilie*, the successor to the lost *Papua*, which had just arrived from Germany. Only a few weeks earlier the first governor, Baron von Schleinitz, had come from Germany with his family and had entered upon his duties as highest magistrate shortly before my arrival in Finschhafen. He was favorably disposed towards the mission and after all I realized that it had been a kindly providence that had prevented my coming to New Guinea before his time.

After a favorable trip of four days, I beheld the beautiful emerald coastal ranges of New Guinea in all their tropical splendor and on the twelfth of July 1886 I landed at Finschhafen as the first missionary of Kaiser Wilhelmsland. I had finally reached New Guinea, the land of my destiny.

A number of frame houses had already been erected at Finschhafen at this time by the employees of the New Guinea Company, the first of whom had landed at Finschhafen on the fifth of October 1885. In one of these houses, called the "Schwedenhaus", I managed to get a room. The room had the form of an eight foot cube and was more suitable for cold Sweden than for tropical New Guinea. Nevertheless, I was thankful for having found a place to stay. I had lived for years in the dry hot climate of the interior of Australia, and for months in the tropical climate of North Queensland, but when I came to New Guinea, I noticed at once that the atmosphere there was more sultry and oppressive than at every other place, where I had lived.

From Finschhafen I made frequent excursions into the country round about to explore the land and to get to know the people. I at once realized that an old missionary from British New Guinea in Cooktown had told the truth when he said that where you find ten to a hundred natives in Australia, you find a hundred to a thousand in New Guinea. That is true altho, compared with other tropical countries like Java and India, it is but thinly settled. Another thing delighted me from the start: I noticed at once that the natives of New Guinea were an agricultural people with permanent homes, differing in this respect favorably from the poor hunter-nomads in Australia, who continually wandered about in their vast territory and built their miserable temporary huts of twigs and branches. The natives of New Guinea



Landing at Finschhafen

have permanent villages, and their houses, which are at least fairly respectable dwelling places, are usually built on hard wood posts in the shade of beautiful cocoanut palms or tropical fruit trees, as the mango or the bread fruit. Since prehistoric times the various tribes on the coast and in the mountains have cultivated very good food-plants. A taro or jam field is a splendid sight to behold. The rank green foliage above the ground is beautiful to see and the rootstocks and tubers underneath are useful and nourishing. Bananas of many varieties grow there and sugar cane, which is chewed and sucked out for refreshment especially by the traveler, is found everywhere. However, one must not think that the rich and moist climate of a tropical country will supply its people with food without work on their part. The native of New Guinea must wage war continually against weeds and brush and against the wild boar by laboriously building a fence around his fields. A people living in permanent homes and engaged in agriculture can not so easily be crowded out by foreign settlement as roving hunters, and we had good cause to hope from the beginning that in course of time our missionary labors among such a people would be crowned with success.

I made use of a good opportunity to see other parts of Kaiser Wilhelm's Land beyond the vicinity of Finschhafen, by making a trip with the men of the New Guinea Company along the coast to the north-west, where the Company had established temporary trading stations. By that chance I saw the land and the people around Astrolabe Bay and at Hatzfeldhafen near Volcano Island, where we could see by night from the place where the steamer lay at anchor the flaming summit of the island volcano. I couldn't get around much on land during our brief trip, but traveling along the coast I got a good view of the wonderful tropical mountain scenery and at the few places where we touched land, I realized that the land, the people, and the general level of culture was of much the same character everywhere. I also realized the truth of a statement made by a new-comer in those days—New Guinea is a difficult country! That was true from the viewpoint of the missionary and also true from that of the settler and trader.

On my return to Finschhafen I found that my first fellow-laborer, the late Missionary Tremel, had meanwhile arrived

from Neuendettelsau. Traveling with another ship via Cooktown, he arrived in Finschhafen in September. For a few weeks he shared my little room with me. During this time I took him with me on visits to all the neighboring villages, in order that we might together select the best place for our first mission station.

Finschhafen was in the early days the center and starting-point for all enterprises of the New Guinea Company, and since more employees kept coming, there was soon a serious shortage of lodging room. The government in Berlin had directed the higher officials in Finschhafen to treat us missionaries with all due consideration. This order was carried out too in an appreciable way, especially on the part of the governor, Baron von Schleinitz. Nevertheless, it was desirable for various reasons that we should live on a place of our own after I had stayed in Finschhafen for three months. We realized that, if in course of time we wished to succeed in our missionary work, we would have to have our own station right among the natives, so that these could learn the difference between the missionaries and other white people and could gradually find out what the missionaries wanted.

Of the language we knew very little as yet. At my arrival I had copied a short list of words which the men of the Company had made, but which had many errors and gave no information at all concerning the forms of words. We endeavored to steadily increase our vocabulary and in matters of every day life we soon had learned enough words and sentences to communicate quite freely with the natives.

Since in the neighborhood of Finschhafen conditions were most familiar and most safe, we resolved to build our station there and not farther to the north-west. It was entirely out of the question that we should go very far away from Finschhafen, least of all into the mountains, where tribes lived with a very different language from that of the coastal tribes, who spoke the Jabem. The difficulties of transportation in a country without roads like New Guinea in those days were very great and our means and our strength for such a difficult beginning were very small and the natives were still quite unreliable. We had therefore to choose a location along the shore that could be reached with the canoes of the natives and with European row- and sailboats, and it must not be too far away from Finschhafen.

THE FIRST MISSION STATION IN NEW GUINEA

After careful consideration we chose a place near the little village of Simbang as location of our first mission station in New Guinea. The village of Simbang had then and has now hardly ten houses, but there were other small villages in the immediate vicinity on Langemack Bay and the mouth of the Bubui River. It is only five miles, or a walk of an hour and a half from Finschhafen and lies between Simbang Creek and the Bubui River. The latter is a swift mountain stream very wide at the mouth and of various depths. It cannot be crossed without a boat and bridges are almost unknown in a land like New Guinea. On account of the river it was not advisable to build our station farther south as I had first planned.

On the eighth of October, 1886, we established ourselves on our own ground. Since we wanted to take all our belongings, with our firm and famous Neuendettelsau trunks, and also some building material with us, the officials of the New Guinea Company at Finschhafen placed a good boat with native rowers and a white pilot at our disposal.

At the landing we experienced the first great disappointment. Judging by the friendly attitude of the people at former meetings and the promises that they had made us, we expected a kindly reception. Now they stood about with sour faces and not one of the young men moved a finger to help us with the unloading of our goods. We could not have done the work alone, but the rowers of the boat helped us and then rowed back to Finschhafen, leaving us two alone with the unfriendly people of Simbang. Every stick that we needed to raise our tents we had to get out of the bush ourselves. We had just time to put our things in order and make them fairly safe when night came, a dark and gloomy night, and we commended ourselves to the protection of our God. When we came forth from our tent the next morning the ground round about was dirtied in an ugly manner and the villagers were gloomier than the day before. Undoubtedly they wanted to induce us to go away by being rude and disagreeable to us. When we didn't go, it almost came to deeds of violence in the course of the next days. One of the most unfriendly of the men took one of our axes while I was looking on, and when I didn't let him keep it, he, wildly gesturing, ran into



First Mission Station Simbang

the village and immediately after returned with a hand-axe with which he attacked me. I managed to wrest the axe from his hand and threw it over his head far behind him, where his little son Bolatu picked it up and ran with it into the bush. That was the first ray of light in the dark days of our beginning at Simbang. From that time on matters improved. Several of the older and more reasonable men, Duke, the chief of Simbang, and Ngau, the chief of a neighboring village, adjusted the matter, so that the attacker even brot a small gift to atone for his bad behavior. After it had been expressly and solemnly confirmed that we should live at Simbang and build our house there, we had no more cause for complaint.

It is hardly to be doubted that, if Finschhafen with its many white people had not been near, we at Simbang would have met with the same fate as two missionaries, Scheidt and Boesch, of the Rhenish Mission Society, who were murdered by the natives when they attempted to found a station on Franklin Bay near Hatzfeldhafen. Already the eager desire of the natives to possess the things of the white man could in those days have caused a murder. The hostile attitude of the people at Simbang in the beginning can be explained in yet another way. The natives at Finschhafen had after all been crowded out of their ancient homes by the coming of the white man tho it had not been done by force. They had received a certain compensation for their houses and their fields in the form of much-prized tools and other goods, but a free-will sale it hadn't been. Some of the people who had sold out in this way at Finschhafen had moved to Simbang. The natives did not yet know what the missionaries wanted among them. They naturally tho that the white people had come to Simbang too with the purpose of crowding out the natives. Therefore we can hardly blame the people of Simbang that at first they tried to get us away from there again. We did not yet understand each other very well, and there is a possibility that we misunderstood them in the first place. Furthermore, according to their way of looking at things, any sort of land sale is unlawful. And another thing might be mentioned. The natives always expected return-presents from the white men in the beginning, and the fact that they had very frequently received presents had spoiled them to such an extent that they were not at all inclined to do a favor in return.

In this way we can easily explain the unfriendliness of the Simbang people towards us in the beginning and need not consider them particularly malicious on that account.

Ngakau, the man who attacked me, never again showed signs of enmity. His wife was the first person to attend our Sunday services, and his son Bolatu was our first and best scholar. I regret to say that he did not grow old; he lost his life, we might well say, in the service of his fellow-men. One day two white men, coming from Finschhafen, wished to cross the Bubui River. When no boat could be found, Bolatu declared his willingness to swim across the wide stream to get a native canoe from the other side. On the way a shark seized his arm. He succeeded in reaching the shore where his comrades helped him to land, but the bleeding of his wound could not be checked and he bled to death, in spite of the fact that I had dressed the wound as well as it could be done in the emergency.

As among Europeans so also among a primitive people like the Papuans one can find persons of very different dispositions. Among them one will find before the coming of the Gospel such as are naturally more malicious and such as are more good-natured. Some from the very start adopt a friendly attitude towards the missionaries and their message, that one seems to recognize a mysterious preparatory influence of God's grace in such heathen. On the other hand, when we hear of some that commit evil deeds, we may take for granted that such deeds are not done out of pure malignity, but rather from a delusion of heathenism; the people believe that they do their gods, the spirits of their ancestors, a service.

With zeal we now began to erect our station. For several months Brother Doblies, a Lithuanian from the Breklum Missionhouse, whom I have already mentioned, was our helper. He wanted to come to New Guinea by all means, and on the condition that he would live at our station I recommended him to the authorities, and he was permitted to come. He suffered very much from fever, so that at times his shivering fits were so severe that his whole tent shook. For that reason he soon went back to Queensland.

Brother Tremel and I lived for nine months in a light calico tent. Since our mission society was small and our means were limited, we wished to do everything as cheaply as possible and to build our first station mostly of material that we found

in the bush. Our first structure was forty by twenty-five feet and consisted of two rooms and a spacious school hall. We wanted to show the natives as soon as possible that we had come to instruct them. Iron, "ki", was the magic word that again and again induced the villagers to bring building material from the surrounding forests. We had found these people in their stone age. But they soon realized that tools of iron served much better in felling trees and building houses and canoes than their dull stone axes. At first, by giving them any little piece of iron and later by giving them knives and axes, we could always induce them to work for us. Cotton goods, glass beads, and other trifles were also precious in their sight.

Our goods we had to keep carefully under lock and key, especially those intended for trade. Among themselves the blacks considered stealing very bad and theft was severely punished, but occasionally to take things from the rich white people, including the missionaries, was just good business. During the first years we never all dared to leave the station; one always had to stay at home when the other went out to visit the villages or to conduct business at Finschhafen.

One night thieves dug their way into the store-room under our house, but they found nothing but an empty sack. A heavy bundle of whoop-iron was safely chained and locked to a post. Another time an attempt was made to drag a number of newly arrived boxes off our porch, but we succeeded in frightening away the thieves. The camp of a white man was once attacked and his servants wounded, right near our station; the man could save himself and his goods only by opening fire. Those were difficult and turbulent times.

Anyway, our building enterprises in the early days of the mission could make only slow progress, because we all suffered from frequent attacks of malaria. Medical science at that time was still in the dark concerning the causes of this disease. Mosquitoes were a nuisance then as now, but no one suspected them of being carriers of fever germs. People then read and heard and talked of vapors that rose from the ground in swamps and forests as causing fevers. Quinine, the fever remedy, was already known, but people did not yet know just how to use it. They took a dose or a few after an attack, but did not know its use in preventing new attacks. With us it

was a regular custom to have fever every two or three weeks; sometimes both had it together, usually we changed off. With ordinary malaria we needed no special care, but sometimes the attacks were quite severe.

While our station was still in the process of construction, we had a number of friendly visitors from afar. British missionaries of the Australian Methodist Mission stopped off on their way to their own mission fields; this society had already in 1875 begun to work on the large islands to the east, New Britain, New Ireland, and Duke of York. German missionaries of the Rhenish Mission Society also came to see us. They were Missionary Thomas from the Island of Nias and Missionary Eich from South Africa, older and experienced men who were to do pioneer work for their society in Kaiser Wilhelm's Land. Later both were permitted to return to their former fields, and younger men continued their work. All these men we learned to know in the early years, because Finschhafen at that time was the gate-way to Kaiser Wilhelm's Land.

It is worthy of notice that our firm and continued efforts to gain admission to New Guinea also paved the way for the coming of the Rhenish missionaries. The management of the Rhenish Mission in Barmen had applied in Berlin for permission to enter the new German colony in the South Pacific before we had, but they had been refused with the remark that missionaries would not be permitted in the colony until the colonial government had brot about more safe and settled conditions. The same answer was at first given Neuendettelsau. Our Missionhouse, however, repeated its petition and made it more urgent, pointing out the fact that we were already on the way and could not turn back. They showed that considerable money had already been invested in the enterprise and that the first missionaries were already in Cooktown, at the very gates of Kaiser Wilhelm's Land.

When in Barmen they read of my arrival in New Guinea, the Rhenish Mission very promptly renewed its petition in Berlin and of course had to be admitted, too. The Rhenish brethren came to Finschhafen, saw us at Simbang, and as a matter of course chose the territory to the north-west as their mission field. Their first station they built in the large village of Bogadjim on the Astrolabe Bay, about two-hundred miles north-west of Finschhafen.

Before the middle of the year 1887 the two of us at Simbang could move into our new house and were indeed glad to do so. At this time we received the first reinforcement from our Missionhouse in the person of Brother Bamler. With new courage we undertook the erection of a new four-room house with a two-room kitchen. Since we had found it very troublesome to build the floors and walls of our first house from planks that we had hewn with our own hands, we now tried a different and new way of building. The building was also placed on posts, the whole frame-work was made of long round poles, and the walls of wicker-work, covered with a coating of clay and white-washed with coral-chalk. It looked real European and was very comfortable. The floors of palm bark did not prove quite so satisfactory. They were not hard to keep clean, for they allowed for all dirt to find its way thru them. Sometimes we stepped thru, too, but there was never a real mishap. On account of the heavy tropical rains and also on account of danger of fire, all our station buildings were covered with corrugated tin.

Three men strong, our force could accomplish much more. I myself had always to be absent one day in the week, giving instruction preparatory to confirmation in the family of the governor, Baron von Schleinitz, in Finschhafen, and by the way attending to our business matters, since Finschhafen at the time was the principal place in the colony. We also had three reliable black laborers from the Methodist mission in Rabaul on New Britain to help us. In this way two of us could manage occasionally to make missionary journeys to more distant villages.

Towards the end of the year 1887, when our new house was pretty well finished, I went back to South Australia to get my dear young wife who had patiently waited for over two years in the home of her parents. The beginning of June, 1888, she arrived at Simbang, the first missionary's wife in Kaiser Wilhelm's Land. She was not, however, the first white woman in the new tropical colony. Before her the wife of the governor had come and had died. A few wives of settlers she found in Finschhafen and soon after the wives of several Rhenish missionaries came thru Finschhafen on their way to Astrolabe Bay. The young Missionary Bergmann and his bride I united in marriage at Finschhafen soon after.

Now Missionary Pfalzer from Elim near Cooktown also came to us to Simbang. Thus we were four men at the place. Consequently we had more time to study the language and also to attend to our school project. In those days we had still to be on the lookout, like a spider in her web for her prey, to have just a few pupils in our big school room who would be willing for only a short time to attend our instruction. Unhindered we could alternately visit the villages nearer and farther away and we could devote ourselves more diligently to the people that came to see us. In this manner our relations with the people became more manysided and by and by we succeeded in getting small groups of boys to live at the station and attend our boarding school, first for just a few months, later for a year, and finally for a regular term of three years. To be sure such boarding pupils were not at first attracted by what above all things we so much desired to give them for their minds and souls, but rather by external things, especially iron tools which they wanted for themselves and their relatives. They made the same experience as King Saul, who went out to seek his father's asses and found a kingdom. In like manner our black boys sought external things at the missionaries' and in time found for themselves and their people the kingdom of God.

To improve our living we made use of a good opportunity to get for our station besides sheep, goats, pigs, and fowls, also cattle and horses and with the help of our boarding pupils we cultivated fields and gardens on the land which the government had granted us. As Abraham of old we planted trees in a strange land and called on the name of the Lord. From our mission farm we hoped to have two-fold gain: we hoped to have fresh and wholesome food and we hoped to reduce the expenses of the mission. Thus with the help of God our mission in a newly opened up heathen land was established in the best possible manner.

II

The Expansion of Our Mission in New Guinea

With the help of God we wished to found a mission in New Guinea, not one station only. That was the aim of the home board, of the friends of missions thruout Bavaria, and also of the missionaries in the field. Our first station Simbang was to be the starting point for a larger mission. For that reason it now had a strong force of four missionaries. That was well for a difficult beginning, but it would not have been practical on a long run. For the expansion of the work, we trusted the Lord's guidance, while we studied the situation.

To penetrate into the mountainous interior or to start another station at some distant point on the coast, was out of the question during the first years. The roads were too poor, the transportation facilities were too bad, and conditions in general were too unsafe. We did not yet have a proper hold on the people. Tho the people on the whole were friendly and some of them were even obliging, we knew, that they did everything for outward gain. We could not yet fully trust them, not even when they worked for us in the fields or served as messengers. The missionary himself had still to keep an eye on everything.

THE FOUNDING OF TAMI

On the Jabem coast about ten miles from the mainland were the Tami Islands, a small group of beautiful islands surrounded by wide reefs, which offered excellent opportunity for fishing. The inhabitants, about two hundred in number, were fine, tall people of Melanesian stock. They were, as it were, the Phoenicians of all the country about Finschhafen; they controlled all the coast as far as the Huon Gulf to the west and as far as the Siasi Islands and the large island of Rook to the north. The Tami Islanders built very large canoes out of gigantic hollowed-out tree trunks, with broad planks across the top, a double platform,

two masts with large square sails of matting, and strong outriggers to keep them from overturning. These canoes were not only well built and practical, but were artistically carved and painted. Such a canoe accommodated more than twenty persons and a considerable cargo. The Tami men were experts in the use of sails, oars, and rudders and since these islanders could not raise sufficient food on their small islands—they had only small gardens and fields and their groves of cocoa palms to supply them on rainy days—they resorted to home industries for a living. The men carved ingeniously ornamented bowls of many sizes for various purposes out of iron-wood; the women manufactured sleeping mats, umbrellas, and other useful articles out of the long, broad leaves of the Pandanus palm. These articles of trade were exchanged for provisions in the villages along the coast. All their wood work the men originally carved with stone knives and chisels, but once having learned the use of iron tools, they would take even rusty bolts from wreckage on their shores and grind them into instruments for carving. The women used large needles made of the bone of the dog-fish in matting manufacture. That so ingenious a people would soon learn to value iron tools, is no wonder. Being born traders, friendly, polite, and adaptable, they frequently came to Finschhafen to sell their carved work to the white people, and also came to see us missionaries at Simbang. They invited us to their islands and when they noticed that we liked it there, they asked us to build a house like the one in Simbang and come to stay.

We knew well enough that their friendliness was business policy. That was natural and not really objectionable. We pursued a missionary policy in the enterprise; we believed that if these people could be won for the Gospel, they would as traders in a large region, carry it to many other tribes. We also hoped that these small islands would be a healthier place to live than the coast of the main land, where in the first years we had suffered very much from fever. If once we had well established ourselves on the islands, our missionaries along the coast could occasionally go out for recreation. The invigorating sea breeze that continuously swept these islands and their beautiful snow white bathing beaches shadowed by magnificent giants of the tropical forest, we believed, made Tami an ideal health resort.

After consulting the home mission board, we missionaries passed among ourselves a unanimous resolution to found a mission station on the Tami Islands.

The brethren Tremel and Bamler were designated to carry out the project. On the ninth of November 1889 they went out to the Tami Islands to build the new station. A rocky elevation on the island of Wonam was selected as a proper location. Here they had a small stretch of garden land and there were palms and other fruit trees.

Wonam is by far the most important of the islands. Kalal, the other island that is inhabited, is separated from Wonam by a narrow, quiet lagoon. The third island, tho not inhabited, is nevertheless valuable for the Tami islanders on account of the large number of cocoa palms that grow there.

On these islands there is no spring water; the natives get their water supply from rain reservoirs. These "wells" have no fences around them and dogs and pigs can get at them too, a circumstance which, by the way, does not at all embarrass the natives. At the station such reservoirs were not needed; rain water from the roof was collected in tin tanks, just as the missionaries had been accustomed to do at the coast stations, which cannot be built alongside of springs and brooks either. There is so much rain in New Guinea that fresh rain water is nearly always plentiful.

Our brethren at Tami learned in time that the islanders, who were outwardly a courteous and amiable people, had among them as many heathen abominations as the tribes along the coast. And when later the missionaries again and again had occasion to testify against these abominations, they found out that these very friendly people could at times become very unfriendly too, tho they never became really hostile towards the mission. For that they were too shrewd. The mission station gave them many an opportunity to earn and to do business, and for the missionaries it was a good thing that they could have the help of the islanders especially in transporting their goods and in traveling to and fro. The island station never needed to own a boat during the fifteen years and more of its existence.

One of the most hideous crimes prevalent among the Tami islanders was infanticide. Only in time the missionaries got all the facts concerning this heathen custom. One little

boy who who had already been condemned to die was rescued and reared by the mission. This boy was Joanni of Tami, whose story is told in a mission tract. As a child adopted by the mission he was baptized in infancy, later taught the German language, and brot up like a European. That really is not the proper thing to do in such a case, and this instance must be explained in the light of the conditions which prevailed at the time: the natives were still thoroly heathen. We have rescued other children in the course of the years, not from being killed, but from starving to death, their mothers having died. Such children we always gave back to their families, when they were old enough to exist on the food that they received in the village. It is never good policy to bring up individual natives as Europeans. As a rule it tends to make them unhappy. They cannot live up to European standards. Already the fact that they are estranged from their own people is a misfortune for them. Real Europeans they never become anyway.

The healthy development of a people like the Tami requires that the influence of the Gospel permeate and purify every phase of its life in such a way that the individuality of the people be preserved as much as possible. Nothing needs to be abolished that is not really abominable, that is not clearly wrong and sin.

If you ask whether the hopes which we placed in the founding of the island station of Tami have been fulfilled, we can confidently answer: Yes, they have been fulfilled. Within a period of about fifteen years the island population has been christianized. Native evangelists from Tami have gone to the Siasi Islands and to the island of Rook, and the influence of the Tami Christians together with that of the Jabem congregations on the coast has made way for the Gospel among all the tribes living about the Huon Gulf. The brethren Tremel and Bamler and their successor at the island station, Brother Hoh, had accomplished this work when Tami ceased to be an independent mission station and the island congregation was united with the Jabem congregation on the coast. A christianized tribe of less than two hundred souls could no longer lay claim to the exclusive service of a white missionary. Even the language of the Tami, which is related to the language of the Jabem on the

coast but yet considerably different, is lost more and more, since the language of the school and the church in all the country about the Huon Gulf and if possible for all the Melanesian tribes in the Finschhafen district is to be and is to become the Jabem language.

This fusion of languages brot about by the preaching of the Gospel was not a very serious matter for the Tami islanders. As traders they were pretty well at home in the languages of all their neighbors. All the men and many of the women understood the language of the Jabem. Accordingly it was not very hard for them to get used to the change, when with the coming of Brother Hoh to Tami the language of school and church was changed to Jabem.

Since Tami has been discontinued as a regular station with a white missionary, two native teachers are stationed there as a rule, one on each of the inhabited islands. They teach school on week-days and on Sundays also conduct public worship. From time to time the missionary of the large united Jabem congregation visits the islands to inspect the work of these teachers in church and school and to assist them and the elders of the congregations with counsel and guidance.

When in 1889 the brethren Tremel and Bamler left Simbang to bring the Gospel to Tami, I was left with Brother Pfalzer alone at Simbang, but only for a short time. The brethren Vetter and Hoh soon after arrived from the Missionhouse, so that our work could be continued everywhere with the necessary energy.

While Tremel and Bamler were beginning the work at Tami, we at Simbang moved our station to a new place and rebuilt it there.

When the Simbang station was first founded and we were yet undecided regarding a suitable location, a missionary of the Australian Methodist Mission Society had advised us not to build on a hill because it would be too laborious. He said that at their own mission they had for that reason transferred a certain station from higher ground to low bottom land. This advice decided the matter for us at the time and we built the station right near the village of Simbang on the low strand between the mouths of the Bubui River and Simbang Creek. We soon found that this loca-

tion had various disadvantages. So near the village the dogs and pigs of the natives caused not a little annoyance. When neighboring places had trouble with Simbang, the people did not like to come to the mission station, because it was so near the village. The two streams carried with them a great deal of earth and rubbish and often left large banks of deposit immediately before the station to wash them away again at their convenience. We lived on the river's dumping-ground and it was not a healthy place to live.

A little more than a half mile beyond our first station and the village of Simbang is a grass covered knoll about 150 feet above the river and the strand and with sufficient building ground at the top. There we resolved to rebuild the station. We could not have built here in the first place, because we did not have the necessary help. In this respect conditions had considerably improved; not only boys but also young men were now willing to work at the station, not only for months, but even for a whole year. We procured a strong hand-cart and built a good road up the hill; thus we managed to transport all the building material with the least of trouble. At the old place one part after another was pulled down and on the hill everything was built up again in a more stately and substantial way. The new seven-room house was placed on strong posts of iron-wood six feet high, so that the large, airy space under the house could be used as a storage room. Behind the house were the kitchen and the dining room and a little farther back the school house, which also served as chapel at our Sunday services. At some distance yards and stables for cattle, pigs, and poultry were erected. This well-built and well-arranged station of Simbang served as model for all the later stations built along the coast. Wherever possible these were built on open elevated ground.

For seventeen years this station was the center for much blessed mission work among the natives of the coast region and later also among the mountaineers of the hinterland. When the station had become old and decayed, it again changed its location, first to Mosam Hill near by, and then to Quembung, a place much farther inland and two thousand feet above the sea. Simbang-Quembung, as the station was now called, served exclusively as a station for the inland

Kai, while the missionaries of other Jabem stations along the coast provided the former Simbang congregation with the spiritual food of the Gospel.

I myself worked for a time at the fine station of Upper-Simbang, tho not as long as at Old-Simbang on the strand. Both stations are dear to my memory as the places of much toilsome and yet hopeful labors of the early days of the mission and they also awaken many precious family recollections. At Old Simbang our oldest child was born, at Upper-Simbang our oldest son. At such occasions, as well as many times when we suffered from severe attacks of fever, we experienced the gracious help of our faithful God.

In mission work one often realizes the truth of the word that "here we have no continuing city." Frequently that thot occurred to me. It was good too in a way that in the first years we could build only poor, unsubstantial buildings at our stations. Thus it was easier to tear down a station, to carry the material to another place and build up again, if a change of location appeared to be expedient.

At the beginning of the nineties of the last century the time had gradually arrived, when we could consider the extension of our missionary labors to the mountain tribes of the inland, a people altogether different from the coastal tribes, especially in regard to the language. In the near hinterland of Simbang their nearest villages were situated, and we soon came into close contact with these people. Since people who live in a border district always speak two languages, we could begin to learn the Kai language from the Jabem whom we knew. Just how many mountain tribes lived in the nearer and farther inland, between the wooded ranges that stretched before our eyes to the westward and beyond them, no one knew. We were more than eager to find out. Also to them according to God's good and gracious will the blessed Gospel should be preached.

Besides wishing to further the cause of the mission we also had personal reasons for advancing into the mountainous interior of New Guinea. Our oldest child suffered also at Upper-Simbang much from fever and threatened to succumb to the disease. My wife at the time was strongly of the opinion that to save the life of the little girl we would have to leave the country. I myself suffered for a number of

years from frequent and sometimes very severe attacks of black-water fever. After one such attack when I was especially weak and in need of recreation, I had the opportunity to make a trip for my health to the island of New Britain, at that time New Pommerania. The military surgeon on the German battleship on which we were traveling told me then that the best thing for me would be to say goodbye to New Guinea with its fever climate. When I replied that a missionary could not easily make up his mind to do that, he said: "Well, then you should go to live on a high mountain farther inland, there the climate would surely be healthier." This suggestion appealed to me and from that time on my wish and my endeavor was to extend our work into the mountains.

In the council of the brethren, doubts and scruples had yet to be overcome. One was of the opinion that Upper-Simbang would probably in time prove a healthy place to live. Another said that he did not wish to go farther up into the mountains until better roads had been built. And a third even remarked that the mountain tribes were too dirty for him, that he didn't wish to go there. The latest arrival among us, the quiet Brother Hoh, said nothing at all, but willingly joined me on a several days' tour into the hinterland of Simbang. We did not, however, find a place that seemed suitable on this trip.

The next tour into the mountains I made together with Brother Pfalzer. We started out in a north-westerly direction with the intention of doing nothing less than to cross the high Cromwell Mountains before returning home; however, we soon had to turn back. Our boys feared too much the cannibals of the Poum tribe, whose territory we were invading, and began to desert us, and we could not think of making such a trip in the tropics without the help of natives to carry our baggage. Not being able to realize our original plan and still wishing to do something worth while, we resolved to inspect the Sattelberg (saddle mountain) which was not beyond our reach. Already in 1886, at the time of my arrival in New Guinea, this mountain had been visited by a scientific expedition, which had surveyed and named it. Zake of Dobeo, a man who was well known in our mission and who has just recently died, was our willing guide. It was in March 1892. The weather was fine. We camped

one night on the top of the mountain, where now the most important station of the whole mission is located in the midst of a lively native population. During the two days that we were there we thoroughly examined the broad and extended summit of the mountain. The whole mountain was covered with a dense forest. Only here and there was something of an opening and we had a beautiful view of the country lying round about and the sea beyond, a number of islands in the distant north-west, and high mountain ranges beyond the wide Huon Gulf. The Sattelberg is three thousand feet high and rises high above all the neighboring ranges. Only far to the west are wooded ranges that rise still higher. On the slopes of the Sattelberg and on the ranges of that vicinity are numerous villages. Many of their inhabitants joined us on this tour. All were eager to make us understand that we should come back and build a house there like the one at Simbang and promised to help us clear the ground and build the station.

We took this friendly invitation for what it was worth. We knew that it was prompted not by a longing for the Gospel, but rather by a desire for iron tools and implements and the many pretty things which the white man possessed. This strong desire on the part of the natives to acquire what the missionaries had, could become a positive danger in those days; however, it might also indirectly help the cause of the blessed Gospel by giving us an opportunity to work among these people and lead them gradually to desire the better things which the missionaries could also give them. Exactly the same condition we had had at Simbang and on the Tami Islands.

After our return to Simbang we held a conference and passed the unanimous resolution to establish a mission station on the Sattelberg.

THE FOUNDING OF SATTELBERG

From that time on I made a trip to the mountain every two weeks to work there with a number of the older boys from Simbang; to fell trees, clean up the building ground, and do other preliminary work. The natives appeared in large numbers to offer their services. The working days of every man were recorded so that each might receive the wages agreed upon beforehand.



Four Chiefs of the Kai Tribe

The work progressed merrily. Soon we began to build a temporary dwelling place, which, however, afterwards became our permanent dwelling house, where our two youngest children were born. It consisted of only two rooms and a hall-way. It stood on posts eight feet high, the space under the house was used for various farm purposes, and an addition served as kitchen. Many guests found lodging here, sometimes a number of them at the same time. After a while several small rooms were built on the veranda. The conditions were those of hard but hopeful pioneer days and we were willing to put up with them. On the eighth of November, 1892, we first occupied the new station. During the rainy season I had remained at Simbang for several months for the purpose of studying more thoroly the strange language of the mountain tribes.

When we transported our things to the Sattelberg, our two small children were carried along in boxes suspended from long poles. The native carriers frequently traveled at an alarming rate. They wished to gain time to stop occasionally at fields and villages in order to call the women and children together that these might wonder at white children, which they had never before seen. The shouting and clamor at such exhibitions was sometimes so great that my wife was in constant fear lest the little ones be kidnapped by the cannibals and carried into the mountains. She was making this trip into the mountains for the first time and on foot.

To derive the full benefit from the enthusiasm of the natives for our project at this time, we moved all our belongings at once. All the goods including our organ had been securely packed in trunks and boxes and had been shipped to Katika, the nearest place of landing for Sattelberg. From here the natives helped us to carry the things to the station. Everything went well. Our progress up the mountain resembled a triumphal procession, but the worst was yet to come.

The Kai knew that we were now in their midst for better or worse and their desire for our goods became positively dangerous. At first they had been more careful not to discourage us in our enterprise. The people from the coast begrudged the mountaineers any profit that they might have from our coming among them and vied with them in

thievery. Thus many of our boxes were broken open on the way and things were taken out. My wife's wedding dress was stolen, but that was not the worst thing, since she did not exactly need it anymore. More serious was the fact that also linen, dresses, and other things belonging to the children, a part of the bedding, and every spool of thread had been stolen. In those days everything was insecure at the new station and especially the occasional shipments of goods from Simbang were in the greatest danger of being lost. The station buildings had to be surrounded by a strong, high pallisade, for not even the clothes on the line were safe. I was obliged personally to accompany every shipment and since one man always had to be present at the station, one of the brethren from Simbang was always with us on the mountain. In spite of all our caution things disappeared from time to time.

In the year 1893 when we were bringing a number of milk cows to the Sattelberg station, my traveling bag was stolen on the way. When I demanded its return, the main culprit, a man from the coast, attacked me with his spear. The well known Zake interposed; after all he did not want the goose killed from which he expected yet many golden eggs.

In the year 1891, after a large number of white people had died in a mysterious and virulent fever epidemic, Finschhafen was discontinued as a trading station of the New Guinea Company. Astrolabe Bay now became the center for the colonization of Kaiser Wilhelm's Land. We Dettelsau missionaries were now the only white people in all the country about Finschhafen. We were asked if we really intended to stay since we would be almost without communication with the outside world. In Germany our mission board took up the matter with the government, and the Rhenish Mission Society at Barmen offered to negotiate with the Dutch government for the purpose of transferring our mission to unoccupied territory in Dutch New Guinea where we would have connections. We missionaries could not think of leaving our three stations, where we had done so much difficult preparatory work, to go to a new, strange, and distant field. We declared unanimously that we would remain at our post even tho we should have communication with the rest of the world only once a year as formerly the missionaries of Greenland. Our attitude was fully approved by our mission board. And things were

not so bad in the end as they appeared to be. The New Guinea Company was kindly disposed towards us and gave us a fairly reliable promise to call at Finschhafen occasionally. The Huon Gulf district was a good place for the company to get native laborers for its plantations. Consequently the company's ships came to Finschhafen once every three or four months during the next years to solicit native help and also brot our mail and the necessary provisions. With that we could get along very well in those days. Near the end of the nineties a pretty large Lloyd steamer began to stop regularly at Langemack Bay near Simbang every six weeks.

Our isolation at Finschhafen had distinctly two sides to it for our work, but in a long run the advantages proved greater and more important also for its outward development than the disadvantages. That the missionaries had been spared in the time of the terrible epidemic at Finschhafen altho they lived in the immediate neighborhood and that they remained when all the others left, did not fail to make a deep impression on the natives. They began to understand that we were different from the other white people, that we did not seek our own profit, but their welfare.

Concerning the fatal epidemic at Finschhafen, both blacks and whites were at a loss how to account for it. At first everybody thot that the climate at Finschhafen must be especially dangerous and fatal. But why should it be worse than at any other similar place on the coast, for instance at Simbang? About 1900 the New Guinea Company again established a station here and started a large plantation, which the mission bot in 1908. Already in 1902 we opened a new warehouse at Finschhafen with Brother Pfalzer in charge and since 1908 we have there a double station with more than the usual number of inmates, and we have had no cause to believe that the place is more unhealthy than other places along the coast. Among the blacks it was said that, since so many white people were not wanted there, hostile neighbors had simply bewitched them. For the heathen at that time this was a very plausible thot. White people also expressed the suspicion that yellow servants, Malays or Chinese, had on account of some grievance poisoned the drinking water in the reservoirs. It had actually happened that several Chinese, in a fit of anger against their employers, had hanged themselves on the hull of a large sailing ship

at Finschhafen.—In any case it happened so long ago that the mystery cannot be cleared up anymore. One thing we know and that is that God in a time of grave danger held his protecting hand over our mission. For this we owe him thanks.

We now had three stations among three different tribes, one on the islands, one on the coast, and one in the mountains; and at all of these stations we had to work patiently for many years before we could see the fruits of our labors. And these labors for evident reasons were most trying on the Sattelberg. About the middle of the nineties a small-pox epidemic swept over the land and many people died in the villages. The natives at this time lived in such a general state of fear, anxiety, and suspicion that it was almost impossible for us to keep in touch with the older station Simbang. Our situation was indeed becoming serious, when the faithful Brother Hoh with a number of brave boys ventured out to bring us the necessary provisions. Also these days of terror had to serve the end, especially in the mountains, of winning and increasing the confidence of the people to the missionaries. From Dr. Frobenius, the medical missionary of the Rhenish Mission, I had received lymph, with which to vaccinate my own people, the people living at the stations, and as many as possible of the natives round about. In the villages where the natives had been vaccinated the epidemic did no harm and the people were thankful for this help and consequently more inclined to believe that the missionaries were their true friends. Their attitude, slowly but surely, became more friendly.

But there were other things that continued to cause us grief at Sattelberg. A promising young brother, Missionary Held, had come from the Missionhouse about this time and had been designated to become my helper. He was in the best of health when he arrived, but after only a few days he took sick with pneumonia and after two weeks he succumbed to the fatal disease.

Meanwhile a new man for Sattelberg had come from the Missionhouse. This was Brother Decker. There were now three of us and we could undertake to build a permanent and spacious dwelling house for our own people and the guests that sought health and recreation on the Sattelberg. The house had seven rooms, a roof of corrugated tin, and floors

of imported boards. The frame-work and all the walls were of native lumber carefully fitted so that both inmates and furniture would be better protected than had been the case in our first temporary dwelling. There everything had become moldy in the rainy season and our valuable organ had been completely ruined after only one year. The large new structure was so firmly joined and nailed that altho it was thrown off the six foot posts on which it rested at the time of the earthquake, it was not seriously damaged and could again be placed on a foundation and continue to serve its purpose. It serves even today, the oldest house in our mission, as Sattelberg is the oldest existing station.

Nothing is less durable than a frame-house in the tropics, especially when it is built of raw lumber from the forest. When such houses stand vacant, they very quickly fall into decay "and the place thereof shall know it no more." The location of Old-Simbang is marked by a bronze memorial tablet fastened to the trunk of a gigantic mango tree which at the time of the founding of the station in 1886 was only as thick as a man's arm; the place where Upper-Simbang stood is designated by a few graves; and the site of the former station on Mosam Hill is recognized by a small grove of beautiful cocoa palms.

THE TIME OF THE FIRST FRUITS

All that we could reasonably hope from the Sattelberg station it has accomplished both as a missionary center for the christianizing of the mountain tribes and as a health station. Tho the Kai were ill-behaved enough during the first years, they gradually began to mend their ways. In 1898 when I went to Australia on furlough with my family, the chiefs of the neighboring villages came with their families to say goodbye and to tell us that we should surely come back. The young men vied with each other for the honor of carrying my wife and children to the coast in a litter. The people had not only become more honest and reliable, but a genuine attachment, not only, I judge, to us personally, but also to the Gospel message which the mission represented to these poor, ignorant people, had become evident. When we returned after a year and a half we did not meet all our black acquaintances and friends again. Some of them had

died of diseases, others had been killed in feuds between neighboring villages. The new day of the Gospel and of peace had not yet come. With the beginning of the new century, however, there was a decided turn to the better. The Jabem of the coast as well as the Kai in the vicinity of Sattelberg became more eager to hear the word of God. At both stations our boarding schools were well attended and did good work. The young people did not come to earn wages now, but because they wanted to learn something good at the mission station. At the island station, where the conditions were different, day school was held. The young people who attended our schools began to give a good account of themselves after returning to the villages. They overcame the objections of their elders and arranged evening devotions, at which they told Bible stories, sang Christian hymns, and prayed. In this way they carried the MITI, the Gospel which they had heard, into the heathen villages even before they had themselves become Christians. They prepared the way for the work of the missionaries. Those of our pupils too, who went as laborers to distant plantations, especially in the Astrolabe Bay country, and worked there for years, did mission work among their fellow-laborers from the Huon Gulf district of their own accord and as a matter of course, and with the Miti they also spread the language of the Miti, the Jabem. Consequently there arose without any direct effort of the missionaries what may be called roofless churches in various villages along the Huon Gulf coast. On the open space in the middle of the village, stakes were driven into the ground and poles were fastened upon them to serve as benches and an old iron mattock, hung to a tree, took the place of the bell to call the villagers to the meeting. The boys held devotional meetings on the order of those which they had so often attended at the station. All this pointed to an impending real tangible success of our mission work and at the same time it prepared the ground for a future expansion of the mission. The time of the first-fruits of our labors had come.

In 1886 mission work had been first begun on the coast and in 1899 the first two converts could be baptized at Simbang. In 1892 I had moved to Sattelberg and on Epiphany Sunday 1904 the first two Kai youths were baptized. In both cases the converts were older pupils of our schools

who had attended the boarding schools at our stations for a number of years and being gifted young people, had acquired considerable education before they entered upon the specific course of instruction preparatory to baptism.

The desire of these people to be baptized, however, was not an isolated phenomenon. The influence of the Gospel had at this time already become quite general: the mission schools had exercised a profound influence over many young people who had studied there and these in turn had made their influence felt among the people of the villages from which they came. As the farmer rejoices at the sight of a beautiful green and growing field of grain, so we missionaries in New Guinea rejoiced in that day to see the first signs of new spiritual life sprout forth on the promising field of our missionary labors.

As the most delightful days of early spring, however, are often rudely interrupted by cold and storms, so this season of spiritual rejoicing also brot in its course most sad and tragical occurrences. I mention especially those at the death of Lemasum of Kasanga, whose story Brother Bamler relates in a mission tract. He was the first Jabem who, tho not yet baptized, called upon the name of Jesus in the hour of death, when his comrades, even a few of his schoolmates among them, slew him to avenge the death of a woman who had accidentally been killed by a falling tree which Lemasum was felling in the forest. The murderers later repented their crime and themselves became Christians.

Considerably more than a decade had passed before the first-fruits of our mission could be baptized in the mountains as on the coast. And where a mission is begun in an entirely new field this is rather a matter of course and should not seem strange to anyone. Wherever we subsequently brot the Gospel to new and strange tribes, as the Waria on the river by that name, or the Laewomba in the Markham valley, or the Ono in the Cromwell Mountains, where strange languages were spoken and the report of the Gospel had not prepared the way, it always took fully ten years till the first converts could be baptized. When I came to New Guinea in 1886, the land was shrouded in absolute spiritual darkness. Not the slightest rumor of the Gospel had ever reached the neighborhood of Finschhafen. The people had not the faintest notion of what a missionary is and what he wanted among them.

Then there was at first no adequate way of communication. The language was totally strange, it had no expressions whatever for spiritual things, the very elements of the language had to be, as it were, gathered from the mouths of the natives. And there was also the great difference between white and black, a wide racial gulf between the white missionary and these simple children of nature in the stone age that had gradually to be overbridged. To win the confidence of these people who in the beginning did not even take us for human beings but for spirits, was not an easy matter. According to their heathen religion there are both good and evil spirits, but the evil spirits who delight in doing harm play by far the biggest part in their lives. The most natural thing for them at first seemed to be to take us for the evil kind and to fear and mistrust us. In many different ways we endeavored to cultivate closer and better relations. The fact that we had the tools and implements which they desired made us in a way indispensable to them. These they were willing enough to earn and to receive from the beginning long before they would accept remedies for their many wounds and frequent diseases. In this they were too distrustful always suspecting sorcery; they preferred to rely on their own superstitious conjuring.

This attitude of distrust on the part of the natives could be overcome only by our living among them all the year round with our families, until they learned that we were human beings just like they, subject to sickness and even to death. And when we missionaries had once learned to understand and speak their language and an interchange of ideas had become possible, they gradually began to entertain new and better ideas concerning us too. Thus we in time won their confidence.

For many years the Lord's exhortation applied to us—"In your patience possess ye your souls." And as the Lord himself had said to his disciples: "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now": so we missionaries were conscious of the fact that the best that we knew we could for a long time not even communicate to these poor people.

Anyone who believes that the natives of New Guinea have no religious conceptions of their own, that their heart and mind are like empty vessels that can easily be filled with

Christian content, are badly mistaken. On the contrary, as rank and abundant as the growth of the tropical forest that almost completely covers New Guinea, so rich and manifold is the world of ideas and opinions of its inhabitants. And the thots and views that lodge in the heathen hearts and minds of these children of nature must first be expelled before the thots of the Gospel can find room there.

Rome was not built in a day and the conversion of a heathen and a heathen people also can be accomplished by the grace of God only in many years of patient labor of God's messengers. What St. Paul says to the Corinthians, who were highly cultured Greeks, applies also to the Papuans of New Guinea—"Ye know that ye were Gentiles, carried away unto these dumb idols, even as ye were led." The heathen of New Guinea were not, it is true, led by writings and books; originally they had no book religion. But they were led by the traditions of their ancestors, that had been handed down from generation to generation. Their heathen views were bred into them from youth. And these views together with corresponding habits and customs were the more firmly rooted since the people as a whole in all their ways of life were in their own way very religious, very god-fearing like the Athenians in St. Paul's day, in the sense that they feared their heathen gods or spirits. That passage also where St. Paul speaks of "the unknown God" of the Athenians applied to our people.

The true God, who had revealed himself to mankind, at its beginning, the heathen of New Guinea had forgotten; only an empty name of him the Kai had retained, the name "Malengfung," "Maleng" meaning land, the world and "fungne", origin, author. The author of the world would be God the Creator. But him they did not worship, to him they did not pray, of him they knew only the name. A host of demigods, gods of inferior rank, and spirits, the spirits of their ancestors completely controlled all their thots, good and bad. They lived a life of prayer, invoking these spirits at all occasions in the daily routine of their lives. For all activities they had charms to assure success and charms to cause failure. The dog used in hunting, the net used in fishing, the spear used in fighting, the newly planted field, everything had to be charmed in order that an enterprise might prosper. Our heathen were very pious compared with many white people

that do everything without prayer and without considering the higher powers, relying entirely upon their own skill.

On the other hand these brown savages were very wicked too. He who is a liar and a murderer from the beginning had ensnared them with the falsehoods and deceits of the black art of sorcery which bred discord and caused many murders; "their feet were swift to shed blood and the way of peace they did not know" (Rom. 3, 15, 17). Sickness, death, failure of crops, all sorts of evils were caused by sorcery; and they had many charms which they applied according to fixed custom to effect all manner of evil.

According to their heathen belief the soul of a man lives not only in the body and all its members, but in everything with which a man comes in contact, as bits of clothing, leavings at a meal, etc. In all such things an enemy could capture the soul of a man, tie it in a bundle, charm it, dry it at the fire, and so cause the death of that man. To be a sorcerer was not an easy matter. The sorcerer had to abstain from many things, must never wash or bathe himself, was not permitted to eat of various savory foods, and had to suffer hunger and thirst. However, he demanded good pay for his falsehoods and deceits. Sometimes he would offer to put a certain man out of the way by means of sorcery, and after being well paid, he would take a bribe from the friends of the man whose soul he had already confined in a bundle to unbind and free it again. Notorious sorcerers were feared as much as they were hated and not infrequently they were slain in the end. Many innocent people suspected of sorcery were also killed.

According to the religious beliefs of the people neither wounds, nor sickness, nor death, nor fatal accident was ever due to natural causes; all such evils were caused by sorcery and every death, such was the generally accepted law, had to be avenged by another death. Thus strife and feuds among tribes and villages never ceased. Parties too weak to resist their enemies fled into the forest or into their houses built in high trees, but since they had to return to their fields from time to time to get food, they usually in the end fell into the avenger's power anyway.

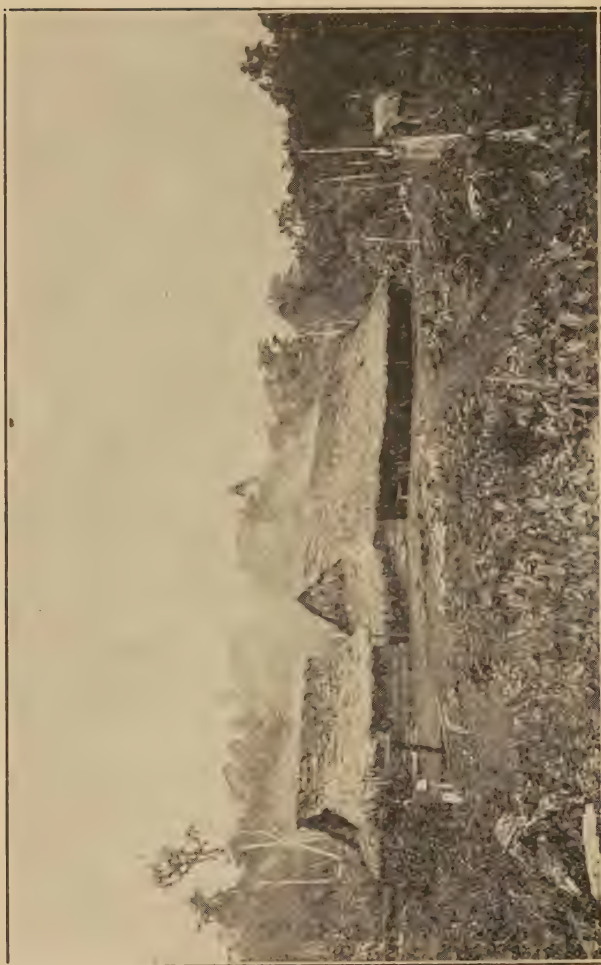
Their belief in spirits and their fear of sorcery caused a general atmosphere of distrust; thru fear of death they were all their lifetime subject to bondage (Hebr. 2, 15).

The following is one example of many which illustrates heathen life and customs in New Guinea. In the village of Kolem a woman lay sick. After a fainting fit she told her husband that she had dreamt that a certain man from the village of Kamlaua had bewitched her and thus had caused her sickness. Promptly the man gathered his friends about him and marched to the village named. On the way they met the man suspected in the dream, killed him on the spot, cut off his hands, and left him lying where he lay. Since the sorcerers use their hands to tie the bundles in which the souls of their victims are confined, the hands had to be cut off extra. On the day on which this gruesome thing happened, some of my messengers were returning to Sattelberg from Simbang and related to us not a little shocked what they had seen. Later on we heard more about the case. That wasn't the whole story. The murdered man also had friends. These attacked the village where the sick woman lived to take revenge. A fight ensued which resulted in dead and wounded on both sides. All was caused by the dream of a woman, who, by the way, had not been seriously ill and soon recovered from her sickness.

The belief that sorcery is the cause of all evil was harmful in two different ways. On the one hand it caused distrust, fear, and strife thruout the land and on the other it made the people entirely indifferent towards all cautions and measures to prevent sickness, wounds, accidents, etc.

To slay a sorcerer the heathen of New Guinea considered a matter of duty, a good deed, not a murder at all. They rightly condemned sorcery as bad and wicked, and also realized that to steal, to lie, and to commit adultery was not right. What St. Paul says of the Romans that the law is written in the heart of natural man, applied also to these heathen.

A heathen custom which the natives prized above all things was the spirit-balum—or ngosa-festival (*ngosa* means grandfather; the festival a form of ancestor cult), which was celebrated only once in many years but with a great deal of heathen pomp. During such a festive season a general peace was declared by common consent of all the tribes of the district. There should be no bewitching, wars were unlawful, and sorcerers should not be slain, in order that a large number of guests might attend the festival without fear. This



Papuan Men's Club House

was the great MITI (peace, art, wisdom). The term "miti" later came to be used to designate the Gospel which the missionaries preached. Preparations for the Balum-festivals were begun long before the time. The Balum demanded sacrifices; for this purpose pigs were raised and fatted in large numbers. Certain dances had to be drilled. And the symbols of the Balum cult were got ready. These were small pieces of wood, which tied to long bamboo rods and whirled through the air made a loud humming, whirring sound. The women and children were made to believe that this sound was the voice of the Balum spirit. At the festival also the shrill Balum pipes were blown so that the women and children might flee at the approach of the dreaded spirits. These were forbidden on pain of death to attend the Balum festival and the same punishment was threatened anyone who would betray the Balum secret to the women. Anyone found guilty of this capital crime should even be cut off from his people (Exodus 30, 33). Tales were told of incidents where murder, arson, and the destruction of whole villages had resulted from the violation of this law. Men and women lived separated during the festive season; the men on the grounds prepared for the festival where their tents and a large house for the Balum were erected. At this festival the older boys were initiated into the religious secret society of the men thru circumcision; also new chiefs were installed. Tho the women dared not approach the grounds, they had to furnish the provisions and also the victims which the men pretended were sacrificed to the Balum. The women were told that the terrible Balum swallowed all the boys and that the sacrifice of one pig for every boy was necessary to induce the spirit to disgorge them again.

Preparatory to their circumcision the boys had to go thru a rather severe course of training at the hands of their sponsors (wize), who also taught them a moral code which resembles somewhat our ten commandments.

To prevent any possible meeting of men and women during the time of the festival, the latter, whenever they had to go to the fields or to get water or fuel, had to sound the alarm with simple rattles made of bamboo cane or wooden sticks.

When the men began to have a certain amount of confidence in us missionaries and to tell us of their grand and glorious Balum festival, they always did it confidentially and

with the urgent request that we should not tell the women anything about it. Some of the younger missionaries were very impatient to expose the falsehoods and deceits of the Balum cult. We admonished them "in patience to possess their souls" (Luc. 21-19). We believed that if faith in the Lord Jesus had once conquered their hearts, the Balum cult with all its evils would die out of its own accord. Untimely discussion of the subject at mixed gatherings would scare away the women and children and thus do harm and retard the progress of the mission.

When the first converts were baptized among the Jabem and Kai, the Balum secret was not yet disclosed, but very soon after that time. The first-fruits from both tribes did not long remain alone. On the coast as in the mountains paganism was breaking down. Our long and patient labors with the boys at the boarding schools, where the attendance and the interest in the work had increased from year to year, had gradually effected a change. The young people who came from our schools did a great deal to extend and strengthen the influence of the mission not only in the immediate neighborhood but also in many distant villages which we had not yet reached and from which the people did not come to attend the meetings at the mission stations.

In the light of the new knowledge which the heathen acquired they learned to look upon their fear of spirits and their superstitious belief in sorcery, as well as the accompanying evils, the general spirit of distrust and the never ending feud, as a curse and a heavy burden and longed to be free. The Gospel promised to free them from these evils, and to bless all without respect of person—"there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus" (Gal. 3, 28). In the glorious light of the Gospel even the splendor of the Balum festivals faded away. At these festivals, which meant so much to the heathen native, all women were excluded; the position of womankind at any rate was little better than slavery. The blessed Gospel meant freedom for the women of New Guinea and they welcomed the good tidings that they too might share the blessings of Christ's kingdom and together with the men become "heirs of the grace of life" (I Pet. 3, 7).

When the ice of heathen prejudices was once broken, the women and girls quickly realized their opportunities. When

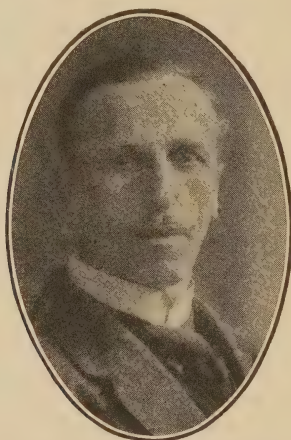
soon after the baptism of the first converts, small groups of villagers applied for baptism, these from the start also included women and girls, which wished to join the instruction classes preparatory to baptism altho they had not yet attended a mission school. Such classes have been conducted in Jabem since 1900, in the mountains since 1904. The number of catechumens steadily increased in the course of the first decade of this century and both sexes were about equally well represented. Candidates for baptism among the Jabem applied to the brethren Vetter and Pfalzer, on Tami to Brother Hoh, those among the Kai to Brother Keysser at Sattelberg and to me at Heldsbach. The Kai who lived in the hinterland of Simbang announced themselves to the brethren Wacke and Schnabel, those of Wareo to the brethren Zwanzger and Wagner. All candidates had from the beginning to renounce all heathen works and ways; they had to break completely with sorcery and had to give up their spirit and Balum cult. When the first larger groups had been baptized whole villages began to renounce the Balum worship. Later on this was done by whole tribes, when they wished to show that they had broken with their heathen ways and wanted to receive the Gospel and its messengers. It is being done all along and the natives act on their own initiative without any compulsion whatsoever on the part of the missionaries, when once the Gospel has begun to triumph all along the line. (At this point it may well be noted, that Brother Christian Keysser was the first one in the field to advocate this method of christianization and to put it into practice.

He became convinced of the correctness of this procedure as soon as he really became acquainted with the social structure of the Papuan clan. The clan is foot and backbone of Papuan life. When the clan declares itself in favor of the "Miti," the door is wide open for the Gospel, while the single convert would be disowned and expelled. F. M. B.*)

Concerning the material for instruction in preparing catechumens for baptism, we missionaries were well agreed on the essentials. We considered a good selection of Old and New Testament Bible stories above all important, the catechism was studied during the last term, and the passion story was carefully gone over at the end of the course.—When these

Note: *F. M. B.—Foreign Mission Board.

heathen whose lives have been full of the fear of spirits and sorcery come to the knowledge of the almighty God, the maker of heaven and earth, thru His holy word, they are overwhelmed with a new consciousness of being free from all these evil powers under the protection of the true God Anutu. And when they look upon the cross of Golgatha and realize the great sacrifice of love of the Son of God, they begin to understand their own sin and sinfulness and the blessedness of having one's sin forgiven and being children of God in Christ Jesus.



Missionary Christian Keysser

John Warneck, the leading missionary of the large Batak mission on the island of Sumatra, in his book *Die Lebenskraefte des Evangeliums* characterizes the conversion of a larger and more cultured spirit-worshipping heathen people in that country as we have done: The first step into Christianity is taken when the almighty God, the Creator, is realized and accepted by faith. This is the first great experience of God, a blessed realization that the bane and burden of an evil spirit cult has been taken away. See pages 210-235.

The first step into Christianity must forthwith be followed by the second, the acceptance thru faith of Jesus Christ

the Redeemer. I shall quote a passage from Warneck's book page 262 which deals with this subject:

"Those who cultivate a more intimate communion with God, to them the love of God is revealed on this basis and their being apprehended by the love of the Savior becomes the second great experience of their lives. All foreign mission work, to be sure, bears witness that the love of God is experienced solely and alone in Christ Jesus, the crucified and risen Lord. The heart of the heathen remains cold and the evidence of God's love in his life he views as a matter of course, until the mystery of the cross overwhelms him. Not the evidences of God's love in the Old Testament, not Jesus' miracles of grace, His healing the sick and showing mercy to all, nor the experience of prayers heard and answered, convict him of the love of God—the Crucified alone accomplishes this greatest of miracles, that the heathen heart, indifferent and cold, experiences the love of God. This experience is the essence of their conversion. Jesus now has become more to them than a liberator from the bonds of Satan, he is to them love incarnate, love that rent the heavens to save wretched sinners.

"Not all who accept Christianity make this experience, but only those who let the Spirit of God lead them on step by step. Just these, however, who in the Crucified experience the love of God, are the best fruits of foreign mission, the sheep of the other fold that hear the voice of the shepherd. The fact that in missions, from the time of Paul to this day, the love of God is experienced at the cross, and the fact that only those heathen who under the cross are touched by the love of God are the true Christians full of spiritual life and power, today as well as in the old church: that is proof of the power of the preaching of the cross. To the heathen now as then the Crucified is foolishness (not only to the educated, but also to the spirit worshippers and the savages), but unto them who in the cross recognize his love it is the power of God. Thru the cross the very nature of heathenism is conquered; thru the Crucified the heathen become new creatures. Here we must seek the secret of power. Wherever evangelical foreign missions have preached Jesus, the Crucified, it has not returned void (Isaiah 55, 11), altho it has often taken a considerable time until its power has become manifest.—"

Thus Warneck.—What he and his fellow missionaries experienced in Sumatra, we missionaries in New Guinea also observe and experience in our field of labor. Already at the time when the first-fruits of our mission were gathered in, we had young Christians and also old ones, who had grown gray in heathenism, whose faith in the crucified Savior so transformed them that they manifestly lived in the Spirit and the peace of God was upon them, and confidence and joy filled their hearts in the hour of death. I have already mentioned Lemasum, our brave Jabem pupil. Altho he was not yet baptized, he died under the cruel blows of the murderers with these words of prayer on his lips: "O Abumtao Jesu, aum uli ai!" (O Lord Jesus, look upon me (help me!), words of prayer like those of Stephan: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!")

Quape of Sasako, Brother Wagner tells us in his *Lebensbilder*, No. 1, died after a long and grievous siege of sickness "confident and in living faith in his Savior."—In the same number Brother Zahn writes of the death of Buma of Bubalum in Ginggala as follows: "In the village church his sons told me of the last hours of their father's life. Not a word of complaint had crossed his lips. The Bible passage 'The blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, cleanseth us from all sin', was a great comfort to him."

The history of Wareo the missionary of the station ends with the sentence—"A congregation of redeemed Christians here praises Jesus Christ as their Lord." The first faithful native helper at Hombua, an outpost of Wareo, died after a short period of service at his post in a way that showed "that the thot of his baptism comforted him in the hour of death and that a confession of his faith concluded his work and his life."

Of special interest is also what Brother Keysser writes in his two mission tracts, *Bai, the Sorcerer*, and *Sane, the Last Wasa Chief*, concerning the blessed death of these his first converts, who at the time of their baptism were already old men. Of Bai he relates the following: "The chief summoned the men of his village to his bed-side. With feeble voice he spoke to them thus: 'My friends, I shall go to God. He has helped me and has delivered me from the bonds of sorcery and every evil. I regret that I have not served Him so earnestly as I

should have served him and have not been so faithful as I should have been. You have had good reason to reproach me at times. But you must not think that I would secretly have indulged in a sin and would have concealed it before you. I die unto Jesus and hope to be raised up again after him. Remain steadfast in the faith, do not follow after evil, come to Jesus following the same path that I am now about to go."—When he had finished, a Christian named Simbang offered the following prayer: 'O Jesus, again one of us goes hence. Help us not immoderately to grieve over our departed. Thou hast died for us on the cross and hast washed away our sins with thy blood. We thank thee for it. Help us, Lord, that our weak hearts may cling to thee, strengthen us that we may not stumble and fall into the mire! When our end draws near, be merciful and reject us not, thy weak, brown children!'"

Shortly before Bai his wife Sewa, who had been baptized with him, had died. Of her end Brother Keysser writes the following in the same booklet:—

"She sank quickly. Bai, sitting at her bed-side by the fire, noticed that there was no more hope. 'Sewa', he said to his wife, 'does your heart hold fast on God? Give me a clear and certain answer before you die that I may afterwards feel assured!'—'I am an old woman', she gasped slowly and falteringly; you know I have done much evil in my day, I have told you everything. But the water of holy baptism has washed all my guilt away. Jesus has died for me, therefore I do not fear death. 'The next day she died.'"

Concerning Sane's death Brother Keysser writes as follows: "One day I was told that the old chief had died. I had not even heard that he had taken sick. The end came quickly. Christians had visited him and had spoken to him encouragingly. 'I am old and gray,' he said. 'Much evil have I done in my life. May God be gracious unto me and with the blood of Jesus wash away all my guilt.' Such were his words shortly before his end."

Brother Keysser adds the following remark: "With Sane one of the old people passed away who had been perfectly at home in all the old evil heathen ways. Still one may assume that he had done all that could be expected of him. When his only son Simpane, a gifted pupil at the Sattelberg

station, already before his father's baptism volunteered to become a mission helper among the Hube tribe, and the old man was asked for his consent, he showed that his heart was right. 'I am an old man', he said; 'with Simpane I lose my right hand, but since God wants him to go, I shall not stand in the way.' That was the word of an old heathen", remarks Brother Keysser. Of the old chief while he attended instructions he tells us the following: "With the old man I had to be lenient and apply the rule that the good will of a person must be praised even tho his ability to do be small. And both Sane and his aged wife Sama always showed exceptionally good will. Was he not giving his son to the service of God, a sacrifice that outweighed a good deal of knowledge? There was hardly a Bible story that he could tell unhesitatingly even tho his wife and others would repeat it for him a hundred times. But when existing evils in the villages were the subject of discussion, he would rouse himself and very energetically and with a thundering voice express his approval of taking a firm stand against such evils. He was always ready to break a lance for the good of the cause of Christ. Finally he was with his comrades admitted to baptism. He chose for himself the name Simeon, his wife the name Hanna.

So far Brother Keysser's account of his first converts, who died in faith, the faith in the atonement thru the blood of Jesus. These are only a few examples of many from our various stations and parish districts among Kai and Jabem. In view of their blessed death in Christ the Crucified One may well say: Who dies thus, dies well!

This was the time of the first-fruits in our mission in New Guinea, the day of small beginnings in the first decade of the present century, the prelude of greater things to come. A natural growth and progress in the success of our mission from this time on became more and more general thruout the field. Larger numbers of young people applied for admission to the mission schools at all the stations. Attendance at Sundays' services in the villages improved steadily and larger churches had to be built. Classes of catechumens had more frequently to be formed. A great change was taking place thru the grace of God and we were reminded of the words of the prophet: "Enlarge the place of thy tent"!

THE TIME OF WIDE SOWING AND ABUNDANT REAPING

The time had come when the good seed of the word of God found much good ground in the hearts of the natives and a rich harvest of souls could be gathered in; and this blessed season of gathering in the sheaves in greater and greater numbers continues to the present day.

The first seven years of our labors in New Guinea represent the hard pioneer period, in which under difficult circumstances we founded our three pioneer stations, on the coast, on the islands, and in the mountains. A further expansion of the mission at that time was entirely out of the question.

The following seven years were a time of patient intensive preparatory labors within the territory of these three stations. It was the time of our first weak attempts at starting schools, the time of oft-repeated visits to the villages to invite the people to come to our stations, to come especially on Sundays to hear the good word that we wished to teach them. It was the time in which we studied the languages intensively and translated diligently, especially Bible stories and hymns, with which we would be able to convey to them the thoughts of the Gospel, thru which alone a change of heart can be effected, not only in the individual, but also in a whole people. And since confidence is the key to success, we endeavored to do everything possible to convince the natives that we sought their best welfare. We showed them our sympathy in their troubles and difficulties, and sought to help them in wounds and sickness, following the wise counsel of the famous Livingstone of Africa.

After the soil had thus been prepared with the help of God, the next seven years brot the gathering in of the first-fruits with which we have dealt in detail in the previous chapter.—The motto of the great Africa missionary who was privileged to open up the interior of the Dark Continent for the coming of the Gospel was—"A missionary must never tire of doing good."

Since in the beginning the heathen, who are spiritually blind, do not know or wish to know anything of the blessed message of the Gospel which the missionaries endeavor to bring them, one must simply try to help and serve them in the small things of their daily lives. Thus in course of time they

become willing to receive from those who help them in the things which they need for their body and life also the help they need for their souls.

We succeeded to win the confidence of the natives not only in the immediate neighborhood of the stations where we daily associated with them, but even beyond that. In making missionary journeys to distant villages we perceived that everywhere the mere name of the missionaries served to make the people quiet and confident. If on approaching a village where we had never been, the women and children would flee into the bush and the men would snatch up their bows and arrows, or their wood swords and spears, our guide would only need to announce that a missionary had arrived, and all weapons would at once disappear, the people would welcome us gladly, and show us all the hospitality we could wish for by day and by night.

To expand the work of the mission was now an easy matter. The good reputation of the mission, the reputation of bringing freedom from the powers of sorcerers and evil spirits to all those who accepted the great Lord of heaven and earth, had penetrated far into the interior. For that reason people were not only willing to give a missionary who happened to come to their village a kindly welcome, they wished to keep him permanently among them in order that they might learn all about the good and salutary words about the Lord Anutu and become free from their old wicked heathen ways. Their desire to have a missionary among them and to hear his message now came forth out of pure motives. Thus in the end there came to us from afar the call of the man from Macedonia: "Come over and help us!"

Already in 1899 Brother Bamler, then still a single man, having been relieved at Tami by Missionary Hoh, who was a married man, could carry the Gospel into the Huon Gulf district and found a new station at Cape Gerhardts near Haenischhafen. This station was named Deinzerhoehe in honor of Johannes Deinzer, the venerable director of the New Guinea mission at Neuendettelsau, Germany, who had recently died. The tribal and language conditions at the new station were peculiar. The station village Taimi was an old colony of the Tami Islands and still spoke the Tami dialect. The nearest villages to the right and to the left are inhabited by Bukaua people and speak the Bukaua language. The lan-



Missionary Lehner with Helpers and Teachers

guage of school and church at the new station was to become the Jabem. Deinzerhoehe was a regular New Guinea Babel. Still the plan worked well enough. The Brethren Bamler and his successor Decker gathered a large congregation in the course of the years and the whole district is now almost completely christianized. The preparatory influence which had come from Tami on the one hand and from Jabem on the other, had done much to facilitate the founding of Deinzerhoehe.

The principal villages of the Jabem tribe, Wagengeng, Ngasegalatu, Qualasam, and Ginggala, are situated a number of miles from Simbang beyond the Logaweng Mountain. In these villages lived most of our former Simbang boarding school pupils, who exerting their influence in their home villages made their own people more inclined to accept the Gospel message. It was considered expedient that a missionary should live in this center of the Jabem tribe in order that Christianity might gain full sway there. Accordingly the late Missionary Vetter erected a primitive station on the large grassy plain of Jabem and went to live there with his family. He taught school and gathered one class of catechumens after another. Even the influential chief Oboko was finally won for the Gospel and the Balum of the Jabem was openly and solemnly burned and heathenism thus abolished. Brother Vetter, tho sick and suffering a great deal, labored with exceptional faithfulness. When at length, much in need of rest and recreation, he had left on a homeward voyage and had died in the harbor of Adelaide and had been buried in Tanunda, Australia, Missionary Zahn continued his labors at Jabem. Some time after the Jabem training school for native helpers and the mission printing press had been established at Logaweng, the Jabem station was discontinued and the Jabem Christians were otherwise provided for.

In 1903 further changes were made and other new stations were founded on the coast and in the mountains. The Lloyd steamer that brot our mail again stopped at Finschhafen, after the New Guinea Company had again established a small trading post there, and ceased to come into Lange-mack Bay and stop opposite Simbang. For that reason we had to build a warehouse for our mission at Finschhafen. This was done by Brother Pfalzer, who was our bookkeeper at the time. Since a number of Jabem villages were situated

near Finschhafen, Brother Pfalzer also took charge of the mission work here and in the course of the following years gathered a congregation of a few hundred souls. This work had to be done at Finschhafen, because Simbang had meanwhile become a Kai station and Jabem was too far away. Later on when we had the assistance of native helpers, evangelists, and better trained teachers, we could consolidate larger districts; thus we now have a large united Jabem congregation, to which Tami also belongs.

To the north of the Sattelberg beyond the great Busim valley the brethren Zwanzger and Wagner founded the mountain station Wareo on the Wamuro range amidst various mountain tribes, who under the influence of the Sattelberg station had already become favorably inclined towards the mission. The work among these mountaineers, whose villages lay scattered thruout the mountain forests was toilsome as everywhere under like conditions, but there was steady progress and the result was a large Christian congregation like the one on the Sattelberg. The history of Wareo in the mountains as well as that of Pola at Finschhafen the brethren Pfalzer and Zwanzger have related in detail, each in a tract of two numbers.

Heldsbach station was started by me in 1904 while we were still living at Sattelberg; it was intended as an auxiliary station of Sattelberg. Transportation between the distant mountain station and the landing-place was much facilitated by this way-station which lay ten miles below Sattelberg. The overcrowded school on the mountain was relieved by dividing the district, the Kai nearer the coast henceforth coming to Heldsbach to receive instructions. After a small congregation had been gathered, Heldsbach became immediately active in missionary work among the Poug, who lived northward along the coast, where the territory of the inland tribes reached to the sea. Among related tribes of the hinterland Brother Keysser worked with great success. (He is the originator of the volunteer native helpers' mission, one of the most important factors in our work in New Guinea. F. M. B.)

At Heldsbach the mission now also owns an important plantation and the large training school for native helpers among the Kai, in charge of Missionary Pilhofer and a native assistant, is likewise located there. This training school was

first begun on Mosam Hill near Simbang in 1906 while the brethren Schnabel and Pilhofer worked among the mountain people there. In 1913 it was removed to Heldsbach, where the mission owned more ground.

The Jabem training school for native helpers was also started in 1906. It was built on the Logaweng plateau and was at first conducted by Brother Bamler. In those years the thot had often come to me that for the two chief tribes in our field, the Jabem and the Kai, we should have training schools for native helpers and at a conference I had submitted my plans to the brethren in a specially prepared paper. There was a special reason for putting Brother Bamler in charge of the Logaweng institution. His wife suffered long and severely from black-water fever during her first years in New Guinea and had to live permanently at our mountain stations Sattelberg and Wareo, separated from her husband, who was stationed at Deinzerhoehe. Once when wandering up the Sattelberg it occurred to me that the high plateau of Logaweng lying in the very midst of the Jabem land would be just the place for the Jabem training school and that if Brother Bamler were stationed there, he would be able to live together with his family, the place being sufficiently elevated to assure a tolerable climate. The plan was carried out and the enterprise proved a success.

The time had now come for a further extension of our mission. The next station to be founded was Cape Arkona, or Bukaua, twenty miles from Deinzerhoehe on the Huon Gulf. The Bukaua had always been feared by their neighbors as savage warriors and cannibals. Since they had heard of better things, they also wished to know the Miti and have among them a man who would bring them the good message. Our choice for the new place was Brother Lehner, who had already made himself thoroly acquainted with the work at Deinzerhoehe. That same year, 1906, I went with Brother Lehner down to his new field in a large Tami canoe, for the purpose of selecting a suitable location for the station. Late in the night we arrived on the distant strand of Bukaua and slept that night in a boat shed. The next morning we went to the main village, where we found the chief with several of his people in his lum, or town-house. When we told him of our intention, he calmly replied: "That is good, but first let us sing!" He struck with a club against a

suspended mattock and as the clear ringing note of this early morning bell sounded thru the village, the people came crawling out of their huts and assembled on the village square before the lum. We found here one of those outdoor churches that we have already mentioned. All the people, men, women, and children took their places on benches made of long poles and Brother Lehner preached to them his first sermon. After that we walked out to a hill near by, which we selected as a suitable building ground for our station, and inspected an adjacent tract of land of about three hundred acres, which with the willing consent of the natives we designated as mission property. The land later on came into the permanent possession of the mission thru legal transaction with the natives and the colonial government. Brother Lehner remained at the place. The faithful Brother Keppler soon after arrived from the Sattelberg to help build the station. The two men had plenty of work and trouble until the station was completed, but since the men of the village gave their willing and vigorous support, they had after all a much easier task than we had had in building the first station at Simbang. The people here were friendly and trustworthy. Traveling with them one could always feel secure.

On my return from Bukaua I landed at Deinzerhoehe in the night and during a tropical thunder-storm while the lightning flashed and the thunder crashed and the rain poured down in torrents. I was wet to the skin and got a bad fit of chills before we reached the shore. The shell-horn sounded the signal. On the strand appeared at once a firebrand to guide us to the right landing place. Since the heavy canoe could not be docked very quickly, strong arms carried me and my things to the shore and from there to the comfortable shelter of the village lum. There I could change my wet clothes for dry ones and sleep. The next morning I went to greet the brethren up at the station in the best of spirits.

Brother Lehner has worked at Bukaua from 1906 to the time of his last furlough; he sowed in hope the good seed of the word and reaped with joy a rich harvest of souls. The large Christian congregation at Bukaua has already sent a large number of mission helpers and evangelists into the distant inland into the broad valleys of the Markham and Ramu rivers.

Soon after, we crossed the wide Huon Gulf and founded



Missionary Decker and His Congregation. Baptism of Converts, 1921

beyond, in the district of Kela, the station Malalo. The people here had fairly besieged us with the urgent appeal for missionaries, who would bring them the Miti. The brethren Mailaender and Boettger were the founders of this station; several volunteer helpers from Jabem and Tami helped them with the work. The natives of the neighborhood also helped with the greatest willingness. The station was built on a steep acclivity, three hundred feet high, but neither iron-wood posts nor long and heavy beams were too heavy for these people to carry to the building ground. At a considerable distance in the forest they felled and split large trees in order to obtain the best of boards. The brethren at Malalo could with full right say of the Kela people what St. Paul mentions with praise of the Galatians: "As an angel of God ye received us!" While the brethren were in the midst of their building activities, I had the opportunity to come down with our boat *Simbang* to see them and rejoice over the progress and the happy outlook of the new enterprise. The station buildings were hardly finished and the natives came already in numbers to apply for instruction and baptism. They were almost too willing. The missionaries under the circumstances were determined not to precipitate matters. A certain catechumen who had given offense and had consequently been set back became so angry that he threatened Brother Mailaender with a spear. This man had to wait a long time until unmistakable signs of repentance and a better life again gained him admittance to the class preparing for baptism, and his fellow natives fully approved the action of the missionary in the matter. Brother Bayer has now for years been stationed in this large mission field; his congregation is one of the largest in the whole mission and the hinterland of the station represents a large field for missionary endeavor, being inhabited by populous Melanesian tribes.

Also towards the north-west we advanced considerably that same year, 1907, founding Sialum station about fifty miles from Heldsbach. For a number of years we at Heldsbach had done preparatory mission work along the coast towards the north-west from our station. We had boarding pupils from the Poum tribe and we had made missionary journeys as far as Sialum. The coast all along here is inhabited not by Melanesians but by genuine Papuan tribes

who had formerly lived in the mountains and who spoke a Papuan dialect which, however, differed considerably from that of the Kai at Sattelberg. The Poum, Sialum, and Ono tribes are closely related among themselves and also with the mountain tribes beyond the Sattelberg and Wareo. All of them go by the name of Tepengi, men of the bow, since their chief weapon is the bow and arrow, tho they also use stone clubs. All were notorious cannibals. And since they had not yet been so strongly under the influence of the Gospel as the tribes along the Huon Gulf, it required still a considerable amount of preparatory labor after the founding of the station; the people were not yet willing to receive the good message, the field was not yet ripe for the harvest as among the tribes of the Huon Gulf. However, here also the ice has now long since been broken, and after a congregation of a few hundred souls had been gathered at Sialum and Quambu, the two villages along the coast, it was considered expedient to transfer the station to the plateau at the foot of the mighty Cromwell Mountains in order to be nearer the villages of the Ono, the chief tribe in that region. A general movement to accept the Christian religion has now begun thruout that district largely thru the influence of the numerous native helpers who are working at various stations in that field. At the main station Kalasa an exceptionally large church has been built and small churches are found at all the branch stations. All of them are well attended and candidates for baptism apply for instruction in ever greater numbers.

Several years later, from 1910 to 1911, our already extensive mission in New Guinea made another decided advance. During my absence on furlough in Australia, Europe, and America, four new stations were founded almost simultaneously, two of them far to the north-west near Dorfinsel and to the north on the large island of Rook, the field of which included also the small Siasi Islands.

Some time after we had occupied Sialum, the people there told us of a very large village a good day's journey to the north-west, where they had friends, since several of their daughters were married there. With several of the brethren I visited the place. We found there on the Dorfinsel (village-island) the largest single village in the whole mission field with about eight hundred inhabitants. We found

very many children there and their elders were of a kindly yielding disposition, similar to that of the Tami, and speaking their own Melanesian dialect. Of the young people many had already been away from home as laborers and knew something about the world. We considered it good missionary policy to place a missionary at this large village. Brother Stolz was sent there from Sialum. After years of patient labors, a congregation could be started. With the help of the united Jabem congregation, native-helpers' stations were founded farther up the Rai coast.

With Siasi and Rook the people of Tami had had trade relations since times immemorial. The Siasi islanders are sea-faring people and traders much like the Tami. Several times a year these people make excursions to the villages along the main land. In this way the Siasi people had superficially become acquainted with the Miti and had invited the missionaries to come to them. It seemed advisable that the former Tami missionary with Tami helpers should be placed in charge of the work in this new and larger world of islands. Brother Bamler accordingly was relieved at Logaweng by Brother Zahn and was entrusted with this island mission to the north. He built his station on the south end of the main island of Rook. In the neighborhood of this station and on the small islands near by, we now have a widely scattered Christian congregation of Melanesian stock. The interior of the main island is occupied by a Papuan tribe with which the mission has as yet hardly come into touch, since this tribe naturally speaks a different language from that of the Melanesians along its coasts. On the west coast of the island men of the Papuan tribe in 1913 robbed and cruelly murdered the two brothers Weber and their Melanesian laborer, who were about to start a plantation there.

In 1908 I had the opportunity to visit the south-eastern part of the German colony and gain some information concerning the country lying about the government station of Morobe. A number of strong tribes live here, the Morobe tribe about the harbor named after them and the Zia on the lower course of the Waria river. These tribes number several thousand souls. They knew little or nothing about missions altho they had frequently come into touch with white people, with the employees of the government as well as with gold seekers along the Waria and Wamba rivers for many years.

The relations with the latter had not always been friendly and the influence upon the natives had not always been wholesome. Many of the young men regularly worked as laborers away from home. The mission realized that, if it wished to have any chance at all with these people, it was high



A Heathen Papuan

time to begin with the work. Upon application I received several land grants from the government and in 1910 our mission founded two new stations there, Ongga in Morobe Harbor and Zaka on the Waria River. The brethren Stuerzenhofecker and Mailaender were the founders of these stations. During the war Ongga was discontinued, because we had an insufficient number of missionaries and because

more of the work could by this time be done by native helpers. With a number of these Brother Mailaender worked patiently at Waria for ten years and not in vain. Several years ago he baptized his first converts, a class of forty adults, who all proved the genuineness of their conversion by their excellent behavior during a year's absence of their missionary on furlough in Australia, when the station could only occasionally be visited by missionaries from the neighborhood of Finschhafen. Since both the native helpers and these young Christians lived true to their Christian calling, the joy was so much greater when their own missionary returned to them. New classes of catechumens were at once enrolled. And thru the faithful help of the native helpers on various stations in the inland whole tribes are here won over to the cause of the Gospel.

An open sore, as it were, in our mission field was for many years the belligerent and cruel tribe of the Laewomba in the broad valley of the lower Markham. They were not cannibals, but notorious killers. Carrying their provisions in the form of bunches of bananas on their backs their bands of warriors continually roamed about in the neighborhood slaying people and burning villages. Every Laewomba warrior was proud of the badges on his round, colored bark cap, which indicated the number of his victims. Larger and larger stretches of the beautiful Markham valley and of adjacent mountain districts became desolate and uninhabited and fear and terror reigned round about. And the best gateway to the distant inland was hopelessly closed.

Finally the missionaries of Malalo and Bukaua succeeded in negotiating peace between the Laewomba and their neighbors. Soon after, in the early days of 1911 a mission station was founded in the center of the Laewomba land at Gabmazung on the Markham, twenty-five miles from its mouth on the Huon Gulf. It was possible to maintain peace and for some time now a Christian congregation has existed among these formerly so ferocious savages of Laewomba. Even these strong men became the spoil of a stronger and the Prince of Peace shall henceforth wield His kindly scepter in the wide valley of the Markham.

When the Laewomba tribe was once pacified, the way was open to the much more populous Azera nation on the upper Markham and the Ramu rivers. This broad and

wonderful valley is continuous from sea to sea; there is no divide between the upper courses of the two mighty mountain streams. The Ramu follows a north-westerly direction to the sea, the Markham takes a south-easterly course and flows into the wide Huon Gulf. In this broad valley, watered by both rivers, lie the numerous villages of the Azera with their huts resembling hay stacks half hidden away in groves of richly bearing cocoa palms. The land of the Azera lies from seventy to eighty miles from the sea. A part of the tribe also lives in the mountains near by. The Azera were not daring warriors like their neighbors, but they were notorious cannibals, treacherous and savage. To be sure they were sorely in need of the blessed message of the Gospel of peace. A number of missionary journeys were made to this district shortly before and during the World War. Native helpers from Bukaua and Deinzerhoehe were stationed at twelve different stations in this district with a population of over twelve thousand, and in order to be better able to supervise the work of these helpers Brother Oertel in 1917 founded his station on the beautiful height of Kajapit at the foot of the mountain range that borders upon the Azera district on the north. The station is centrally located in an exceptionally populous district.

To facilitate transportation to and from the Markham valley and to do more effective mission work among the Lae, Labo, and other tribes, that live on the Huon Gulf near the mouth of the Markham, the young Brother G. Schmutterer was instructed to found Lae station in this region in 1911. Since the Lae tribe had been for some time under the influence of the Christian Bukaua, with whom they are related, the natives here applied for baptism from the very start. The congregation at Lae now numbers already almost a thousand souls and is active in missionary endeavor among the natives of its hinterland. This region is inhabited by tribes numbering about three thousand souls. Among the Azera Brother Oertel found heathen customs more gruesome than we had found anywhere else in our field. Widows wore as ornaments about their necks the polished skulls of their late husbands. The dead were not buried, but placed upon a scaffolding near the villages to decay in order that the skulls might thus be retained and prepared for use. Different clans would rob or buy each other's children to butcher

and eat them. Half-grown boys were instructed in the art of maiming and putting to a slow death captured and wounded enemies. Moral conditions in respect to the sixth commandment were as bad as can be imagined. The most inhuman cruelty and lust went hand in hand. Sorcery and spirit worship flourished everywhere. In every village the altars of their idols or rather their spirit-deities could be seen. These were stumps of large trees of the height of a man with the roots turned upward to which the offerings to the spirits were hung.

In the course of the years the faithful work of the native helpers under the direction of the white missionary, their word and their example, brot about a change to the better also among this morally degenerate people. In time a class of catechumens could be gathered and after thoro instruction the first-fruits, thirty adults, could be baptized in June of the past year. Attendance at public worship had increased so considerably that Brother Oertel could build a church at Kajapit so large that it accommodates two thousand people. At the first festival of baptism five thousand people attended, almost half of the whole tribe. This is surely a proof that the whole nation has become interested in the Gospel. In a letter written by Brother Oertel shortly before this time we read as follows: "There is evidence that the Azera as a tribe will turn to the Gospel, and the task of instructing such large numbers almost simultaneously will be exceedingly great and difficult if a movement so vast in its dimensions is to be sufficiently deep and incisive to be lasting."

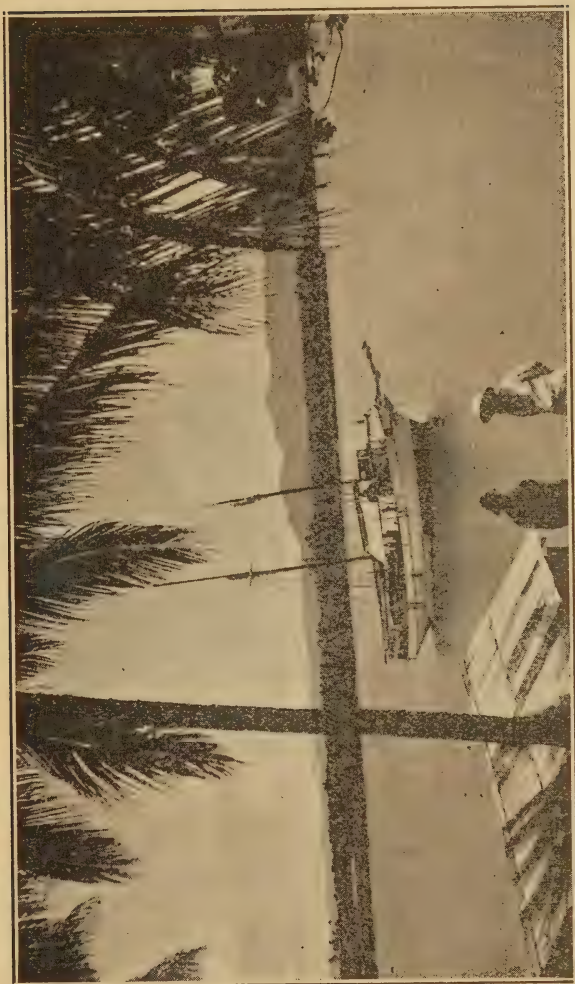
These Azera of the interior had originally been genuine backwoods-men. None of them had ever seen the ocean, from which other inhabitants of the hinterland had obtained the salt for their daily use. They had manufactured their salt, rather a poor grade, by treating the ashes of palm bark a certain way. Since they are connected with the mission, their young men frequently get to see the great ocean on the shores of the Huon Gulf when they visit the villages of their native teachers. In 1924 about a hundred Azera also made a long tour in the opposite direction and visited the missionaries of the Madang District on the Astrolabe Bay. At that occasion they also attended the great festival of baptism at Amele, at which over two hundred people were baptized. A great awakening has thru the grace of God now

also come to the Azera nation as it has come to the natives at many stations along the coast and the mission fields of the hinterland. Everywhere the white missionaries and their brown helpers now have an opportunity to sow the good seed of the Word and ever greater harvests are to be gathered in.

THE "BAVARIA"

When our mission expanded over wide stretches along the coast and to distant islands, from Morobe in the south to Dorfinsel in the north, thru all the country bordering the wide Huon Gulf and thruout the large Finschhafen peninsula, the need for better means of communication by water was very much felt. In the first years we made many trips in the insecure canoes of the natives. Later we procured European boats with oars and sails, but these were too small for long trips and also too small to convey the necessary building material to new stations at distant points. During the first decade of the present century the mission was provided with the first sail-cutter, the *Simbang*. This large boat was built at Hongkong and was brot to Madang by a Lloyd ocean steamer. From there Missionary Bamler, who had some knowledge of navigation, brot it to Finschhafen. Soon after captain Ruwoldt of Rostock, Germany, formerly in the employ of the Lloyd Company, arrived and took charge of the *Simbang*. He served for a number of years in which he guided our boat on many a difficult trip. I remember one very prosperous trip thru the Huon Gulf to Malalo via Bukaua; others were not always so fortunate. One of my fellow-missionaries once intended to make the same trip. He started out but could not make any headway; after tacking about between Finschhafen and the Tami Islands for several days, the boat returned to port and the passenger decided to give up the trip. When a trip was very necessary, of course we could not do that. At Finschhafen a strong wind and a strong ocean current continue for months from the south-east and for an equally long time from the north-west; between these two periods is a season of perfect calm.

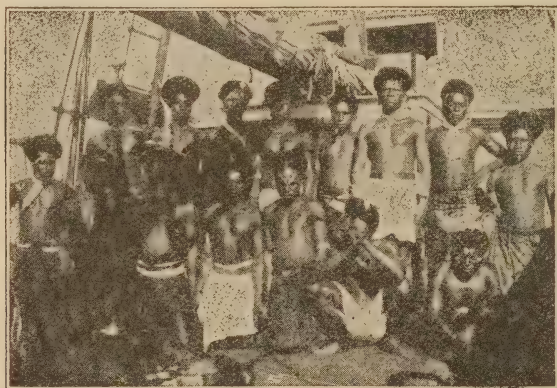
It was very evident that the mission needed a motor-boat. For a long time funds were raised for this purpose. The greater part of the sum was contributed by the Sunday school children in Bavaria. Finally the mission-ship *Bavaria*



The "Bavaria"

could enter the service of our mission in New Guinea. It is a motor-schooner with two masts, is seventy feet long, weighs fifty tons, and has a motor of fifty horse-power. It was built by a reliable Japanese firm at Rabaul in 1913 and costs 50,000 marks. Missionary Pfalzer and Mr. Jericho were at Rabaul at the time to superintend the building of the boat. On the fourth of May 1913 the boat was launched and also dedicated to the service of the mission; Brother Pfalzer, in a consecration service on board, preached and offered prayer in both German and Jabem. On a beautiful day in that same month the splendid new boat entered Finschhafen.

Brother Samuel Jericho was in charge of our mission boat and did his work with much faithfulness and circum-



Crew of the "Bavaria"

spection until his sudden death in the port of Morobe on January 28, 1916. His death was very likely caused by paralysis of the heart. He had had experience in navigation in South Australia before he came to us and knew something about motors too. His pleasant, friendly, and confidence-inspiring ways had won for him the love and respect of all the members of the mission force, and his sudden demise filled all our hearts with sorrow. Since he was a native Australian and a capable and genial man his services as mediator between the mission and the Australian military

government during the first years of the war were invaluable to the mission.

During the following years we at different times had to employ men to guide our boat who did not belong to the mission and often caused us worry and trouble. Temporarily Brother W. Schulz had charge of the boat and his services were very satisfactory until the condition of his nerves compelled him to discontinue the work.

In the course of almost twelve years which the boat has been in use it has made many long and short trips, not only to neighboring stations on the coast, but also to Morobe, a distance of a hundred miles, to Madang, a distance of almost two hundred miles, and a number of times even to Rabaul, a distance of about three hundred miles. Many passengers and much freight had always to be taken care of. Many of the passengers were white people, traveling from one station to another, many more were blacks, mission helpers or native laborers at the stations.

On its cruises thru waters full of reefs our little ship often ran aground and usually was somewhat damaged, which made slight or sometimes considerable repairs necessary. Once the boat ran aground on a reef among the Morobe Islands when I was on board. Altho the moon was shining and the sea was calm, we had not been able to see the sea-marks and our pilot had pointed in the wrong direction, when of a sudden we were aground, luckily but slightly, since Brother Schulz had been careful not to travel too fast. A little maneuvering and we were free again and our ship had not been damaged. We now lowered the boats in order to locate the sea-mark with lanterns and in that way safely reached the open sea. At other times the situation was more dangerous and it took hours to free the ship, which in the end showed considerable damage. Two times the *Bavaria* lost its propeller, tho both times it was able to reach port, once by means of an emergency sail and the other time being towed by a steamer which happened upon the scene.

To be sure, one tries to avoid bad weather when making a sea voyage, but on longer trips there is frequently a sudden change of weather and then sometimes it is very bad, and traveling by night also becomes necessary. At such times only the compass and the experience and observa-

tion that one has made at former occasions remain to guide one on. Once we were returning from the Huon Gulf in a rainy night with many passengers on board, the kerosene supply was low, and in spite of day-break fog and rain made it impossible for us to recognize our port which could not be far off. Finally, just in time—our passengers had already become anxious and uneasy—the sky lighted up a bit and the faint outlines of the mountains which appeared thru the mist helped us to recognize our destination Finschhafen. While the rain poured down in torrents in real tropical fashion, we safely reached land and soon were under a sheltering roof.

Thus we see that our good ship cannot always guard us against all hardships and dangers of the sea and traveling with smaller boats cannot always be avoided either.

Thus occurred the following serious accident: In August 1913 Brother Decker and family returned from Germany where they had been on furlough. They arrived at Finschhafen and from there wished to reach their home station Deinzerhoehe as soon as possible. The *Bavaria* tried to take them there, but the weather being very bad and the motor not in good working order, Brother Jericho had to be glad to get the ship with cargo and passengers safely back to port. During the following days the weather continued bad and the *Bavaria* could not risk another trip. Since the weather conditions are slightly more favorable in the night time, Brother and Mrs. Decker decided to make a night-trip in a row boat to reach their station thirty miles away. It proved a fatal undertaking. The boys at the oars missed the narrow entrance to a safe channel between the Gingala Islands and the coast. In the seething surf the boat was thrown upon a coral reef and dashed to pieces. Mrs. Decker and her two smaller boys, which the parents had brot back with them from Germany, and a number of the black boys were drowned. Brother Decker and the rest of the boys were thrown upon the rocky coast and thus saved as by a miracle. Until dawn Brother Decker remained at the scene of the disaster but could find no trace of his lost loved ones. Seriously injured on the knee the sorely afflicted man dragged himself to the nearest station Logaweng where the good Brother Hoh took care of him. After that terrible night

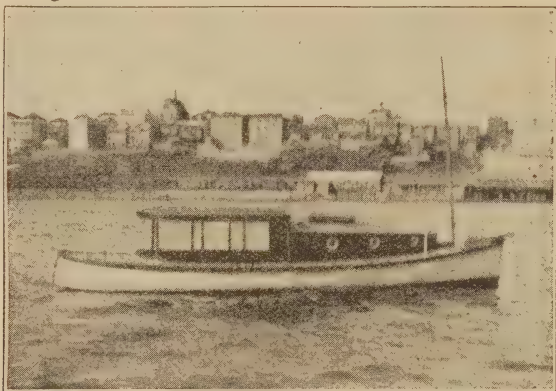
Brother Decker's hair quickly turned white, but still he remained at his post and faithfully worked on.

A stranger once said to us, "The *Bavaria* is a mainstay of your mission." We are very conscious of that fact too, especially those of us who live along the coast, and the big majority of our stations are on the coast. More than ever has the *Bavaria* been the mainstay of our work since ways and means of communication and transportation have come to be in such a bad state. Before the War a small steamer of 1600 tons of the Lloyd Company stopped at Finschhafen twice every six weeks, coming and going. Transportation for both freight and passengers to Australia and to Europe was safe and cheap and important mail could always be answered within fourteen days. At that time freight could be shipped to Hamburg more cheaply than it can be shipped the short distance to Sydney, Australia, now. Communications with the outside world, which had been suddenly interrupted at the beginning of the War, were re-established at least with Australia to some extent, for about once every three months one of the four small steamers which had been confiscated from the New Guinea Company and the Lloyd Steamship Line, called at Finschhafen. Of these not one exists anymore and during 1924 the lack of necessary ways and means of communication was almost unbearable. The *Bavaria*, which in its best days took care of the necessary transportation between the various stations of the mission field only, cannot possibly at the same time make the necessary trips to Madang to deliver the increasing quantities of copra from our palm plantations and bring back from there the goods that we need at the mission.

Besides, our little ship is beginning to show signs of old age. The life of a wooden ship is at the best twenty-five years, especially in the tropics, where thru every rent in the copper plating the sea grub finds its way into the hull of the ship to destroy it and cause a leak. Anyway, everything decays much faster in hot and moist tropical countries than in colder climates. Considering the very considerable service which the *Bavaria* has rendered the mission, despite the fact that especially during the war it could not always be kept in first class repair, it is a wonder that the ship is still as good as it is. The hull of the ship up to the water-line was built of the very best Australian hard wood

and Brother Jericho very diligently saw to it that not a plank of inferior quality found its way into the ship.

During the last year* an outsider who soon again left our service temporarily had charge of the *Bavaria*. Under his guidance the ship very dangerously ran aground, and when after considerable trouble it was got afloat, it was very badly in need of repairs. It was a good thing that the necessary material for a dry-dock had been shipped over from Germany before the war. This material had already been used at various occasions. This time it was invaluable. We didn't have enough kerosene to make the long trip to Rabaul to have the ship repaired there and at



Motor Boat "Towa" at Sydney

any rate we were not enthusiastic about going there for that purpose, since at a former occasion, when Director Theile was with us, we had paid an exorbitant price for very poor repair work. Accordingly the brethren in and about Finschhafen went about the task of repairing the mission ship as well as possible on the spot. Unfortunately some necessary material especially for calking and copper plating was not at hand. This repair work should by all means be done in the near future. Since these last repairs, the *Bavaria* has already made various trips, including longer ones, especially to Madang to deliver copra and bring pro-

* 1924.

visions, besides the Christmas boxes, to supply the want in and about Finschhafen. May the friends of our mission together with all the workers in the field make it a matter of earnest prayer that the Lord may continue to hold his protecting hand over our mission ship and all those whom it carries from place to place, and that better ways and means for travel and transportation may soon be provided.

THE MISSION PRESS

A mainstay very different in kind from the mission ship, for our extensive work, especially for its inner growth, is the mission printing establishment.

Printing in our mission has already a considerable history. The first printing-press, a hand-press for small jobs, was used by Brother Bamler in 1906 when he lived at Logaweng. Soon after the Reverend Stark with other mission friends in Germany, who had become acquainted with Brother Bamler while abroad on furlough, donated a good printing press with all necessary accessories. Brother Bamler set up the press in a separate little building at Logaweng, familiarized himself with type-setting and printing, taught his black apprentices something about printing, and printed all sorts of useful matter for school and church in our mission.

When Brother Bamler was transferred to the island of Rook in 1911, Brother Zahn took charge of his work at Logaweng. Besides his work of instructing the young men at the helpers' training school, his translations, and his linguistic studies, he managed with the help of a few blacks to attend to the necessary printing and book-binding. And he did this work with characteristic exactness until after several years Brother Boettger, who continued to improve the work, could take his place in the printing-press. It was a happy circumstance that shortly before the war a very large supply of paper for printing purposes, securely packed against the corroding effects of a tropical climate in tin-lined boxes, had arrived at Finschhafen. This supply lasted thru all the long years of the war.

The house that Brother Bamler had built for the printing-press in course of time began to decay and it was feared that the valuable press together with its various accessories would be damaged. Moreover, the rooms for type-setting,

printing, and book-binding were unsatisfactory, too small and too dark, and there was no place to store away things. A new building for the mission press was very necessary and Brother Hertle, our master-builder, succeeded in putting up a structure with lumber furnished by our saw-mill that well serves its purpose and is also large enough. A few good living rooms for Brother Boettger are found on the second floor.

Booklets in many languages and dialects have been printed at the mission press—primers, first readers, hymn books, catechisms, and especially Bible histories. Also two monthly papers in Jabem and in Kate for our Melanesian and Papuan churches respectively, have been published regularly for many years. The black laborers at our printing-press always represented both the Kate and the Jabem peoples and spoke only their native languages, but under the guidance of their white masters they managed to print small things, as reports and the like, in German and English as well.

The most of course was printed in the two main native languages in the Finschhafen district, the Jabem and the Kate, because we want these languages to gain ground and if possible become the exclusive languages of the natives in our field, crowding out all minor dialects. For the time being, however, we realized that many older people could not be expected to attend the Kate and Jabem schools and that these should have the Gospel in their own dialects. Therefore, in order not to hinder in any way the course of the Gospel, we decided to print Bible histories and other smaller booklets in all the various more important dialects where conditions warranted such action. Accordingly, we printed Bible histories in the Zia dialect, in the Laewomba and Ono languages and also in the dialects of the Amele and Nobonob in the Madang district. Even a German Methodist missionary in the service of an Australian mission in the Bismarck Archipelago, who during the war spent a few months of furlough with us because untoward conditions did not permit him to go to Australia, had a booklet printed at our press at Logaweng in a native language of New Britain. In ten different languages and dialects smaller and larger publications have been issued from our mission press, and the work was done as cleanly and neatly as one

could ever expect. The book-binding by the brown laborers also is well done and satisfies all reasonable expectations. In order that the more or less unhealthy indoor labors, as for instance type-setting, may not harm our brown laborers, who are used to outdoor life, these are not obliged to work continually indoors, but are given an opportunity to labor part of the time in their own fields on the station grounds. This is healthier for them and cheaper for the mission than to buy their food in the neighborhood, not to speak of importing rice for them. Of course, this arrangement makes it necessary to employ more laborers than would be necessary if they worked continually at their trade indoors. As it is, they work indoors especially during the frequent rains and as much as necessary outdoors when the weather is good.

Without our mission press and without a sufficient supply of paper, our mission work would have been considerably handicapped during the long years of the war. There would have been a much felt shortage of text-book material for the schools, and the instruction of catechumens and our native helpers could not have been supplied with the necessary helps for the work of the expanding church.

EXTERNAL LABORS IN THE SERVICE OF THE MISSION

But not only these special and important agencies, as printing and navigation, are necessary to further the cause of the Gospel in a great heathen land like New Guinea. Many so-called secular labors of a more general type directly or indirectly also serve the mission cause.

Such external labors in the service of the Gospel have already in the earliest days of Christian missions been sanctioned by the Apostle Paul. In the eighteenth chapter of Acts we read that when Paul came to Corinth on his missionary journey thru Greece, that he preached the Gospel in this metropolis and also that he lived with his fellow tradesman, the Jewish tent-maker Aquila and his wife Priscilla and worked with them. Why, besides his high apostolic calling, the apostle should engage in such humble labor, he tells us in Acts 20, 34: "Yea, ye yourselves know, that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me." And in I Cor. 4, 12 he says—"We labor, working with

our own hands." We see that he worked not incidentally and occasionally, but regularly and strenuously at his trade in order to earn a living for himself and his helpers.

In the days of the apostles there was no church that could finance an extended missionary enterprise like that of the Apostle Paul. The Jewish mother-church in Jerusalem thru persecutions and other causes had become very poor indeed, so that the apostle solicited contributions for the poor saints in Jerusalem in all the newly organized Christian congregations in Greece, just as now Christian congregations everywhere make collections for the destitute in Germany. And the mother-congregation at Antioch in Syria, which had consecrated the apostle and had sent him out to preach the Gospel, was also likely not in a position to support him and his helpers. Thus the apostle worked at manual labor because it was necessary; his example should not be nor become a fixed rule for those that preach the Gospel. At times he also received a salary from newly organized wealthy congregations, for instance from the congregation at Philippi. Moreover, we have his instructions in statements like the following: "They which preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel." I Cor. 9, 14. And—"Let him that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things." In the beginnings of evangelical foreign missions we find the same practice that the apostle followed; missionaries help to earn their own living because it is necessary that they should do so. The Moravians in sending out their first messengers always sent two together, and whenever possible one of the two was a skilled laborer. His task was to support the station. People soon realized, however, that it is not always possible for a missionary to support himself, and also that it is the sacred duty of the home church to support foreign mission enterprises. Thus the custom of collecting mission money in the Christian congregations of the home church and paying missionaries a salary became general. Foreign missions is not a private enterprise of individuals but rather the sacred duty of all believing Christians.

As Neuendettelsau missionaries in New Guinea we had from the beginning the backing of our home missionary society and were at all times faithfully supported by the church at home. In spite of that fact there was always plenty of manual labor connected with our mission work; in the early

years it demanded more than half our time and as the mission grows and expands there is still enough of it.

In the first chapters of this book, in which I speak of the founding and extension of our mission in New Guinea, it is everywhere evident that in the first place we had to work with hand-ax and saw in erecting our first bush dwellings. After a house had been built it was necessary to develop a regular station farm with cattle and poultry, stables and corrals, and garden and fields. Of course there was black help, but the missionary had to go ahead with everything, had to have his hand in everything, had daily to supervise everything, and had to give special attention to the cattle. For the natives many things were then altogether new and especially did they stand in awe of our cattle which in their eyes were enormously large animals with terribly long horns. It required time and patience until they became accustomed to European domestic animals and willing to help in tending them; it took still more time until they could be trusted with them.

In the early days we built our modest homes and engaged in stock farming and gardening not because we were especially fond of such work, but like Paul simply because we had to. The mission society and its board had planned at the very beginning to send a lay brother along with me, who should attend to all external labors connected with the founding of a mission station, but I had to leave this man in Elim near Cooktown in Australia, so that at least I would be free to go to New Guinea. And a substitute could not soon be found; not every man is fitted for such a place. We did not wish to lose time waiting for more help, we wanted to go right ahead with the work, and therefore we missionaries took upon ourselves each his share also of whatever manual labors were necessary to make way for the Gospel.

In populous countries with ancient civilization like India and China conditions are different; there a missionary can have from the start plenty of skillful servants and also a greater variety of foods and other necessities. Houses fit for Europeans to live in can often be rented, otherwise native laborers can be employed in building them. But conditions are different in an uncivilized country with a sparse population like New Guinea.

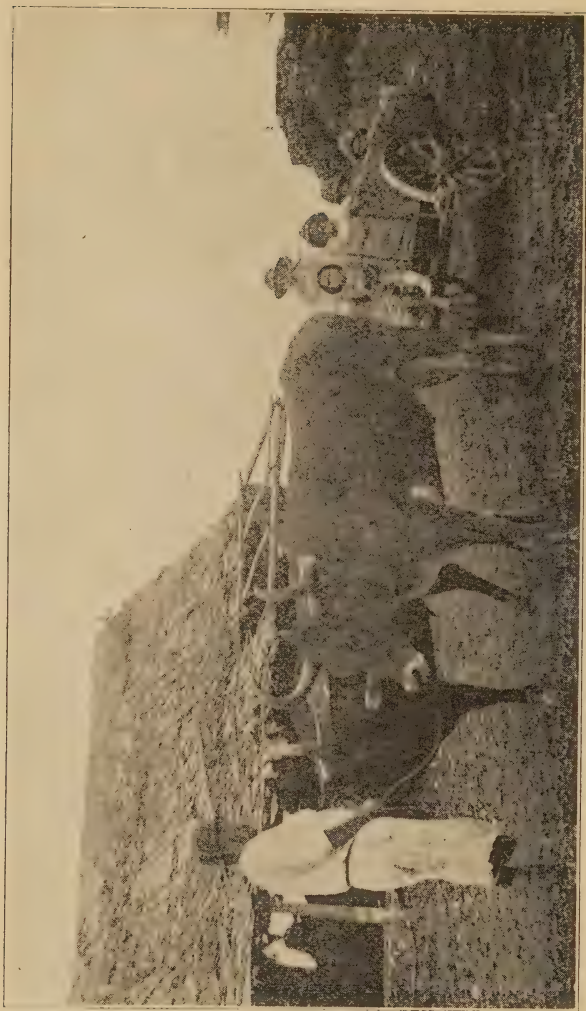
Moreover, communications with distant civilized countries, especially with our home country, were very poor, Finschhafen was even more isolated than other places in the young colony. Canned goods are expensive and on a long run not wholesome; and in the case that provisions failed to arrive, an isolated station would soon be in need and distress. How much better a missionary is situated if from the mission stock farm and poultry yard he can obtain fresh meat, milk, butter, and eggs; and from field and garden fresh vegetables and fruits. There was much work and toil connected with all this for the men and especially also for the housewives, but it was cheaper for the mission and healthier for the missionaries, because it supplies more wholesome food and because it gives opportunity for much exercise in the open air, which in the tropics also is much healthier than to work too much in the study.

After we had been in the country longer, and after we had built a mountain station in the inland, we had to do a new kind of manual labor, that of building roads, and we had to do a good deal of that. The highway over land from Simbang to Sattelberg extended seven miles over mountains and thru valleys, thru forests and especially thru bamboo thickets. The latter is much more of a hinderance in building roads than the high forest. Frequently I have worked with a number of boys for weeks at a time cleaning up the roads; and never has the joy over a well repaired road been of long duration. The next heavy rain would usually cause the long thin bamboo on both sides of the road to bend over and sag so low that in places only a low narrow tunnel remained making the transportation of goods very difficult and traveling for whites especially unpleasant. Dr. Niemann, a Swedish scientist and explorer, who in 1899 traveled from Sattelberg to Simbang in the rainy season said describing his experience—"Like a dog I had to crawl into the bamboo tunnel on one end and like a pig I came out on the other."

The natives originally did not mind such conditions. They were used to them from times immemorial. They had neither clothes nor shoes that could be spoiled. They calmly crawled into the worst bamboo thicket; when a large tree fell across the path, they climbed over it or went around it; nobody thot of removing an obstacle and they were never in a hurry, they did not work by the clock. The blacks often

preferred to follow the water-courses and from there climb up the rocky acclivities to their mountain homes. Often the paths thru the forests were dangerous on account of the many pits, which the natives dug to catch the wild boar and which were usually a fathom deep. Old pits long out of use were not filled up even tho they were ever so near the edge of the road. Everybody can look out for himself, they thot. But they did not always manage to look out for themselves. On a certain rainy day I had to travel to Sattelberg with a number of carriers. Road and field were full of puddles. Suddenly one of the carriers with his load sank into such a pool up to his neck directly before me. "Did you fall into a spear?" I immediately asked with concern, for frequently old spears of hard wood stick in these pits. Fortunately the man was not injured and with my help he quickly succeeded to get out again. A young man of our acquaintance was speared in the abdomen falling into such a pit. I visited him in his village and learned later that he had recovered. Another was wounded on the knee by a filthy spear, got the cramps and died. Some of our cattle also perished in such pits. I was their sworn enemy and had many of them filled up especially along the roads and near our land on the Sattelberg. Pits newly dug always were marked with a danger signal.

When our mission had spread out considerably and Sattelberg had become the health-station of our growing force, the bad roads up the mountain caused me more trouble and worry than ever. Frequently patients weakened by fever had to be carried to the mountain station on stretchers. Our boys in the boarding schools were too young to carry such burdens and men from the villages were hard to get for that purpose. This great inconvenience was never more felt than at a certain "sick-transport with difficulties" from Simbang to Sattelberg which took three days and on which we encountered the worst storm altho we had chosen the best weather for our departure. It was the late Sister Hansche's last journey to Sattelberg. When my young carriers grew weary, I wanted to urge them on by giving them a good example, but I vowed to myself that I would never again carry a stretcher, if I were once relieved. At that time I first conceived the plan of taking sufficient carriers that they might frequently relieve each other on similar trips. This was in



Missionary Bamler with Ox-Team

1903 and all the following year I devoted to the construction of a regular highway to Sattelberg. Nobody but I believed that the road would ever be practicable for driving. But all the brethren agreed that the work should be done; if the road should not be good for driving, they thot, it would at least be better for walking.

Meanwhile I had broken in several oxen for riding. I had seen such on pictures from African missions. I thot if it were possible there it ought to be possible with us. And it was. To be sure, once it happened that "Red" took a notion to lie down when a heavy brother sick with fever sat upon him. "What are we going to do now?" remarked the rider. Better get off, he was told. The ox arose, the rider re-mounted and slowly and safely he was carried to the very door of the health-station. That hurt me far less than to see the black boys carry the heavy man up the mountain on a stretcher. And in course of time the road was used for driving too. For years provisions were conveyed from Heldsbach to the mountain station per cart almost regularly every two weeks, and occasionally the cart also served as ambulance. Four oxen carried two and a half ton, a load which otherwise required twenty carriers, and the much dreaded stretchers were not used at all anymore. "Star" and "Red" with their horned comrads did not let me be put to shame; all objections to the ox-rig I met effectively with the old saying—

"In the realms of thot and theory
The ox isn't worth a shot,
But when it comes to practical matters,
He's worth a deal of a lot."—

The difficult problem of transportation to and from our mountain station the ox-mobile solved satisfactorily for the time being and it was solved ever better in course of time. At that time I or some other white man always had to accompany the ox-cart. For years now the blacks have been able to manage the oxen alone. Oxen are not used for riding anymore, but horses are, and riding horses are found at nearly every station. They are raised on the plantations. To be sure, my first high-road since recently has been forsaken. It was after all a little too steep in places. The natives of a large mountain district instead of paying their regular poll-tax to the government, have under the direction

of Brother Helbig built a new highway, which first leads in a westerly direction from Sattelberg and then follows the nearest ridge thru the villages of Laokupe and Wasa and the Gaetama district to Heldsbach and the landing-place near by. On this new road our vehicles can carry considerably larger loads than on the old road.

Building the road to Sattelberg with the missionary, the natives learned a good lesson. They have developed an appreciation for better roads thru their country, and while formerly the missionary always had to be present and had to take a hand in everything if an enterprise like building a road was to be successful, the natives now do a good deal of work on their own initiative and without pay. Our second mountain station, Wareo, also has long had a good road for riding, tho no white man has helped in its construction. Shortly before the missionaries were to hold a conference there, I merely suggested the building of a road, and the natives willingly and promptly acted on that suggestion to our great delight.

It happened on the way to Wareo eighteen years ago that I once spent a long rainy night sitting on a log with my family and our black companions, because we dared not continue our journey along a path that, we knew, led us at one place along the very brink of a yawning precipice.

Not only in the neighborhood of the main stations, but also far to the west, beyond Sattelberg, the natives have much improved their formerly wretched mountain paths, not only foot-paths have been built, but long stretches of convenient paths for riding. Since to these backwoodsmen "the feet of them that bring good tidings have become beautiful upon the mountains", they honestly try to make their roads as "beautiful" as possible for these feet. A missionary for whom the natives of their own accord built a road through the mountains, tells the following odd story:

"Over a very narrow and deep ravine the road could not be fixed so that the missionary might remain in the saddle. Therefore the natives built a very original bridge of poles for the missionary and only a very rough path for the horse, which a boy would lead through the ravine. The Macassar breed of horses are good climbers. On the way over, everything went according to the directions of those who had built the path and the bridge. On the way back, however, the

horse was to go alone with its guide; the missionary wished to take another path which was not yet passable for horses. He admonished the boy very earnestly to take great care that the horse would not come to harm and the boy promised to do his best. When they arrived at the bridge, the horse refused to go down into the ravine and insisted on taking the short narrow pole-bridge across. The horse was the stronger and had its way. The boy, fearing that the horse might fall and perish—and not wishing to survive the disaster, tied the rope fast to his hand that he might in an extremity perish with the horse. They managed to get across, without mishap. When the builders of the bridge heard of the incident, they promptly destroyed their work of art in order to avert a calamity by all means."

When Missionary Leonhard Flierl made a journey thru the land of the Hube soon after his return from a furlough in Australia, the Hube offered to carry him in a chair, in order that he might save his newly gathered strength. However, he did not wish to be carried about like a pope by the people of his church; he admonished them rather to build a good path for riding thru their district and they were not slow to follow his suggestion. At the next visit his saddle-horse, an animal never seen before by many of them and able to carry a real man, caused the greatest sensation. To the people of a neighboring district, who had not yet made paths thru their land, the Hube showed a tuft of hair from the horse's tail with this urgent admonition: Build good roads that the wonderful big animal, a pig large enough to ride upon, might carry the missionary to your village too.

Government officials who recently visited the hinterland of Sattelberg and Malalo commended the splendid work of these backwoodsmen in building roads and thus opening up the otherwise inaccessible mountain country, without government pressure and active assistance on the part of the whites.

They have done it for the Gospel and they have learnt it from the mission; we have no reason whatever to deplore the fact that we had to devote much time and energy to external labors in the service of the Gospel in the early days of the mission. I have often thought it a good thing that in those trying years when we had no real school, no instruction of catechumens, no regular services, that we were so fully occupied with these labors; it made the long time of waiting

for the final success of our missionary labors seem only half so long.

And of course we missionaries did not work alone and separated from our charges; we always had a number about us with whom we worked. It was the best way to learn to know them and their way of thinking. We got used to their language thru hearing and speaking it. We had many an opportunity to speak a good word and to preach without words. It was the best time of preparation for us and for the people.

At our stations we, by and by cultivated the soil and planted things beyond what our immediate needs required. We resembled Abraham, the patriarch, of whom the Scriptures say—"He planted a grove and called there on the name of the Lord."

To develop our station farms beyond the need of the mission we were encouraged from two different sides. For one thing the colonial government of that time liked to see the mission engage in useful manual labor and favored and furthered every undertaking of this kind by the mission, already by its most liberal land grants. For every station we received immediately one hundred hectares, about three hundred acres, on the most liberal terms. The mission had to pay only a nominal price, as a rule one mark per ha., whatever the natives received at the negotiation of the purchase, and later the cost of surveying. In this way the land was to become the property of the mission for all times, the more securely the better it was cultivated. Every station property was sufficiently large to develop a regular farm economy and start a small palm plantation besides. The plantations most easily taken care of and most profitable at that time were cocoa plantations. To be sure these produce a full yield only after ten years growth. We learned too in course of time that not every kind of soil along the coast of New Guinea is suitable for cocoa plantations. Steep acclivities, heavy loam, level plains with water but a few feet below ground are not good for that purpose, while coral bottom mixed with vegetable soil and as level as possible is most suitable even tho it be sandy and rocky.

On all the stations along the coast we started such plantations. Not everything done in those years proved successful. We know now too that it is not practicable to cultivate small

plantations, because the preparation of copra requires copra driers, which it does not pay to build and operate unless there is a considerable amount of copra to be dried. Still the mania to start plantations in those days after all had some permanent value. The cocoa palm is such a valuable tree, that to have several hundred that bear fruit at every station is a very good thing. Both man and animal are fond of cocoa-nuts and they can be used in many different ways.

We Neuendettelsau missionaries were not the only ones who planted palms. The largest plantations are those of the two Roman-Catholic missions, the Sacred Heart Mission in the archipelago and the Holy Ghost Mission in the north-western part of Kaiser Wilhelmsland. The Australian Methodist Mission also has a very large and good plantation on the Duke of York Islands and the formerly Rhenish Mission has a plantation at Nagada near Madang. Palm culture certainly was very attractive before the war. Copra always had a good price in Hamburg. Freight was very low and export duty only ten marks per ton, compared with twenty-five marks now. At the same time all the things necessary to run a plantation were cheap and good.

But not only the government encouraged agriculture and palm culture, our mission society at home and the management of our mission did the same thing. Our mission grew, our field expanded, new stations were founded, the number of missionaries increased, and the expenses increased whilst the income for missions in the home church did not increase in like measure. Thus it seemed quite obvious that a part of the means for the support of our mission should be obtained from the large and fertile land of our labors. Considerable contributions could not be expected from the natives for the time being, for that they were not yet sufficiently cultured; they had themselves to be taught by the example of the mission to make better use of their large and rich land.

The deficit in the treasury of the mission society at home which we had feared would come, did come, and the situation became ever more embarrassing and oppressive. When things were at their worst, a sudden relief came thru government aid, the Neuendettelsau Mission in New Guinea receiving as its share of the so-called National- or Kaiserspende 149,000 marks, with which the heavy debt could be paid.

All these circumstances helped to make us missionaries

willing and desirous to raise in the land of our labors as much as possible of the means necessary to support our growing mission, since we desired nothing more than that our work expand.

But in addition to financial reasons we also had missionary reasons which we considered in the first place, and also for these reasons we wished to have larger plantations. Our natives were naturally the longer the more intent upon acquiring European tools and other means of progress. We believed that it would be better if they could earn these things at the mission rather than at distant plantations where they were usually deprived of the influence of the Gospel and often exposed to very bad influences. Another missionary reason for extending our home industries was the wish to bring about a gradual amalgamation of the various tribes with their different dialects with the object of forming one united people with a common language. At our two plantations near Finschhafen, Salankaua and Heldsbach, for instance, we had natives from different regions and tribes in the mountains with different dialects, and the language familiarly used at these plantations was the Kai or Kate spoken at Sattelberg, which is destined to become the language of all the Papuan tribes of the mission. At the sawmill Butaweng and the plantation Malahang Jabem is spoken, which is the common language in church and school thruout the Melanesian district. Greater unity of language has proved a powerful aid in the spread of the Gospel and an inducement for those within its reach to accept the Gospel.

When our mission work had begun to show results, when the children began to come to school in ever greater numbers, when the adults became eager to join instruction classes, when helpers had to be trained, the missionary, of course, could not continue to do the work of a planter. He had to be relieved as much as possible of such manual labors, in order that he might devote his entire time to mission work proper. The management of our mission realized this fact as well as we, the workers in the field, and a timely change in our program of work, a practical division of labor between missionaries and lay helpers was introduced. Lay helpers came in ever larger numbers into the field from Australia as well as from Germany. The forerunner of this type of mission helpers was Brother Keppler, who came to us soon after

1900 and for many years did good service at Sattelberg and also helped out at Heldsbach during my last long furlough. He was exemplary in his working together with the natives. It is to be regretted that on account of sickness in the family he had to leave the field just before the outbreak of the war.

Our industries and plantations now received lay brethren as managers and the missionaries restricted themselves to the management of the station farms, where native laborers had now become a much more reliable help than at the beginning. This latter circumstance means not a small relief for the missionary. Many things which formerly he had to do himself he can now safely leave to the blacks.

The plantation Heldsbach was begun in a small way after 1904, when the government had given us a land grant of 500 ha. particularly for this purpose. The hilly ground of the station property is cultivated by the students of the local training school for native helpers. On the fine level ground along the coast is the palm plantation with 16,000 palms which already bear. A considerable herd of cattle and a number of horses belong to the plantation. The manager since 1913 is Brother Doeblér, a very able and faithful man.

When in 1908 the property of the New Guinea Company at Finschhafen was for sale, we bot the land together with the plantation, in order to prevent that undesirable people become our near neighbors at this important point. For a long time Brother Helbig was the ever busy manager of this plantation, until his health demanded that he be transferred to the Sattelberg, where the climate is cooler and healthier. Since then there has been a frequent change of management. Brother Schulz, who on account of his nerves had to discontinue his work on the *Bavaria*, is now in charge of this post. The plantation has more than 20,000 bearing palm trees, and, of course, a fairly large herd of cattle. From these plantations the neighboring stations are provided with milk and butter.

Our largest plantation is Malahang near Lae. In this fertile region the former government shortly before the war granted the mission 500 ha. of land. In order not to forfeit the good land, we started this plantation during the war in accordance with the terms which had been fixed. As many as 30,000 palms have been planted. A part of them is beginning to bear. Brother Freese from America is manager of Malahang.

In 1924, Heldsbach and Salankaua, in spite of the hard times, have supported themselves, have paid all the expenses of Malahang, which has as yet no income to speak of, and have in addition paid several pounds into the general mission treasury. Thus, as far as our plantations are concerned, we can hopefully look into the future. We shall hold and faithfully use what we have and trust that the Lord will again bless us with better times.

The fourth plantation on our mission is at Madang in the formerly Rhenish Mission district; it comprises 500 hectar of land with about 30,000 palm trees and is in charge of Brother Obst.

Cocoa-nuts, raised and not used at the stations, are sent to the plantation driers to be manufactured into copra, since the missionaries do not devote their time to this sort of work anymore.

In the district of Finschhafen, the natives have many palms, the former government having encouraged them constantly to increase their stock of trees. Since they have no other opportunity to sell the copra, the mission ought to be in a position to buy it or exchange it for goods to dry and export with its own. Thus valuable produce would not have to perish, and the population would have a means of income and would be better able to contribute towards the mission.

As at the work in the fields so also at construction work the missionaries have now for some time been relieved by lay-brethren, in order that they might devote themselves unhindered to the preaching of the Word. To assist us in our building enterprises, our former management procured at great cost and sent from Germany all the machinery for a good saw-mill. In 1912 the saw-mill was erected on Butaweng Creek, which flows into the Bubui River some distance above Simbang. The gigantic water-wheel develops as much as fifty horse-power and propels the horizontal and circular saws and the planing machine. The Brethren J. Schmutterer and Lindner have charge of the plant and employ in the average thirty strong young natives at felling wood, transporting logs, and at the mill. In the course of the last twelve years this saw-mill has furnished a great deal of building material for necessary buildings at various places. To import building material would have been far too expensive and during the long years of the war entirely impossible. More-

over, it would have been unpractical to continue building with hewn planks after the manner of the natives. It is an unbearable waste of wood to split a big log into halves and hew the whole boards out of them while the saw would easily make twelve fine boards out of the same log. Withal, good lumber is exceedingly rare in New Guinea in spite of the large forests; of really valuable trees there are nowhere extensive groves like the pine and beech forests of Germany. There are everywhere a hundred and more kinds of trees growing together, and those that can be used must be carefully selected. In the neighborhood of the saw-mill all good lumber has been used up, and it is getting increasingly difficult to get the usable sort to the mill with slow ox teams.

In the Madang District the natives have at different occasions used hand-saws to cut good logs into boards, especially for the purpose of building churches. This method has recently also been tried in our district, for instance in the distant land of the Azera, where it means a real loss when the valuable, but rare, Leichhardt-trees are cut up into chips while with a saw ten times as many of the excellent golden-yellow boards could be realized from them.

All the main construction work has for years been in the hands of our industrious builder Brother Hertle and his building-gang of usually twelve young natives. These enter the service as contract laborers for three years; many remain a second term and then return to their villages as fairly skillful carpenters, who in the service of the congregation erect smaller buildings, as schoolhouses, helpers' stations, etc., wherever such buildings are needed.

A large number of buildings have been erected at the various stations in recent years by Brother Hertle and his laborers: the large warehouse at Finschhafen, a school house and guesthouses at Sattelberg, the printing-press building at Logaweng, dwelling houses at Malahang and Lae, etc. All this work we class as auxiliary labors in the service of the Gospel and for the relief of the missionaries.

Finally our warehouse at Finschhafen can properly be mentioned at this place as an auxiliary institution of our mission. For many years Brother Laur was in charge of this place; during his furlough Brother Deutscher of Murtoa took his place. Brother Ruppert holds the difficult position of accountant and is also the manager of the whole business.

The warehouse supplies all the stations of the large Finschhafen district. Everything that is shipped in is received at the warehouse and from there is distributed to the mission stations and the industrial plants of the district. Everything that is exported is assembled here to be shipped out with the *Bavaria* or an ocean steamer. The book-keeper must keep an exact account of everything, which is not an easy matter, especially when the necessary papers do not arrive in due time and weeks or even months elapse before they can be procured, because there is no mail in all that time.

The warehouse is of benefit and quite necessary for the natives, too, especially for the mission helpers and their families, and also for the average villager. The warehouse also handles all orders for school equipment, which in part is paid for by the individual pupils. The country about Finschhafen is not so prosperous that independent traders would establish themselves there; for that reason the mission must carry on sufficient trade to supply the needs of the poor people. This work, too, is done in the service of the Gospel. From the very start we missionaries had to carry on a certain amount of trade with the natives round about. We needed things from them and they needed things from us.

However, since exchange trade is always very troublesome, we soon got our blacks accustomed to the use of money. There was an educative advantage in that, too, for it taught them to save. They could lay by small savings without the knowledge of their neighbors, and whenever they needed anything, hardware or dry-goods, they had money to pay for them. We were surprised at the considerable sums which even the natives of the hinterland had saved, when towards the end of the war the German money had to be exchanged for English currency. At the time I applied to the government for extension of the term fixed for this exchange so that our poor people might not suffer loss.

Formerly the missionaries had to carry on a certain amount of trade at all stations; now the warehouse and the industrial plants and a few outlying stations attend to that. For instance, when people come from the distant inland to sell potatoes or cabbage and for the proceeds to buy a hatchet or a pickax, they cannot be expected for a small purchase like that to make another day's journey to the coast. It means a great deal for the hinterland people that they can do their trading

at Sattelberg and then go home again. As it is, they often have to spend a number of days on such petty business tours. The same situation we have at our distant stations to the north, Sialum-Kalasa and Dorfinsel, and other stations on the frontier.

All the trading that is done in our mission field is done by the mission and not by private interests, and the small profit that is realized benefits the mission. Before the war only the mission as such needed to have a trading license; now every individual must have such a license, for which a moderate fee must be paid. Just to earn the small profit we would certainly not conduct this trade; we would like it better if conditions were such that the mission would not have to concern itself with business matters of this kind.

As conditions are in our field and likely will remain for some time, a moderate amount of trade on the part of the mission is necessary work for the benefit of the natives and the advancement of the Gospel.

III

The Preservation of the Lutheran Mission in New Guinea

What our God has created, that he will also preserve; early and late His protecting hands of grace guard and keep His own.

In the two previous chapters we have seen how under God's guidance our mission in New Guinea was founded, and how with His blessing the mustard seed grew into a tree, which has come to spread its branches over a vast heathen land and in whose shade anxious souls may find the peace of God.

How easily the little, weak plant might have withered in the hard times of the early years or been uprooted by storms of hardships that have since passed over it, if the Lord had not wished to protect it! It was the first attempt of our small and weak society to found a mission in a tropical country. At first the whole enterprise rested on the shoulders of just one man, and later, when several new men had been added to the force, we were still all untried and inexperienced people in a field like ours. We and our society might certainly have become discouraged, if we had met with the same misfortunes that our neighbors of the Rhenish Mission had to suffer. However, the savages dared not lay their hands upon us to harm us, and the dangerous tropical fevers were not permitted to do us serious injury. There were moments in the early days in New Guinea when my own life and that of my fellow-laborers was in greatest danger, when life and death were in the balance, but the Lord delivered us from every evil and preserved our lives. God graciously heard and answered the prayers and benedictions of that memorable day at Tanunda, the tenth of November, 1885, when we were solemnly consecrated to the mission work in New Guinea, and made true the word with which we were sent forth: "Get thee out of

thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee. And I will bless thee; and thou shalt be a blessing!" To Him alone be honor, praise, and thanksgiving for all!

DIVINE HELP AND PROTECTION DURING THE WORLD WAR

The Lord remained with us, the weak and unworthy, also in the years when the fury of His judgments swept the whole world; therefore we justly praise Him for *His divine help and protection during the terrors and dangers of the World War.*

It was the eighth of August, 1914. My older son and I were making a call at Wareo, when we very unexpectedly received another delivery of mail and with it the startling news of the beginning of the terrible war in Europe. During the night a government steamer on a special trip had passed Finschhafen to bring also to our mission the evil tidings that our dear fatherland was in a state of war with Russia, France, and England.

Our dismay at the terrible news, nevertheless, was tempered by a feeling of deep gratitude to God, because our son had safely arrived on the mission field just a few weeks before and was not exposed to the dangers of the journey in the war crisis. After finishing his course at the Missionhouse, he had spent a year in Hamburg with special language studies and was then due to enter upon his regular year of military training, which all young missionaries that are sent out to German colonies are obliged to serve. However, upon our petition, he was immediately granted permission to set out for the mission field.

I immediately summoned the brethren to a special conference at Heldsbach to consider the best and most economical distribution of the provisions on hand. There was no doubt that for an indeterminable time we would be cut off from all communication with the fatherland and the mission society at home. Our own future and that of our mission was shrouded in complete darkness and uncertainty, and, altho we still hoped for the best, we realized that we would also have to prepare for the worst. We wished with the help of God to do all in our power to carry on our mission work as well as possible thru the evil times. We also considered whether or



Senior John Flierl and Some of His Spiritual Children

not to inform our natives concerning the war, and we agreed that the best course would be to tell them about it, since we could not hope that the war would be restricted to Europe. We justly feared that English or French dominions would soon carry the war also into our colony. We wanted our natives to understand our necessary measures of economy, and we didn't want them to get the worst news from others first. Their confidence in us could only be strengthened if we confided this matter to them and admonished our Christians to pray with us to God for the peace of the world. We never regretted having taken this course. During the long months, when we were completely isolated from the rest of the world, when the steamer that brought our mail failed to appear at the regular time, when along the eastern horizon we sighted four giant steamers, black and sinister, enveloped in clouds of smoke, passing as in battle array, and when later large numbers of black laborers came down over land from the north-west and told hair-raising stories about the enemies at Madang, our own people remained quiet as children trusting themselves to their father's care. Without police protection and government control we felt perfectly safe at all our stations, even the most remote, as safe as Lazarus in Abraham's bosom. Our people remained peaceful and quiet along the coast as well as in the dark mountain forests of the distant inland.

At the occasion of our special conference at Heldsbach my son was also ordained.—During the months that followed we all continued our missionary labors as usual, trusting in the Lord, our God. Since my son had done special work in phonetics in Hamburg, he at first stayed a considerable time at the stations of Logaweng and Sialum in order to examine the phonetic systems of the respective languages with the Brethren Zahn and Wacke and assist them in working out practical and consistent rules for spelling.

One day in September we sighted from Heldsbach four war ships coming from the east and apparently heading towards Finschhafen. Before they came very near, however, they suddenly turned towards the north-west. The month following I happened to be up at Sialum for several weeks with my son. There we saw many fugitives from the neighborhood of Madang, who told us of the occupation of the government station at that place by the warships that we had seen. More detailed information concerning the fate of Madang

and the capture of Rabaul, but also of great victories of our fatherland in Europe we got from a long letter which the Rhenish missionary of the Astrolabe Bay had sent to us with fugitives. Thus the early days of the war were for us days of hope and fear, days of watching and waiting.

At Sialum I had a number of serious attacks of heart trouble which made it impossible for me to return to Heldsbach by land. We had to wait for the *Bavaria*, which finally brought us home via Rook. For many weeks, yes, months, I was unable to work. Only after a long period of rest at our health station, I gradually recovered.

No doubt, it was by the divine disposition of Providence for the preservation of our mission, that on my last long furlough I had been enabled not only to see again many good friends of the mission in Australia, but also to come in personal touch with many new friends in America. Thus I had good reasons to hope that the Lutheran Church of America would become the guardian and support of our New Guinea Mission to save and keep it thru the years of the terrible war. Some of my fellow-missionaries at first had misgivings concerning an appeal to America for help without the consent and knowledge of our home management, but they soon realized that the emergency justified every possible course that promised help. As for myself, my personal acquaintance with so many friends in the New World made me feel quite confident that we would not meet with a refusal.

Thru the good offices of our neighbors, the Anglican missionaries in Papua, or British New Guinea, especially thru the mediation of the Rev. Copeland King, whose station Ambasi lay only a few days' journey across the border from our station Zaka, and whom Brother Mailaender had already met before the war, we were enabled to send a call for help to Pastor Theile of Bethany near Brisbane, who immediately set about to organize a New Guinea Mission relief in Australia and America in spite of all terrors and dangers of the war.

As we knew that the Rhenish Mission was in the same distressed condition as we, without our fortunate connections with the New World, we later petitioned that it also receive the necessary support.

In January, 1915, we held our general annual conference at Heldsbach. The superintendent of missions, Pastor Steck, who represented the home church, and who had been in the

field since the beginning of 1914 and had visited all the stations, was with us at Heldsbach. Just before the beginning of the ten days' conference, we saw two destroyers traveling south along the coast; their object was the occupation of Morobe, the last of the German government stations. Shortly before one of these destroyers had stopped for a few hours at Finschhafen. When the ship was first sighted to the north and our black boys loudly proclaimed the news with "Sailo! sailo!", one of our men according to our custom raised the German flag before the station building. It was the last time that this was done.—The brother who raised the flag, thinking of the German victories that had been reported, reasoned that it might possibly be a German ship that was coming. When the English battleship cast anchor, no one in the general confusion that followed seemed to remember the flag. The British commanding officer did not seem to mind the flag in the least and only remarked drily: "Well, if it doesn't look like a challenge!" At the station he got out a paper that Brother Ruppert had to sign. It was a short statement to the effect that the mission schooner *Bavaria* would not be permitted to transport anything but members of the mission force and mission goods. The *Bavaria* was not even in port at that time. There were no further questions concerning the ship, and the missionaries at Finschhafen received neither an oral nor a written proclamation concerning the occupation of the colony. Nor was an oath of neutrality demanded on that day. A formal proclamation of occupation, I did not receive until months later when all the mischief had been done.

The captain went back on board ship, the anchor was heaved, and the destroyer hurried away towards the north to join his comrade and proceed to the capture of Morobe. The only object of the visit at Finschhafen had been to make sure that the mission schooner would not assist in the escape of fugitives from the colony. All this of course we did not realize until later. If only a proclamation of occupation and the terms of such occupation which the old government and the new military control had agreed upon at Rabaul in September had been communicated to us at Morobe, there would not have been any fugitives from Morobe and no difficulties whatever for the mission, because these terms expressly stated that the German officials at the more remote stations should continue in control until they could be relieved by the military

government, and all German officials were guaranteed free transportation home via America.

At the time of the occupation of Morobe, my son was in charge of the two stations in that neighborhood, Ongga, just above Morobe, and Zaka, twelve miles farther south, at the mouth of the Waria River. Already at our special conference in August he had been designated associate of Brother Mailaender as second man at Zaka, but not before November had he been able to reach his new post and make himself tolerably at home there. Since he was born and brot up in New Guinea, he knew the conditions and the language of the Kai helpers, who already for some time had been stationed in the territory of the two stations near Morobe. He also zealously applied himself to the study of the Zia language. The two established missionaries of Ongga and Zaka with their families were at the time at Finschhafen to attend the general conference. After the occupation at Morobe, my son traveled continually between the two stations, remaining at a station only one night at a time, except Sundays when he stayed two nights. Still, in spite of his vigilance, he could not prevent it that Zaka had undesirable visitors in his absence and that things disappeared there, nor could he prevent it that the small warehouse at the port of Morobe between the government buildings was robbed of all its goods. He protested and demanded the payment of damages, but without avail. Otherwise, being fairly conversant in the English language and having taken the oath of neutrality, he got along well enough with the new district officer, N. N.; at one occasion he was even cordially invited to a meal. Thus things stood for several weeks.

On the twenty-eighth of February, 1915, Finschhafen received a distinguished visitor. The administrator of the military government at Rabaul stopped off on his way over Morobe. I was at Wareo at the time on account of poor health. The gentleman and his following appeared to be kindly disposed towards our mission and informed the brethren at Finschhafen that at the request of our friends in Australia and the Anglican bishops of Brisbane and Papua, the administrators of Papua and Rabaul, considering the pressing need of our isolated mission, had permitted provisions sent by our friends to be shipped by direct route from Samarai across the border. They were told that the coast steamer *Misima* of Burns, Philp & Co. had brot these goods to Morobe and that the *Bavaria* would be allowed to

get them from there and distribute them to the various stations. Our ship was to sail under the flag of the Red Cross, and the members of our mission, who were German citizens, were to take the oath of neutrality.

The fact that the man who then represented the mission in my stead, could not conscientiously take the oath at Finschhafen, changed the originally benevolent attitude of the military government into one of suspicion.

To that was added the unhappy, unexpected attack upon our mission station of Malalo. In that region two German police-officers had been, as it were, forgotten. At the time when war was declared, they were superintending the building of roads by the natives, according to their instructions. They simply continued their work, they lived in a tent, and since they suffered considerably from fever, they frequently visited at the mission station near by. They knew nothing definite concerning the surrender of the whole colony, and nothing whatever concerning the conditions of the transfer of government. They were completely at sea concerning the condition of affairs. One evening while they were playing a very harmless game of mill and Missionary Raum was reading a book, the station was suddenly attacked by a troop of black soldiers under a white leader. When one of them attempted flight, the blacks opened fire at the command of their captain. Then both of them surrendered without resistance. They were handcuffed and taken to Morobe. The missionary received only a threat at the time, but a few days later he also was ordered to Morobe and together with my son was placed at Ongga and declared in open arrest for the time being. This was at the beginning of March, 1915. The authorities evidently waited for the imperial magistrate of Morobe and a surveyor, who had not yet surrendered, to present themselves.—When the superintendence had again reverted to my hands, I sent a circular letter to all the stations with the exhortation and injunction to the brethren: If we wish to save our mission, we must take the required oath, and we dare not in future in any way assist fugitives. Subsequently the magistrate presented himself at Rabaul while the surveyor remained in hiding. The suspicion that rested upon our mission meanwhile continued, and the two young brethren, tho innocent, had for years to bear the blame and suffer the consequences.

In August, Inspector Steck and the two missionaries were transported to Australia. On shipboard they had to bunk in an open hatchway in spite of the rough weather in this, the coldest month of the year. The prisoners' camp to which they were finally taken was full of vermin that could not be exterminated; the walls of the miserable barracks where they were lodged literally swarmed with them, so that the prisoners preferred rather to sleep outdoors in the cold. The feeding became ever worse and more insufficient, especially towards the end of the almost unbearable four-years' captivity.

Sheer negligence or total unpreparedness was the cause that a large number of prisoners from New Zealand, sick with the worst kind of influenza, were brot into the over-filled camp, instead of being quartered in separate barracks for the sick. And as there were no provisions whatever to prevent the spread of the terrible epidemic, thousands took sick and hundreds died. The prisoners were finally permitted to effect an organization for sick relief among themselves, without sufficient means, however, to make it effective. Our brethren also were permitted to render aid to the sick for several weeks, under the most difficult circumstances, and God gave them strength to do their duty and protected them against the disease.

When they were finally released from the prisoners' camp on New Year's Eve 1919, they were still considered dangerous persons and kept under the custody of the police. They longed to return home to New Guinea, but for months they were kept in uncertainty and suspense, and in the end when their measure of almost endless vexation was full, they were deported. It was a sad journey, a most disheartening situation, for what could the poor missionaries expect in a shattered fatherland.

The mad fury of the war brot much suffering to innocent civilians in the prisoners' camp. Peaceable and peace-loving missionaries—two of our own, hundreds of German missionaries thruout the world—were thus sinned against and suffered persecution; the war mania made people irresponsible, they knew not what they did. All that, however, we shall try to forget. But never do we want to forget that we owe thanks to God and to those of his children who came to the rescue in the hour of need, who aided our poor prisoners, and above all who helped and supported the laborers in the mission field and thus saved the cause of the Lord in New Guinea.

Our Lord and Master has told us beforehand that in the latter days injustice shall increase and the love of many shall wax cold—the love of many, not of all. Such love of our brethren in the faith in America has become manifested in their abundant and regular support given our brethren in captivity and our mission in New Guinea, tho, to be sure, they had their own needs and their own troubles.

For a time the same fate that our brethren in camp had met with threatened to come upon the rest of our missionaries in New Guinea. That meant that our work would be ruined as many other Christian missions in the world had been ruined. As late as 1916 we learned from a reliable source that the order to deport and intern all German missionaries and settlers in New Guinea had actually been given in Melbourne, because a certain German officer, who had been surveying the land, had not reported to the government. The danger was only removed by the timely intervention of the administrator at Rabaul. This man succeeded in convincing the authorities that it would not be wise to ruin a flourishing colony, because one foolish fugitive, who could not be found in the jungles of New Guinea like a needle in a haystack, and who was entirely harmless, chose to keep in hiding. Thus it happened that sound reason for once prevailed.

I was once asked by a district officer where that German officer was. I told him the simple truth that I didn't know anything about it and I gave him to understand that all trouble for the government and for the mission might have been avoided if the new administration had promptly sent its proclamation and its terms of occupation to Morobe before occupying the place. Thereupon the captain, feeling morally under obligation to do so, subsequently sent the documents mentioned above into the hinterland thru a black messenger. It was too late, however, and the unpleasant strained relations continued.

We tried our best not in any way to give offense under these difficult circumstances, but the fate of our poor prisoners we could not change any more. It was too late for that, too. Following the advice of a well-meaning district officer I also sent in a petition; in the early days of the occupation plantation managers had done this for some of their employees who had been deported and had succeeded in having them returned

from camp. My petition, however, was rejected to the regret also of the officer who had advised me.

But the rest of us, and that was the thing that really mattered, thru the grace of our merciful Lord, were permitted to remain and to continue His work. Even as St. Paul writes of himself, Acts 28:30, 31, we were permitted "to dwell in our own houses" and of the natives and all those committed to our care "to receive all that came unto us". We could "preach the kingdom of God, and teach those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding us". In one sense we were prisoners, since the colony was occupied by the enemy, and in some respects we were bound, but the Word of God was not bound.

All our Christians and the whole native population of the mission field, whom we advised and exhorted at every opportunity, remained perfectly quiet in all the great changes that the colony underwent, and we ourselves felt perfectly safe under the protection of the almighty God during the terrible times of the war, while the most contradictory newspaper reports found their way into our seclusion.

For the natives it was a good thing that we, their missionaries and spiritual guides, could remain with them, not only for the sake of the Word that we preached, but also for the sake of their general welfare. In times of war, when governments and laws change, there are always lawless persons who unscrupulously seek their own profit, thinking that every evil deed can be committed with impunity. Thus within our own mission field at various times during the war such people of different nationalities committed atrocities against the natives.

At one time we heard very disquieting reports about natives being deported from their homes in the valley of the Waria. At another time a regular man-hunting expedition was sent into the Markham valley; armed blacks and Chinese were sent out to get laborers from that region. At still another time a certain white man committed atrocities against the blacks. In all such cases I considered it the duty of the mission to take the part of the abused natives. Openly and fearlessly I reported everything to the government. Where only a rumor was concerned, I intimated that it was the business of the government to investigate, and in case of the rumor be-

ing founded, to remove the offense and redress the wrong. I said that we had this confidence in the British government.

In one case I wrote a treatise on the subject *Recruiting Laborers and Laborer Traffic*, in which I referred to certain transgressions of the law in our own experience, and sent duplicates of the writing to the government, the missions, and the settlers. A certain man who evidently was guilty wanted to sue me, but his complaint was thrown out of court, because it was clearly unreasonable. From the highest official of the colonial government I received a letter of praise. In consequence the government appointed a district officer, and I was asked to nominate a missionary; the two were to constitute a special committee of investigation. The reports were thus verified. Those who were guilty were punished, and the whole district was for a time closed for all recruiting of laborers.

Brother Bayer and his congregation at Malalo had a very singular experience with real pirates and kidnapers. The outcome, however, was happy and proved the truth of the divine promise: "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."

One afternoon a motor schooner cast anchor at Malalo. The captain of the boat came on land with a number of armed blacks. In order to terrify the villagers, they at once began to shoot chickens, dogs, and pigs. The white man harshly ordered the missionary and his boys to appear at the strand. The boys were told to line up. They were counted and then ordered to go on shipboard. When Brother Bayer protested, he was threatened with a revolver and told that shortly he and all the other missionaries would be deported. Before the eyes of the missionary and his people the boat put to sea and steered out into the night. Imagine the distress of the people. More and more fathers and mothers of the kidnaped boys gathered on the strand, cried and bewailed their loss, and the missionary cried with them.

Then a number of men approached the missionary and said: "Bayer, let us go to the church and pray. God Anutu can bring our boys back again." They did as suggested, and the missionary held a prayer meeting with his people. And God was pleased to answer the prayer of faith of his black children. He who "maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flaming fire", sent his storms upon the sea, and the

pirates had a bad time of it. Several days and nights they suffered from wind and waves, and finally their mast broke, the engines were damaged, and—how wonderful are the workings of divine Providence!—a few days later they were compelled to cast anchor at a dangerous point just opposite Heldsbach, a hundred miles from Malalo. We had already received Brother Bayer's report of the happenings at Malalo by special messenger. Moreover, that very morning a brother had come to Heldsbach with the news that he had seen boys from Malalo in the forest, who seemed to be running away from something and trying to get back home. There was no doubt in my mind that the boat that had cast anchor in the night was the pirate vessel. With one of the brethren I went on shipboard to learn the name of the boat and its captain. The captain, who was just eating his breakfast, blushed all over his face and said rather meekly: "I have engaged those boys as laborers. Because we've had such bad weather, I let them go on land, that they might have a better chance to recuperate after the hardships of the trip. It seems now that they have run away." He wanted to present us with tortoise shell, but we did not accept his gift, and I told him right out—"It's no wonder that boys, robbed from their homes, will escape the first chance they get; such deeds of violence can have only bad consequences." He was told to take his boat to Finschhafen if he wished to save it. At Finschhafen he asked if possibly the mission would report him. He was told that such transgressions would certainly be reported to the government. He tried to get over the border, but the government station Morobe had already received our notice, and the man together with his damaged vessel was apprehended. A wireless message was sent to Rabaul, whereupon an extra steamer with the court of justice came to Morobe to take charge of the case. Brother Bayer was summoned as main witness, and also Brother Mailaender was invited to appear before the court. The offender pleaded guilty without much ado; he tried to excuse himself on the grounds of having been drunk, and he apologized to Missionary Bayer. It was not difficult in this case to fix the guilt, and the man received his punishment. The government steamer returned Missionary Bayer to his station, and everything was done on the part of the government to quiet and reassure the natives at Malalo. And, best of all, all the boys that had been robbed,

managed to get back home safe and sound, some of them on foot, some by canoe, some on European boats; the natives, the government, and the mission co-operated in bringing the much-worried lads back home to the joy of their parents and friends. We had experienced the gracious help of God in the days of trouble.

Thru the love of our friends and brethren in the faith in Australia and America, the Lord has given us the necessary relief during the years of the terrible war. They helped our poor prisoners in their misery and they preserved the whole mission in New Guinea, the Rhenish Mission on the Astrolabe Bay as well as the Neuendettelsau Mission about Finschhafen. While the terrible conflagration of the war swept nearly the whole world, the blessed gospel of peace of our Lord Jesus Christ was carried farther and farther into the interior of New Guinea, the mountainous hinterland of our mission stations along the coast. Some of our younger, active missionaries undertook extended missionary journeys on which they discovered various large tribes, in the mountains and in the large valleys of the rivers, Papuans and Melanesians. Thus these tribes came under the influence of those who spoke well of the Miti, became more and more willing to give up their evil heathen habits and customs, and to receive among them our native helpers, who could tell them more of the Miti.

During the long years of the war not a single white missionary was added to our mission force, and not a single one of our men was granted leave of absence to preserve and better his health in a more healthful climate, but our number of workers and our capacity for work increased nevertheless, since our helpers' training schools and our congregations yielded larger and larger numbers of native helpers. Consequently the outlook for our mission after the war was more hopeful than ever.

That made it even more painful for the old mission society and the circle of friends at home, when after the war they were entirely cut off from their mission field and deprived of their spiritual children.

However, also where the way is dark, we see the guiding hand of God and shall praise Him for all the gracious help it afforded. Where men thot evil against us; God meant it unto good. Thru a long cruel captivity, He did not suffer

our brethren to be harmed, and now they are privileged to help build the kingdom of God in the Lutheran Church of America. Also my youngest son, who at the beginning of the war was still at the Missionhouse at Neuendettelsau, and who later served in the war for several years, has been permitted to join them. Thru the din of battle, thru wounds and sickness, God has led him to his goal. Even the rather amusing course of the immigration authorities in New York could not hinder that; these gentlemen did not want to class him as a German altho he was born in German New Guinea, because New Guinea is now an Australian mandate, and they did not want to admit him as an Australian, because the Australian quota was just full, but finally admitted him as a South Sea islander.—Good and well! I call that a happy exchange. South Sea islanders, New Guinea missionaries, natives of New Guinea are permitted to work in the dear Iowa Synod, and in exchange young brethren from the Iowa Synod like Pietz, Hanneman, Hueter, and, we hope, a great many others enter the mission work in New Guinea. No church body can develop a desirable missionary interest, if it does not send its own sons into the mission field; the stronger the interrelations between home base and mission field, the better for the work.—All these developments, we believe, belong into the chapter of God's providential care of our mission in the days of trouble.

THE MADANG DISTRICT

The Rhenish Mission in New Guinea, under the guiding hand of God, had similar experiences as our Neuendettelsau Mission, before the war, during the war, and after the war. The former has now become the *Madang District* of our united Lutheran Mission in New Guinea. It has already been mentioned that this mission was founded very soon after, almost at the same time as our Neuendettelsau Mission, after the door to this mission field had been opened thru our efforts. Tho locally and otherwise separated, the relations between the two missions were from the beginning friendly and neighborly, each endeavoring to help and serve the other among other neighbors whose attitude and influence was not always helpful to the missionary cause. Nothing was therefore more natural and self-evident for us of the Neuendettelsau Mission, when we had found helpers and support in the time of war, than to wish and ask that the same assistance be given

to our neighbors also in order that the work of our Rhenish brethren might be saved. After the unhappy outcome of the war, the only way to preserve this evangelical mission was its consolidation with our mission about Finschhafen and the Huon Gulf in charge of the Lutheran Church of the New World.

The Madang District of our mission has had much harder times from the beginning than our Finschhafen District. Many more members of its mission force have died, more lost their lives in serious accidents, more were compelled to leave the field on account of sickness.

Also, the mission field as such at Madang was more difficult than that at Finschhafen. It took longer to overcome the difficulties of the pioneer period, and it was harder to penetrate into the interior. This difference need by no means be attributed to methods and measures of missionary work, and we of the Neuendettelsau Mission are far from considering ourselves more skillful in missionary work than our neighbors. We can give certain definite reasons for this difference. These reasons do not lie in the land and in the people, which are essentially the same as at Finschhafen. In both of these regions we have the two chief races, the Melanesians mainly on the coast and on the islands and the Papuans mainly in the mountainous interior. In places, however, the latter have penetrated to the coast, there at Bogadjim and Bonggu, as with us at Sialum and Quambu.

The main reason why the natives about Madang were harder to win for the Gospel than those at Finschhafen is the fact that the individual villages up there represented considerably less territory than down at Finschhafen. If, for instance, we should visit the large village of Bogadjim, and from there travel thru the broad Astrolabe plain towards the hinterland, we would find that nearly all the even land beyond Bogadjim is occupied by whites and that the natives must go a long ways to their own fields so that especially their poor women must be pitied. The same conditions, only in somewhat worse form, we have in the neighborhood of Madang, or Friedrich Wilhelmshafen, as the port was formerly called.

From Nobonob on the Hanseemann Mountain, the station of Missionary Schuetz, one has a fine view of all this region. Straight ahead towards the sea, as well as to the right and to the left, the land which formerly belonged to the natives of

the small islands of Ragetta, Siar, Ruo, Bilibili, and others, and to those of villages on the main land, is now cut up into plantations owned and managed by whites.

When one considers that since olden times every native village has its definitely specified territory for agriculture and hunting and fishing, and that the natives never sold land among themselves, one can understand that the change brot about by the whites buying up such extensive tracts of their land must have thoroly upset their ancient order and customs. Some villages lost nearly all their land and had to encroach upon the possessions of their more fortunate neighbors for their living. The manner in which the land was acquired by the whites in most cases also was not without objection. These were strangers who in most cases had only very recently come into the land and knew neither the language nor the customs of the natives, and the natives who gave up their land for a pittance certainly didn't realize what they were doing. They often loked upon the coveted articles of trade which they received from the whites as presents given to them, or, it also happened that the wrong persons received the pay while the real owners had no idea that they were for all times being deprived of their property. Thus a deep-seated disaffection spread among the natives, a bitterness, intense and lasting, especially because the blacks were helpless against the whites, who in every way were their superiors. The Jabem later remembered as a good joke a deal by which some of them had been beaten out of their possessions on the little island of Madang at Finschhafen. In that case the white man had laid an ax in their house and had said, "Gigia!" which means "gone". He knew only the passive participle form of the word "to go away", and his very laconic order to move had been effective.

Not only at negotiations for the ground for the necessary sea-ports were the natives defrauded, but also many times when land for plantations was purchased. A certain land agent boasted that the Astrolabe plain which he had bot from the Bogadjim people extended as far as the English border. He meant that he had bot the entire hinterland together with the strip of land which the Bogadjim had actually turned over to him, irrespective of who lived there. It is really impossible for the most well-meaning government to prevent every irregularity and injustice in the land purchases of the whites from the natives. I know by experience how difficult it is to buy

land in the proper way. For many of our mission stations I had to buy the station land after permission for such purchase had been obtained from the government. Above all it requires a great deal of time and patience to ascertain who the real owners are. And in our case this was comparatively easy because we understood the language of the people and because the people wished to have us among them and were glad to give up their claim to any land that we considered suitable for our purpose. Whites who are not missionaries rarely have the necessary time and patience in their dealings with the natives and even more rarely the necessary knowledge of their language. That holds true with planters, traders, and government officials alike. Especially the representatives of the government have been in the country only a very short time. Personal convenience or sheer selfishness usually determine the actions of the white man in his associations with the black, in his general behavior towards them, and the native is consequently defrauded or in some manner oppressed, driven away by force or pushed aside, a treatment that fully explains the resentment and hatred which many blacks feel towards their white neighbors. And where the soul is filled with hate and enmity, the heart is closed to the Gospel even where the missionary is looked upon as a better sort of white man and the resentment of the natives is not directed against him personally.

When at the beginning of the nineties all the white people, with the exception of the missionaries, moved away from Finschhafen, the outlook for us seemed most unfavorable, and on the face of it, the situation was very unfavorable; for the growth and success of our mission work, however, it was more beneficial than we could possibly realize at that time.

By the way, the origin of the name "Madang" might be explained here. It is the name of a small island at Finschhafen, two or three acres in area and covered with about a hundred cocoa-nut palms. On this island the pioneers of the New Guinea Company in October, 1885, built their first houses, the first European buildings in Kaiser Wilhelmsland. While the main station of the company was at Finschhafen, the island of Madang constituted an important part of it, the house of the station superintendent, the warehouse, and the house of the doctor being situated there. When the company transferred its main station first to Stephansort and

then to a more favorable location on the main land just opposite the island of Ragetta, the place was first officially called "Friedrich Wilhelmshafen". This name, however, was too long for the whites, and the blacks could not pronounce it at all; so the name of the little island at Finschhafen, which was generally known and liked among blacks and whites, remained in use as the name of the new main station of the company and also as that of that whole district. The natives, by the way, have only specific names for the smallest places, and never general names for a number of them taken together.

Thus our isolation at Finschhafen proved a decided advantage for our work. Another circumstance that favored our work was the fact that already in the early days of the mission we succeeded in penetrating into the mountainous interior and getting in touch with the mountain tribes, while the work of the Rhenish Mission was restricted to the villages on the coast and on the islands, where the natives were on bad terms with all the whites. The Rhenish brethren had a double station, Bogadjim-Bonggu, on the coast of the Astrolabe Bay and another double station within the territory of the same tribe on the small islands of Ragetta and Siar in the harbor of Madang. These two stations were less than a mile and a half apart. In a wild country like New Guinea it is quite necessary that the first mission stations be rather near each other for mutual support and aid; we in the Finschhafen District were also stationed comparatively near each other; still the first stations in the Madang District were undoubtedly built too close together. However, it should also be mentioned that in the early days the brethren at Madang showed their enterprising spirit by endeavoring to expand their field. Missionary Eich made journeys of exploration to the distant Solomon Islands and up the large Augusta, or Sepik, River. Missionary Arff made an attempt to found a mountain station, Burumana, in the hinterland of the Astrolabe Bay, but he died there of black-water fever, and his enterprise was discontinued. Perhaps the Sattelberg enterprise would also have been discontinued, if I had died there at the time when the station was being founded. The Brethren Boesch and Scheidt planned the founding of a station considerably to the northwest on Franklin Bay near Vulcan Island, so named on account of its active volcano, but they lost their lives in the enterprise, being murdered by cruel and greedy savages. Mis-

sionary Kunze and his helpers founded a station on the large island of Dampier and worked there for a number of years. But after the missionary had lost and buried his wife there and conditions in general had grown from bad to worse, this station was discontinued.* On the very day of their departure the young Brother Barkemeier accidentally shot and killed himself with a gun that he used for hunting, and had to be buried on the island before the others left. —Many years later a mission station was again started on Dampier Island, tho not at the same place.

The first attempt to penetrate into the interior was made by Missionary Schuetz's founding of a mission station on Hanseemann Hill, called Nobonob by the natives.

Not until the time of the war did the Missionaries Wulenkord and Welsch found another inland station, Amele, at a somewhat greater distance from Madang. They were urged and encouraged to make this move by our Brethren Pilhofer and Keysser, who also actively supported the enterprise by sending up seven native helpers, some of them married men, to help occupy the hinterland in that region to better secure the mission against impending competition by a Catholic mission of the neighborhood. Soon after Missionary Eiffert moved with his family from Bogadjim about eight miles inland to Keku Hill in order that he might be in a position better to carry on the work in all the hinterland of Bogadjim-Bonggu.

For many years, while in our district at Finschhafen the first-fruits of an abundant harvest were already being gathered in, the brethren in the Madang District had still to labor on hard and barren soil. No wonder that their hearts at times became faint and weary and one or the other of the brethren even expressed the wish that the Neuendettelsau Mission Society also take charge of the Rhenish mission field in New Guinea. We warned against such a move and encouraged the brethren to have patience. Even if at the time an official proposal had been sent from Barmen, the headquarters of the Rhenish Mission, to Neuendettelsau, we, the missionaries in the field, would have advised against such transfer, because we felt that our home society was too small to take upon itself greater responsibilities and that, at any rate, it would be better to have two evangelical mission societies in the land, consider-

*See: Kunze, *Im Dienste des Kreuzes*, 3. Aufl. Barmen, 1925.

ing the strong Catholic competition in the field. One can be overcome, two may withstand, says the wise man of old.

By the ruling of Providence a union of these missions has now, nevertheless, come to pass, and the one Lutheran mission in New Guinea is neither that of Neuendettelsau, nor that of Barmen, but the mission of the Lutheran Church of the New World. For Barmen this solution of the problem of saving its mission can only be welcome, since the society has large mission fields of its own among the heathen natives of various continents; Neuendettelsau, on the other hand, the adverse higher powers have deprived of its only mission field.

The cold reserve of the natives at Madang, also towards the mission, even a visitor who stayed only a few days could not fail to notice. It was quite evident when in 1904 I, with my wife and son, made a short visit at Ragetta and Siar. That we had actually walked, as it were, on a volcano on the point of eruption, however, we did not realize. We had barely left on our trip south with the steamer *Siar* of the New Guinea Company, when a bad plot of the natives about Madang was discovered by a happy accident. The whole plan was revealed. The foolish and short-sighted people had intended to do nothing less than to attack the government building when all the ships had left the port, to rob all the weapons of the whites, to slay all the white men in and about Madang, including the missionaries, and to distribute their wives and children among themselves. In this way they hoped once more to become the lords of the land.—When the plot was discovered the government conducted a rigid investigation of the matter and severely punished the ringleaders.

The threatening insurrection was thus prevented, but the hearts of the natives were not won. The prevailing resentment and bitterness was rather increased and as far as the people as a whole were concerned, they yet for many a year maintained their unfriendly attitude towards the Gospel. In 1912 another uprising against the whites was planned by the natives of Madang and vicinity. No one knows just how the plan was revealed. Likely there was already one or the other of the natives in that large district who did not altogether approve of the council and doings of his people. Again the case was tried and the main punishment that was inflicted was that all the inhabitants of both villages were exiled to the distant Rai coast. After a few years the great

war began. The Ragetta people never had felt thoroly at home in their exile home; they longed to return to their delightful island. "Isles of Contentment" the first discoverers had called these pretty little islands in the harbor of Madang. They, of course, didn't know that true contentment is not possible in the midst of heathen darkness. Nevertheless, even the heathen have their tastes and wishes in a modest measure of purely human, natural contentment. Above all they have a home loving disposition and the worst thing that can happen to them is to be driven away from their homes and the graves of their ancestors. Soon a delegation of these Ragetta people came up from their exile homes on the Rai coast. They knew enough pidgeon English to present their petition to the new English military government. They begged for permission to return to their island home Ragetta and promised good behavior. And as it was to be expected, the new government allowed these people to return to their old homes.

It was a cause for rejoicing also for Missionary Blum and his family. After his station had for a number of years been practically deserted, while the neighboring villages were forsaken, new life now returned to the beautiful island. If it hadn't been for the fact that the management of all the business of the mission was conducted here at the port, the mission at Ragetta likely would also have been discontinued during those sad and hopeless years. Now, the people of the mission were glad that they had stayed, and they were especially happy, because it was evident that the Ragetta people had considerably changed for the better during their years of exile. Whether it was their great joy at being permitted to return home that had wrought the change, or whether their long and severe exile had broken down their resistance, or whether both their present happiness and their past hard experience contributed to that end, the change was real, their formerly hard hearts had become soft and docile. They were far more willing than formerly to receive the glad tidings of an eternal heavenly home. The old people came to church more regularly and the children were now willing to attend the mission school. The people of the neighboring island of Siar also showed willingness and interest. And Brother Blum and his like-minded zealous wife were eager to weld the iron while it was hot, and they worked

with good success. Ragetta with its neighboring islands represents an ideal mission field as far as facilities for communication are concerned. The roads are smooth and clean and the missionary's wife can with the greatest ease reach the women and children of the villages near by, to teach and assist them in many ways. In our district, especially in the mountains, the scattered mountain villages are much harder to reach.

And strange to say, the change for the better was not restricted to Ragetta, but was noticeable thruout the whole Madang District, on the islands, on the coast including that of the Astrolabe Bay, and in the mountains of the hinterland. The changed and improved attitude of the Ragetta people toward the mission served as a good example, which was readily followed everywhere, even on the distant island of Dampier. And this is easily explained. Ragetta and Siar were the leading villages among the Melanesians in the whole region from the Rai coast to Dampier, and the Melanesians on the coast always exert a strong influence on the people of the hinterland even tho they be of Papuan stock. As long as Ragetta closed its doors to the Gospel, the whole country round about maintained its unfriendly attitude. The happy change at Ragetta soon made itself felt everywhere.

In the following I shall record my observations and impressions on my various visits to the Madang District, during which I learned a good deal about the five mission stations there and got acquainted with all the mission workers.

When we returned from our furlough in Australia a little over a year ago, I again stopped at Ragetta and longer than before. There is now on the island a native Christian congregation of several hundred souls. The school is well attended. Those who are yet heathen as well as the catechumens regularly attend church; the small church building on the island has long been too small to accommodate the church goers. Both sides of the church had to be opened up and additions built to increase the seating capacity. The people were just busy making extensive preparations for the building of a larger and more substantial church. With Brother Blum I visited four different places on Ragetta and other islands near by, and it was a pleasure to see how zealously these islanders applied themselves to the strenuous labor of sawing up large iron-wood logs with handsaws into

planks, boards, and laths. Christians, catechumens, and heathen volunteered to do this work in order that a beautiful and durable church building might be erected. A good deal of building material had already been prepared and much more had yet to be sawed. To saw hard wood with hand-saws is a slow process but the work is done well, and with many hands to help even so great an enterprise will be carried out in due time.

Besides, the people raised a considerable sum of money to pay for the corrugated tin for the roof and other material that a substantial church so near the seat of government requires. Their precious church which had cost so much hard work should not be covered with leaves like other buildings and be liable to take fire. It will be so good that Brother Hannemann can conduct English services there for the white people of Madang and the government station. The native Christian congregation, which sets a good example by building a church and by attending church, will gladly invite the white Christians to its church for an occasional service.

Church attendance is good at Ragetta, as good as in the best congregations in South Australia, so good that many of our people in Queensland and perhaps also many American congregations could learn a lesson from the people of Ragetta. While I was there I attended church at Ragetta on ordinary Sundays and also during the Christmas holidays and I observed that from the two villages on the island positively everybody came to church who did not just happen to be sick. And across the water from other islands and from the mainland a regular fleet of native and even European boats with snowwhite calico sails brot people to church in large numbers.

Previously I had made a more extended visit at the double station Amele where the missionaries Wullenkord and Welsch are stationed. The latter is the missionary of the local field and he also supervises a number of helpers' stations in the distant hinterland, several of which are occupied by helpers from Sattelberg. Amele is about twelve miles from Ragetta and half the trip can be made per boat. The Christian congregation at Amele already a year ago numbered several hundred souls and there were even more catechumens. According to the last report 265 have recently

been baptized. When I was there last at the occasion of a conference of the Madang missionaries, a mission festival was also celebrated. The attendance was very large. Missionaries, helpers, and other native Christians addressed the congregation, using various languages and dialects and even pidgin English, tho rather a poor grade. The main speakers, of course, spoke in the language of the Amele. All spoke with great enthusiasm and the large audience listened with close attention. The mission offering also was very good. At the recent festival of baptism the attendance must have been still larger, even from the far-off land of the Azera about a hundred visitors were in attendance.

Missionary Wullenkord conducts the native helpers' training school at the same place, with about fifty young natives attending the school. When I was there, he still taught his classes in a mere shed. Since then Brother Siemers, our carpenter of the Madang District, has erected a good school house, all of iron-wood. Also a sort of preparatory school with forty-five pupils has been started at the same place; the more gifted and promising pupils of this school after finishing their course will enter the training school in the future. In his last report Brother Wullenkord mentions with thanks to God that in spite of a serious siege of sickness, that he had to go thru, the work in the helpers' training school did not materially suffer.

At Nobonob, or Hansemannberg, I attended the Madang District Conference the year before and at the same time also the dedication of the church at that place. This mountain congregation which during the last year has seen three different baptismal festivals increasing its membership by three hundred, set the good example soon followed by Ragetta, to build a sufficiently large and substantial church edifice with tower and steeple. There are church bells and an organ, donations from friends in Germany. The congregation gathered among its own members enough money to pay the wages of an expert Chinese carpenter, who built the church of the excellent brown iron-wood. Of all the timber used for building purposes in New Guinea, this superior hard wood best of all resists decay and the ravages of the white ants, which destroy almost everything else and often in a short time. In the sweat of their brow these brave people often in the deep ravines of their mountains sawed their



New Church at Ragetta

lumber and then carried boards, laths, and beams on their shoulders to the building place. And they built such a pretty church that no German pioneer congregation, either in Australia or in America would need to be ashamed of it. A very large congregation had gathered at the time to dedicate the new church at Nobonob. The collection received for the benefit of the church building fund also was very good, amounting to over one hundred dollars.—We have here an example of what I think a rather common occurrence, that what was formerly a disadvantage becomes a distinct advantage. The natives of the vicinity of Madang made this experience. They had felt it as a very unpleasant disadvantage when in days past the whites had taken so much of their land. At the present time, however, the numerous plantations of that region offer a favorable market for the crops of the natives, especially those in the mountains near by. Thus these people usually have a better chance to earn money than our people at Finschhafen and are in a position to contribute more liberally towards the needs of the church.

Since Nobonob and Ragetta are only about five miles apart, it is evident that the two congregations and tribes should exert a strong influence upon each other. At first Ragetta was difficult soil for the Gospel and its bad example naturally influenced the mountain tribes of the neighborhood. When the people of Ragetta opened their hearts to the Gospel, the mountain people also became more responsive to its call. And when at length the latter set such a praiseworthy example in making sacrifices for their church, the islanders who had always been more cultured and progressive dared not stay behind. Thus a noble rivalry between the two congregations was started.

I also had the opportunity to make a visit to the large island of Dampier, the population of which the mission has estimated at seven thousand. I made the trip on the *Bavaria* and remained several days at the mission station of Kurum. Since it was not on a Sunday, I could not personally observe the church life there. The oral and written reports of the two white missionaries at Kurum, however, as well as those of the Samoan missionary on the other side of the island give me a good general insight into conditions in this field. I know that on the large island of Dampier, called Karkar by the natives, as well as on the

smaller island of Bagabag the natives are turning away from their heathen worship to follow the Gospel even as at the stations of Ragetta, Amele, and Nobonob. Two large Christian congregations have already been gathered, one at Kurum, the other at the station of the Samoan Asafo, and thruout the island and also on Bagabag all the villages are favorably inclined towards the Gospel. In nearly all of them primitive school houses have been built and native helpers are stationed there to teach the children and to give preliminary instruction to those who wish to be baptized.

When we traveled along the coast of the island from Kurum to the station of the Samoan, with the high inland mountains of five to six thousand feet in full view, Missionary George pointed out to me a certain village, built on the beach, which, he said, was the only one on the island that still endeavored to evade the mission, which even tried to maintain its independence from the government but, of course, with little success. The mission naturally wants only such that come of their own free will, whereas the government compels those who resist its power. Concerning the matter of taxes which the government required the village to pay, a good story is told. Nobody likes to pay taxes, least of all the native his poll-tax of two dollars and fifty cents. Formerly they had carried about their heads without having to pay for them, and now this privilege was to cost them so much money every year. The new arrangement did not at all appeal to these contrary people and they fondly remembered the good old times, when the black man was still his own boss, and no white man with his fire-arms, no planter, no government official, no missionary interfered with his ancient customs. Yes, if the missionaries should demand this tax, they could easily be refused, but the kiap (government official) is not to be trifled with, he always has armed men with him and handcuffs and to resist him means kalabush (prison) or other worse punishments.—In the grave only a man is safe from the kiap and his tax. And—on a certain day a long row of new graves were dug just outside the village—the reader, however, need not to be alarmed, for it was not a case of wholesale suicide.—

The kiap and his troop of native police appeared on the day appointed. He took out his ominous sheet of paper and read from it the names of the younger, able-bodied

men of the village, who were subject to taxation: "NN!" "Dead!" "NN!" "Dead!" "NN!" "Dead!" etc. Then the officer became angry. "What? These strong young fellows are all dead and you old cripples staring at me all alive?" The assembled villagers protested that the young men were really dead, and offered to show the kiap their graves. He followed their lead, and soon caught sight of a long row of new graves, decorated according to the custom of the natives. The women began to chant their customary lamentations for the dead. For a moment the officer was perplexed; then a ray of intelligence lighted up his features. Strategy of war, a clever deception of the enemy, he thot. Is it possible that these backwoodsmen could have read the war news and thus have learned to resort to strategy? No, it was their own natural cunning. But it should avail them nothing. "Open the graves," he commanded. The women continued their lamentations with increased fervor. The native police set about opening the first grave. All the loose earth was thrown out and no corpse was discovered. The police set up a big howl. No more graves needed to be opened. The women now screamed with fear. The old men did not dare further to maintain that their sons were dead. The judgment was pronounced on the spot. As many young men as there were new graves were condemned to several months of hard labor in government service at Madang.

We have much less trouble in getting our native Christians' free will offerings for church and missions. The people of our Samoan missionary Asafo, for instance, paid their dues in pigs. When the *Bavaria* anchored at this station for several hours to receive contributions, canoe after canoe came over from the strand to deliver its heavy burden of big, fatted pigs. These the *Bavaria* transported to Ragetta, where Brother Knautz, the young American business manager of the Madang District, sold them to Chinese butchers. The proceeds represented the free will contribution of the congregation to the church and the mission, a sum which probably exceeded the government taxes for that village.

Missionary George of the island of Dampier gives his people a very gratifying testimony of ready devotion in his last annual report. On account of the poor health of his wife, he had tarried at Sattelberg and other stations about Finschhafen for several months, and had also had new

material printed for his station, at Logaweng. Soon after his return, a special resolution by the conference recently held at Amele was to be carried out: a Melanesian training school for native helpers for the Ragetta District, comprising all the territory from the Rai coast to Dampier was to be erected. The congregations were told that they should consider such an enterprise as their own and that they would be expected to shoulder the greater part of the responsibility in the matter, especially by contributing all the necessary manual labor. The mission offered to furnish the corrugated tin for the roof and the nails for the schoolhouse, the main building to be erected. When the matter was presented to the congregations, all of them enthusiastically responded to the call for co-operation. During the following months there was great activity at Kurum station and the country round about; it reminded one of the Bible account of the building of the temple at Jerusalem. Strong men in large numbers were busy sawing iron-wood lumber in the forests near by; others carried the lumber to the building ground. A considerable number cleared the ground about the station and began to cultivate the ground so that in the days to come the pupils of the new school might have fields on which to raise their own food, and still others built dwelling houses for these pupils. By October of the past year the work had so far progressed that the new training school could be dedicated. A desirable number of students, fifty in number, were selected by the congregations with the advice of the missionaries. On Sunday, the eleventh of October, the dedication took place; a very large congregation assembled for the occasion. Since then native helpers of the Ragetta language are taught and trained at this place.

Also at Keku, a station in the hinterland of the Astrolabe Bay, I spent a Sunday about a year ago and observed Brother Eiffert in his zealous work of instructing the natives and preaching to them. On the way out as well as on the way back we passed thru the large village of Bogadjim, where I attended an evening devotion in the village church. We stayed over night in the old station building, which now stands vacant, and in the morning returned by boat to Ragetta, a distance of about twenty-five miles.

Keku is a real mountain station similar to Sattelberg or Wareo, only that the mountain on which it is situated is

much lower. It is entirely surrounded by mountains and faces the peaked summit of the Nasenberg (nose mountain), three thousand feet high. The land is very rugged but fertile. Near the station is a small brook with salt deposit. The Indian corn and mountain rice fields of the station looked very good. There is no large village in the immediate neighborhood of the station, a situation which we also have at our stations Sattelberg and Wareo; there as here, however, we find small mountain villages both near and farther away. Catechumens form these villages, and also young men who wish to study on after baptism in order to become the helpers of the missionaries, come to the station on Saturdays and Sundays. Brother Eiffert has a whole system of helpers' stations thruout these mountains. On an inland tour, which he made during the past year, he visited our farthest inland station Kajapit, thus establishing connections between these respective fields; and following his trail, our young Brother Hannemann has also recently made the journey from Madang to Kajapit. The villages of Bogadjim and Bonggu, formerly the station villages of stations of the same names, are almost entirely christianized, and are in charge of native helpers and teachers under the supervision of Brother Eiffert.—The upper Rai coast is also occupied by native helpers from Ragetta and Siar under the direction of the Samoan missionary Jerome, who together with his staff of helpers does very efficient work. Also among the natives of this coastal region a strong movement to accept the Gospel has begun. Along the coast as well as in the interior a complete ring of helpers' stations encircle the great Finisterre Mountains, and those of the Madang District and those of the Finschhafen District have joined hands in the enterprise.

Mission work in the Madang District remained long without appreciable results; in the end, however, the success has been so much the greater. Everywhere the seed of the word has taken root, the whole field promises a bountiful harvest of souls, yes, the harvest is already at hand. Therefore the missionaries rejoice as one rejoices when his harvest is rich and plentiful. In the territory of our older stations in the Finschhafen District the harvest is almost finished; there the mission endeavors to foster and develop with painstaking care that which has been won. At the stations more recently founded in this district, especially at those of the

great mission field of the vast hinterland, the harvest is in progress even as in the Madang District.

In their last reports I find that the Madang brethren have also made this experience with their first converts, that these have indeed penetrated into the mysteries of the Christian faith beyond the first article of the creed, that God the Redeemer, who was crucified on Golgatha, the Son of God, Jesus Christ, has in truth become their Savior from sin, as God the Creator, the Heavenly Father, has become their liberator from superstitious fear of spirits and sorcery. This intelligence concerning the very center of salvation, Missionary Blum holds, has nothing to do with the often weak intellect of these children of nature grown old in their heathen ways and customs, as Missionary Keyszer also testifies that Bai and Sane, two old, gray-headed heathen, came to the knowledge of Jesus Christ the Crucified as their personal Savior.—It is true, Brother Blum also expresses the opinion that, whenever a missionary endeavors to cover too large a field, there is danger that the Christianity of the natives becomes superficial and that the newly baptized never get beyond the first article of the creed in their Christian knowledge. Therefore it is necessary that the missionaries have an army of native helpers from the very first generation of native Christians, who together with the missionaries faithfully confess Christ and thus help to enrich the young native Christian congregations with a full measure of spiritual knowledge and power of the Gospel. It is not sufficient that the central truths of Christianity be taught in a mechanical way; both missionaries and native helpers must be living witnesses of the living message which they bring in order to make the Gospel of Jesus Christ a power in New Guinea.

SCHOOLS AND NATIVE HELPERS

To maintain and strengthen the Lutheran mission in New Guinea our schools and our native helpers were important contributing factors. As long as the mission was, as it were, something foreign in the eyes of the natives of New Guinea, school matters were in a bad way. Very unsatisfactory attempts at starting schools and instructing the youth was all that our mission could report during the first strenuous years. Everything prerequisite to the organization of good schools

was positively lacking. It took us missionaries a long time sufficiently to master the language, or rather the languages, to understand the people and their needs. The young people had no ambition whatever to learn and could not be persuaded to give up even one hour a day of their precious freedom to sit in the school room and listen to the white teacher, who murdered their language and talked about things that did not interest them. To come once or twice out of pure curiosity to see the strange white man and hear him talk was not beyond them, but to come regularly day after day and for a longer time, that was out of the question and the most cordial solicitation on the part of the strangers was of no avail. And without regular and continued effort no school can have any appreciable degree of success. Without pressure and compulsion on the part of parents and government white children also would not as a rule take to school very strongly. In those days the black parents least of all could see why their children should day after day sit in school with the white man to learn his strange ways.

True enough, the missionaries had not come to the heathen land merely to establish schools for the children, but to bring the Gospel to the people. The school should be only a means to this great end. We remembered the words of Woltersdorf: "Budding youth, thou art the hope of the times of the future!" and we realized the truth of the saying: He who has the youth, has the future! But we could not have the youth unless we had their parents, unless we had won them at least to a certain extent. Therefore we diligently visited the people in their villages, encouraged their visiting us, and showed a keen interest in all their affairs, in order that cordial relations of mutual confidence might gradually be established.

What we could not accomplish in a direct way, we had to try to bring about in roundabout ways. Since day schools for the children, coming from the homes of their parents, could not be held successfully for the time being; we had to establish boarding schools, for which we had to hire the pupils, first for five months, then for ten, later for a year, and finally for three years. There we could train and instruct the young people without interruption and interference; in the forenoon they attended school, in the afternoon they were employed at all kinds of useful labor in field and garden. For

the time specified they became, as it were, our children and we, their fathers. In most cases they called us "father" too.

The magnet that attracted and held them and also made their parents willing to leave the children with us for a while, was tools and implements and other articles of the white man that they coveted. We had found the people in the stone age; since times immemorial their ancestors had toiled with miserable stone implements and axes. Now the natives quickly recognized the value of iron tools and were eager to acquire axes, hand-axes, saws, augers, planes, chisels, knives, etc. In the beginning they would have liked best to have stolen all these valuable things from the white man, but realizing that they could not get all they wanted in that way, they were willing enough to work for them or let their boys earn them. That is how we got our first helpers, laborers, and messengers, when we built our first station, and later on we hired the pupils for our boarding schools,—twenty, thirty, and even forty at a time.

These young people and their parents sought only worldly gain at the mission stations just as they sought their own profit at the plantations of the white settlers. We hoped, and not in vain, that living with us they would gradually learn to appreciate much higher and better things. They learned little songs and some of the more simple Bible stories, and later on also to read and to write. They heard about the almighty God, the Maker of heaven and earth, and his Son Jesus Christ, the Lord and Savior of all men. Their new knowledge of God gradually dissipated their fear of spirits and sorcery, with which the stories told by their elders had filled their lives from youth. When they returned to their villages, they brot their newly acquired wisdom with them and as a matter of course these new ideas and views of life began to spread until even with the old people heathen views and ways, handed down thru many generations and firmly rooted, began to lose their influence and authority.

At first our natives were proud of their customs and traditions and all that they called their own. They considered themselves the only real men, and the term "Ngamala" in Jabem and "Tamol" at Madang, with which they designated themselves, tho really meaning "men," "people," was at the same time a title of honor. In the first years they were not inclined to consider the whites as real people and, since they had

frequently succeeded in stealing from them and deceiving them by lying, to take them for stupid. By and by they changed their opinion. People with such wonderful things, with fire-ships and fire-arms, after all, they thot, must know and be able to do a great deal that would be worth while learning and striving for. That was the first good motive to attend the schools of the white man. Higher and better motives developed soon after.

From the pupils of our first boarding schools and thru the influence of these schools the first applicants for baptism were



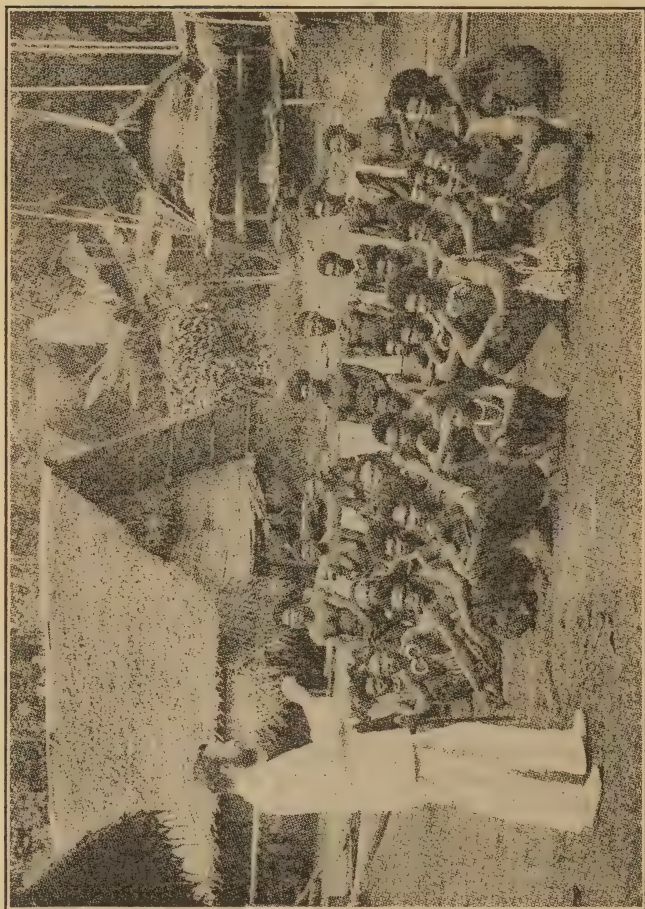
Boarding School Pupils

won. As their number increased, former pupils were most numerous in their ranks, tho there were also some simple village people who had not had any schooling. These older people noticed very soon that in the instructions preparatory to baptism former pupils had a great advantage over the average unschooled, stupid villagers. Often the thot occurred to them: Would that we also had attended the school! Such views were freely discussed among the older people and the result was that schools and instruction gained very much in the general esteem of the people. We missionaries did what we could to make the people realize the value of the schools.

When the congregations at the various stations began to increase, when men and women, old and young in large numbers applied for instruction, baptism, and membership in the Christian congregations, there was ample opportunity in this instruction, in the sermon, and in the pastoral care of the individual, to emphasize the duty of Christians to send their children to school and not let them grow up as in the old heathen times like cattle, like wild pigs in the dark forests of New Guinea. Such admonitions found willing response and the zeal for education and schools in our growing mission church became ever greater.

Under these conditions our station schools soon proved insufficient. The boarding schools were soon overfilled and anyway would in time have become too expensive. These alone could not supply the demand and day schools at the stations also would not serve the needs. Our people lived too widely scattered and many of the Christians of our congregations also lived too far away. The children had altogether too far to go to school. We had to consider dividing our territory into suitable small school districts and establishing free village schools for each district. Our Christians took up the plan with enthusiasm. But where should we get the teachers for these schools? We could not possibly supply a white missionary for every village school!

Fortunately we at Finschhafen had early enough considered the founding of native helpers' and teachers' training schools. Soon after 1906 Missionary Bamler began this work for the Jabem at Logaweng and Missionary Pilhofer for the inlanders at Simbang-Mosam. The first class was organized with only twelve black boys, who after three years of training entered the service. The second class numbered already twenty-five members. At this time the Kai training school was transferred to Heldsbach, because there more station land was at its disposal. The present class at Heldsbach has over seventy members. The training there includes a preparatory course of one year, the purpose of which is an adjustment of differences in elementary training, and a regular seminary course of four years. Missionary Pilhofer conducts the school with the help of a native assistant instructor. After finishing their course the young men either become village school teachers at home or go out as evangelists to distant



Missionary Zahn Preaching to the Heathen

mission fields of the inland. The students at the training school attend classes in the morning and in the forenoon, while in the afternoon they work in the fields and gardens of the station and thus earn their own living. They are entirely self-supporting. In every way this has proved to be the best method in training them for their respective callings as teachers or missionary helpers. To provide for their board and lodging would not only be too expensive for the mission—large quantities of rice would have to be purchased—but the young people would also be estranged from their accustomed mode of living and all their native habits and customs, they would become unused to physical labors, and would finally become strangers to their own villages and their own people, a sort of half-Europeans, neither fish nor flesh. The great advantage that they have as natives among their own people would be lost, while they could not possibly acquire the most important characteristics and the authority of the white man. Among the students at the training school are also a certain number of young married men. The wives of these students work for their husbands in their homes and in the field as other women do, and at the same time they are incidentally furthered mentally, culturally, and spiritually through their associations at the school. The students at these schools, married or unmarried, are just as free and independent, as other people in the villages and are treated accordingly by the missionaries. They are selected for the schools by the congregations themselves with the advice of the missionaries.

The Jabem training school for our Melanesian congregations also developed from small beginnings similar to the Kai training school, but not as the latter without interruptions. First the removal of Brother Bamler to the new field of Siasirook brot a change in teachers, Brother Zahn taking Bamler's place at the training school at Logaweng. Then, during the most depressing years of the war, after a number of classes had finished their courses, Brother Zahn was obliged for a time to take charge of the education of the older children of the missionaries, and the Jabem training school meanwhile was discontinued. Since the war a fine new training school has been built on Hoboi Heights near Bukaua and Brother Zahn, who has recuperated his health and strength on a furlough in Australia, has recently re-opened the school at this place. We have all reasons to trust that the Lord will again

bless his painstaking and diligent efforts in the service of this important phase of our mission work.

We have three kinds of schools in the Finschhafen District. The numerous elementary village schools in charge of native teachers, who are graduates of our training schools, constitute the broad foundation of the whole system. The school term for the small village children has until recently been three years, and has now been extended to four years. For these village schools and their teachers an exact plan of studies has been worked out, so that every teacher knows just what lessons to teach every day of the school year. Once a year during his long vacation the missionary at the head of the teachers' training school makes a tour of inspection and examination thru all the village schools of the district.

The second kind of schools are the station schools for somewhat older pupils, who have finished the village schools with good reports and have both gifts and inclination to study on. These secondary schools, which are a kind of preparatory schools for the helpers' training schools, are in charge of the station missionary, who is assisted in the work by a native teacher. These are not boarding schools of the old type of the early days. These pupils are in about the same situation as the young men at the training school: they make their living by cultivating their own fields, either on station land or on land belonging to the natives, they attend school in the forenoon, and of course they do not receive any wages at the end of their school term. Pupils who live near enough can reach the school from their homes.

The culmination and crown of our school system are the helpers' training schools or seminaries. The aim is to have all those who enter the training schools receive a good preparatory education in the village and station schools. This aim has not yet been realized, not even at Finschhafen. The need of native helpers in new mission territory with strange dialects often makes it seem advisable to admit suitable young people from outlying districts to the helpers' training schools, tho their preparatory education is not what it should be, and tho in some cases they do not even fully command the language used at the school. Thus the present large class at Heldsbach includes young people from Zaka in the far south, such from the Ono tribe of the Cromwell Mountains in the north, and especially such from the Hube tribe from the

distant hinterland. For this reason this class in particular requires a one-year preparatory course before it enters upon its regular four-years seminary course.

The school situation in the Madang District is quite different from that at Finschhafen at this time. There we have in proportion to the extent of the school districts many more teachers and many more pupils than at Finschhafen. One not familiar with the conditions will from the numbers given in the statistical tables draw the conclusion that the schools in the Madang District are much more prosperous than those in the Finschhafen District. That these schools are especially flourishing at the present time cannot be denied but this condition is due to the present stage of transition, which will naturally give way to normal conditions in course of time.—The Madang District has as yet no trained teachers. In the training school for the Papuans of the mountain district Brother Wullenkord has not yet finished his first three-years' course of instruction, and Missionary George on Dampier island has opened his training school for the Melanesian congregations of the Madang District only last October.

The native school teachers in the Madang District are former pupils of the missionaries who have received the most necessary additional training to serve the numerous schools in the present emergency. In the time of transition we at Finschhafen also employed men of this kind.—The pupils in these mission schools are not exclusively children, but old and young attend school together; everybody who has that zeal for learning which the Gospel has kindled in an awakening people is welcome. For that reason it is not possible in this time of transition to work out a uniform plan of studies and to follow a definite course of instruction and, consequently, the courses in these emergency schools often extend over many years. In our old congregations about Finschhafen the old people have all gone thru the schools and the elementary village schools are exclusively schools for children. Emergency schools in new mission fields conducted by untrained evangelists are not considered in the annual school report of the Finschhafen District.

In the Madang District we have at the present time the highly gratifying situation that the various tribes of the five station circles have simultaneously been awakened thru the preaching of the Gospel and that the whole population of the

district is strongly inclined to accept the Miti. That is the cause for a general desire to learn among old and young and a great thronging to the classes preparing for baptism and to the schools in general, and everyone who knows a little more than the big mass and shows a little skill and good will and, above all, adheres to the Gospel, can serve and do much good as an emergency teacher in a time of emergency and stress.

When the newly trained teachers from Amele and Kurum are once ready to enter the service, the school system of the Madang District will gradually take on more normal form likely developing on the lines of that at Finschhafen with its three kinds of schools—the elementary village schools for children, the secondary station schools for older boys, and the training schools, or seminaries, for prospective teachers and missionary helpers.

One problem is yet far from being solved, the problem of giving the girls a higher and better education, so that native teachers and missionary helpers might find more suitable help-mates. The conditions in every way make boarding-schools impractical. The pupils at such higher girls' schools would be too apt to be spoiled, they would be estranged from the life and customs of their own homes and villages, and their education would also be too expensive. To attend day schools while staying at home would be impossible for most of them, because the people live too scattered. The best way that I know to solve this problem is to let as many as possible of such girls serve as housemaids at the stations in charge of the missionaries' wives and women missionaries, who have a good sympathetic heart for their brown sisters and are willing to further them intellectually, spiritually, and also in a practical way in the work and duties of the home. Some service of this kind has already been rendered. May the Lord help us to do much more in this respect in the future.

Closely associated with our school system is the work of our native helpers. It is true, evangelists already went out from our congregations before we had helpers' training schools. Such evangelists went out from Heldsbach to the Poum coast in 1905, and, before the first class could be graduated at the training school, others went out from Sattelberg to the distant inland in 1908. We always had a few evangelists, who had not attended any of our schools, real illiterates,

who had received only the necessary instruction preparatory to baptism. Where new fields are occupied, the mission cannot begin with establishing schools. The older missionaries among us especially know that very well by experience. To live the Gospel among the heathen at such places is above all necessary, and that the most simple-minded black Christian can do too, even tho he has not learned to read and write. If only during instruction they accept the saving truth of the Gospel with all their hearts and have a good supply of Bible stories stored in their memories and the honest good will to win the people's hearts for the Miti, they are well qualified to do pioneer work for the mission. It isn't necessary that they preach sermons. The best sermons can sometimes be preached without words and sometimes with very simple words in a Christian's daily life and walk. For such work serious minded people of middle age with a certain amount of life experience and good common sense are often better than younger men with good school training.

When in such fields the pioneer work has been done, when the heathen strongholds have been undermined and begin to crumble, when gradually a whole tribe has become favorably disposed towards the Gospel and a general movement towards Christianity has begun; then young and old are eager to learn and regular teachers must be sent to them to supply their demand for knowledge. In our new inland mission districts we frequently followed this course; when doors were opened unto us, we first sent emergency helpers and untrained evangelists to do the pioneer work, and as soon as possible these first messengers were re-enforced with trained helpers and teachers.

The pioneer period in our new mission fields is never as long as at the time of our first beginnings. From the old congregations the good report of the Miti penetrates farther and farther inland. The word of the Lord has free course and is glorified. Whatever concerns the schools in the old congregations as well as at the helpers' stations in new fields, our native Christians are so trained that they look upon these matters as their own personal concern and not only as that of the missionaries. When new fields are explored, when students are selected for the training schools, when teachers and helpers are appointed; in all such matters the congregations and their representatives, the elders and overseers, are

trained to cooperate. The congregations provide a modest equipment for those who are sent out from their midst and, wherever necessary and possible, continue to support them. In the main, both helpers in new fields and teachers in the old congregations must support themselves by cultivating their own fields and gardens like the rest. In these labors they are helped and assisted by their pupils and those committed to their care. The rule laid down by the apostle finds its application also in our mission field: "Let him that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things." Also in cases where teachers, helpers, and evangelists must be disciplined, for instance, when one is dismissed and another is appointed in his place, it is not the missionary who acts in his own authority and for his own person, but the congregation with the advice of the missionary. And that is right and fair. The congregation must send a helper, who does not prove himself worthy or able to hold his position, back to his home village and must furnish a substitute for him.

I recently read this strange statement: It was necessary that the German missionaries should be removed from their respective fields, because they didn't give their mission congregations sufficient freedom and independence, because they bossed the natives too much. I wonder if there is any truth to that! At any rate our mission in New Guinea has given the native Christians all the freedom and independence that they could desire in all matters of church and school and the spreading of the Gospel thru mission helpers.

During the World War when we were isolated from all the world, we had a good opportunity to consolidate our work by developing our schools and to expand our helpers' mission in the vast mountain land and the great valleys of the then unknown inland of the mighty island.—It was just during the war that the most extensive explorations were made by our younger missionaries accompanied by their pupils and the able-bodied members of their congregations. And following these expeditions ever more helpers from the old congregations went out into these new regions full of missionary enthusiasm, and a lively intercourse between the old congregations and the newly occupied territory was carried on. The upper Waria valley, the great Markham valley as far as the banks of the Ramu, the Zowaing Mountains in the

hinterland of Malalo, the wild and ragged Rawlinson Mountains, the Finisterre Mountains, and the Rai Coast far to the north-west: all these new regions saw the feet of the messengers that brot good tidings, that published peace; and to many tribes the feet of these brown messengers of peace appeared so beautiful that they chose to bid them welcome in their midst.

In the midst of the terrible World War our mission made one peaceful conquest after another for the great kingdom of peace of our God, and it was these great successes for the cause of God's kingdom that made a time of terror for all the world a time of rejoicing in our mission field in New Guinea.

To develop our school system and our helpers' mission was certainly the best way to preserve and strengthen our work in New Guinea. Even if the higher powers had deprived our mission congregations of their spiritual fathers, the missionaries—they might have done much harm, but a relapse into heathenism we hardly need have feared. For that the Gospel has too thoroly taken root among our people. The people have had an opportunity to learn a good deal and the cause of the Miti has become their own cause, to which they would hold even in times of storm and stress.

PROVISIONS FOR RECREATION AND MEDICAL TREATMENT

Also our recreation homes and our medical mission equipment are of great importance in the preservation of our mission in tropical New Guinea. Already in the first years after the founding of our mission, we had an opportunity to make a beginning with medical mission work. At that time a certain Dr. Frobenius, a God-fearing and able physician from our own country Bavaria, applied for a position. He was thoroly interested in foreign missions and just the man who might have won for himself and for our work the confidence and love of the natives. We had then been in the country only a short time, represented only a small group of mission workers, and lived in the immediate neighborhood of Finschhafen, the center for colonization and territorial government, where a physician was stationed. And we believed that the situation would always remain thus. And since our home society had only limited means, its management considered it advisable not to accept the doctor's application.

Dr. Frobenius, however, was really devoted to the cause of missions, and consequently applied for a position in the field at the missionhouse in Barmen, where his services were accepted. And under God's guidance he came to New Guinea after all, being stationed with the Rhenish mission in the Astrolabe Bay, in what is now our Madang District. There he also lived near the government station and the government physician, whose place he even filled in times of vacancies. It was in the nineties when he was stationed at Madang for a number of years, during which he at least once found time to visit us at Simbang and Sattelberg, so that we also derived some benefit from this first medical missionary's sojourn in New Guinea. His coming to Simbang was a veritable God-send; Brother Vetter had just then taken very sick with black-water fever and the good doctor's faithful services were much appreciated. And when he came to Sattelberg, he was again most welcome, because he came just in time to take charge of a confinement case in our family. Sickness in his own family later made it necessary for Dr. Frobenius to return to his home country.

With the exception of this one occasion, we did not have a physician at Finschhafen for many years, in fact, not until just recently. In our case the Lord truly fulfilled his promise: "I am the Lord that healeth thee." And "If they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them." The fever germs with which the mosquitos infected us continually were not permitted to harm us very much. To be sure, many of us frequently suffered from Malaria, from the deadly black-water fever, and from other diseases, but the Lord always helped us thru safely, so that we were often forcibly reminded of that Scripture passage—"He that is our God is the God of salvation; and unto God the Lord belong the issues from death." I have myself time and again experienced the truth of this word—when I was sick unto death with black-water fever during the first years of the mission, when I suffered exceedingly from fever in 1906, when severe heart attacks threatened my life in 1914, and when I had a bad siege of fever with vertigo in 1920. And the Lord has always helped me thru. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits." The other brethren and their families have had similar experiences of God's gracious help. In the course of thirty years, to be

sure, a number of persons have died in our mission, also a few children, but not more than according to normal statistics would have died in a country with a more healthy climate from diseases that are prevalent there.

Tho our old home society did not send us a regular physician during all the years that we were isolated at Finschhafen, it, nevertheless, did also in the matter of providing medical aid in a tropical climate, all that could be expected. Since the beginning of the nineties, all new workers sent out, both men and women, had to take some sort of medical or hospital course, in order that they might be better able to help themselves and others in our isolated mission field in tropical New Guinea. After an excellent medical mission school had begun its work in connection with the University of Tuebingen, our young missionaries, men and women, were sent there, and our society went to a good deal of expense to send us medical helpers for the day of need from Tuebingen. One such brother worked among us for ten years with special skill serving the sick among both blacks and whites, and even performing amputations with signal success where such operations were necessary. One native whom a falling tree had smashed a leg has learned to walk with a wooden limb. Two others have at least well healed arm stumps: the one had his arm crushed by a falling branch, the other had his hand terribly lacerated by a shark. A second emergency physician of this type had just finished his studies at Tuebingen, when he was drafted for service in the World War as officer of a medical unit. After the war he like others was barred from the missionary service.

After the war the devoted love of our American friends has provided us with a regular medical missionary and trained and experienced nurses, so that the medical mission work in our field is well taken care of at the present time and has a promising outlook for the future.

To win the confidence of the natives for the mission, is not the task of our medical missionaries. This confidence has already been won everywhere; but work, a great deal of work in its own field the medical mission is called upon to do. Sufferers of all descriptions come to the missionary, the doctor, or the nurse, in order that they might be helped in their manifold troubles. In the first place there are certain diseases characteristic of tropical countries like

New Guinea that must be combatted: there is the very common deadly hook-worm disease, for which the medicine is furnished gratis by the Rockefeller Institute, and there is the loathsome and very contagious disease known as framboesie.

If we had two physicians and a number of hospitals, emergency helpers would still always be necessary. The field in which we work is so vast and the country so wild and mountainous, that the sphere of work of one man is necessarily much more limited than in a more civilized country with good streets and automobiles and railroads. Therefore it is a good thing if all missionaries and lay missionaries and their wives have some knowledge and skill in administering aid to the sufferers in their respective fields. And it is advisable that also in future all men and women that enter the mission service acquire some elementary knowledge in the art of healing.

As far as I know, no remedy has yet been found for malaria which would substitute quinine or make it unnecessary. Furthermore, it is our firm opinion, at which we arrived in thirty years of often bitter experience, that only the preventive use of quinine can prevent the worst cases and consequences of this tropical fever. When we remember how much we suffered from malaria during the first years, when we took quinine only after an attack and then discontinued its use, and how much better we fared after we began to take the remedy to prevent the attacks; we certainly agree that we shall abide by this method and that we can recommend it to everybody. This is not the experience of just one or a few persons, but a very general experience in New Guinea as well as in all other tropical countries. Such valuable knowledge has been gathered and sifted by the medical mission institution at Tuebingen; from there we have received much excellent advice since that institution has been founded.

Our modest but very extensive medical mission work has all along done its share to make our general mission work appreciated among the natives. All that our old home society has done and sacrificed to preserve the life and health of its missionaries together with our better preventive method of taking quinine, has, next to the protection of the Almighty, made it possible for us old pioneers to hold out so long

and continue the work. In consequence of the long and terrible war, a number of our workers have actually lived uninterruptedly for over twenty years in New Guinea's tropical climate and they have been able to work too.

Our recreation system also, according to which our missionaries are granted a shorter period of rest and recreation at one of our recreation homes in New Guinea, or a shorter or longer furlough in a healthy climate, serves to preserve the life and health of our workers and indirectly furthers the cause of our mission.

Our old society was not financially able to grant many furloughs to the home country. Altho traveling in those days on the excellent Lloyd steamers was comparatively cheap, and missionaries were granted twenty per cent reduction besides, the great distance between New Guinea and Germany always meant very considerable traveling expenses. In 1914 the Catholic Center Party in the German Reichstag, primarily in the interest of its own missionaries, managed to have a law enacted according to which missionaries in the German colonies were given the privilege of passage home and back again to the field every five years for the purpose of recreation. That was really too good to come true. Perhaps there would have been some disadvantage in receiving too much benefit from the state. At any rate, the war broke out and consequently this brand-new law was not once carried into effect. It was also on account of the war that we had to remain such an unusually long time in the field. And that we could do that is largely due to our local recreation system, especially our sanitarium at Sattelberg. It has already been mentioned that Sattelberg at the time of its founding was expressly designated not only as a mission station for the mountain tribes, but also as a health station for the missionaries. The Madang District also has a small health station at Nobonob on Hanseemann Hill, where a small recreation home is built near the mission station. But this place has an altitude of only about one thousand feet. The location otherwise is good; there is more air and it's somewhat cooler than in the coast bottoms and on Ragetta island. The Sattelberg (saddle mountain), however, is about three thousand feet high and the large station with a number of recreation homes also lies entirely in the open so that the wind can strike it from all sides. The temperature here is

considerably cooler than on the coast. And mosquitoes are practically not known on this height, so that no mosquito gauze is needed in the night and the houses need no mosquito screening.

Our second health station Wareo has an altitude of about two thousand feet and is surrounded by beautiful forests. The recreation home built near the station is called Iowa-Ruh (Iowa-Rest). The climate here is similar to that at Sattelberg, but at times the mosquitos are somewhat bothersome.

Whether the climate at Sattelberg is entirely fever-free is hard to determine. People from the coast frequently visit there and naturally bring their fever germs along, and those who are permanently stationed there, nevertheless, frequently come down to the coast and to Finschhafen and therefore do well from time to time to take a preventive dose of quinine, tho they do not need as much as the people along the coast. When Sattelberg was first founded, we used no quinine at all for a long time and had practically no fever. When after 1904 I began to live at Heldsbach most of the time, I thot that I could get along without quinine there too. But I was severely punished for my neglect when in 1906 a very bad attack brot me to the verge of the grave. My case, of course, doesn't prove anything against Sattelberg, but it warned me not to neglect my regular preventive doses of quinine, especially when I had to make frequent visits to the coast.

The Sattelberg was the highest point where Europeans in the whole territory had undertaken to live, and people took notice when we built our station there. The government offered us considerable sums of money for building and maintenance with the condition that the health station should be wide open for strangers as well. I feared that such an arrangement would mean a disadvantage for the mission work and declined the support. But I consented, nevertheless, to letting people who did not belong to the mission come out for rest and recreation, and such people did come from time to time.

To live at Sattelberg is most agreeable in the dry season; it is less pleasant in the rainy season when rain and fog often continue for days at a time. The main advantages are freedom from the mosquito plague, cool breezes, good

appetite, and good sleep. Most guests that come to us for rest and recreation, provided they have no serious ailments, but are only worn and weak from the influence of the coastal climate and their work, always experience rapid and marked improvement in health during their stay at this mountain station. Usually a number of people arrange to be there at the same time. Those who from time to time had charge of this health resort as well as their assistants, have done good and faithful work for the benefit of the whole mission. Sattelberg has further come to hold a special place of importance among our stations thru the establishment of a school there for the children of the missionaries. For both teachers and pupils the healthy mountain climate is better than that of the hot and sultry coast. There are usually about twenty-five school children, and these together with the guests and the employees often make a total of more than forty persons for whom the mission must provide day after day.

During the long time of the war, when no one was permitted to leave the country and no reenforcements came to us, the Sattelberg was really the salvation of our mission. Even a number of the German members of the Methodist mission on the islands lying to the east of New Guinea came to us by turns for recreation instead of going to Australia.

Already before the war other people in the colony had noticed that we Neuendettelsau missionaries got along with very few leaves of absence compared with other white people in New Guinea. A captain once said to me: "To be sure, your Sattelberg has already saved your mission many a bill."

Still our health station does not make furloughs and travel in healthy climates altogether unnecessary. Therefore we are very thankful to our Australian friends for furnishing two recreation homes for New Guinea missionaries, and to our mission board for making it financially possible that we go there in quest of better health and recreation. During the time of my present furlough, I had the good fortune and the pleasure to live in both of these homes with my family. Two months we lived in the splendid Rest Home on the cool heights of Darling Downs near the large city of Toowoomba in Queensland, where we learned to know

many good friends of our mission. The greater part of the time we spent here in this quiet home at Lightspass in the midst of beautiful vineyards and orchards. The old German colony of lightspass, Tanunda, where we have many of our relatives and friends and acquaintances, and many faithful friends of our mission, has retained a good deal of its German aspect and character.

This house is an old historical landmark for Australian and New Guinea missions. It was formerly the home of the Reverend Mr. Rechner, who in his day was pastor, synod-president, and superintendent of missions. It was my first stopping and resting place forty-six years ago after a long and wearisome journey from Germany to South Australia. The house has been rebuilt; it is now a fine, comfortable home and is known as the Mission-Home at Lightspass. Toowoomba and Lightspass each have two Lutheran churches where the missionaries and their families can attend public worship. At the parsonages they find the desirable Christian social intercourse. During the time of their furlough the missionaries always have many opportunities to speak before the congregations and tell of the Lord's work in New Guinea.

For a number of years these mission-homes in Australia have always been occupied. One family comes, the other goes. When we arrived in Queensland the beginning of last year, we met another man from the field with his family; their time was up, they were on the way back to New Guinea. When we arrived in Toowoomba, others were just leaving, and here in Lightspass it was the same situation. Before we leave, others will arrive, who are also much in need of rest and recreation. And still there are old laborers in the field who have worked for eighteen to twenty years without a furlough. May all in due time find improved health and recreation in Australia's healthy climate, in order that they may again with renewed strength serve the Lord's cause in New Guinea.

A JOURNEY THRU THE FIELD

The Lutheran mission in New Guinea covers a wide field. On a three hundred-mile stretch of coast, on a number of large islands, and in part far inland there are twenty mission stations and five large plantations. Twenty-eight

ordained missionaries, twenty-five of whom are married, sixteen lay missionaries, six of whom are married, and nine women missionaries, including those who arrived recently, eighty-six adults comprise the adult personnel of our mission. Most of them are in the field, a few are away on furlough. Of approximately fifty children of missionaries in New Guinea, about half are attending a boarding school at Sattelberg; the smaller ones are with their parents at the various stations. Of the older children some are in Australia, some in Germany. All told there are more than 150 persons that at the present time are dependent upon the mission.

Many of the stations and of the workers have already been mentioned in the course of this history. However, to gain a clear picture of the whole field with its stations and their *present personnel*, it will be well for the kind reader, in spirit to follow me on a tour of the mission field.

Coming to New Guinea from Rabaul, from the east, on the *Mataram*, a large ocean steamer of 4,000 tons, we arrive at Madang in the midst of the Madang District of our Lutheran mission. We have reached the main land of New Guinea and the steamer draws up at the large pier of the port, near the office buildings and dwellings of the government station. From this point we see the island of Ragetta in the rear, with its two arm-like peninsulas enclosing the harbor and separating it from the sea. Less than a mile away, to the west of the harbor entrance, we see the mission property, the mission station on the one side, the store and warehouse on the other, and midway between the two the church and the two pretty native villages that constitute the parish.

Already Brother Blum approaches with the station boat, manned by neat looking black boys, to get us. The island with its palm groves, fields, and forests appears beautiful as paradise. Mrs. Blum bids us a hearty welcome. She has always had a reputation for hospitality, and we from Finschhafen also have had occasion to appreciate it. Missionary and Mrs. Blum have been in New Guinea a long time and were badly in need of the change that a furlough would give them. Their four children are in Germany; some of them are already grown up.

In 1925 the missionary and his wife joined their children.

Young Missionary Hannemann lives here and makes himself thoroly acquainted with the work at this station in the center of the Madang District.

But we must go on, for we have yet far to go. To the store and warehouse that supplies the needs of the Madang District, of which Brother Knautz from America is manager, we can go by boat across the little island bay, but we can also go by land, since it is not far and the road is smooth and clean. On this way we pass the pretty new church and the villages on either side of it and also get to see a few Ragetta people. At the store we greet Mrs. Knautz and her baby. We find here a small dwelling house that dates back to the early days, a house made of corrugated tin that in emergencies can be used for guests, and the warehouse. Also a shop with the necessary tools and machinery for the mission carpenter, Brother Siemers from America, is at this place.

But we must hurry on. Brother Knautz places the station boat at our disposal, with four or six boys to row the boat and a man at the helm. The journey takes us northward along the coast past the island of Siar, where we see the schoolhouse built right on the strand. After a pleasant trip of about one hour, when the water is calm, we land at the mission plantation Nagada, on a deep bay on the coast, where our *Bavaria* also can safely cast anchor. The house built of the indestructible Indian teak-wood is only a few hundred yards from the strand. This house used to be on Siar; there it was taken down to be re-erected at Nagada. At the present time only young Brother Obst of South Australia, the manager of the plantation, lives there. He is a full head taller than any of the people and keeps good order among his ninety-nine laborers, who love and respect him. He has both their physical and their spiritual welfare at heart. He shows us the place, the huts where the boys live, the copra drier, and the corrals for the cattle; then we have a cup of coffee and a bit of lunch, and already our horses are saddled and ready to carry us on to Hanse-mann Hill, and Nobonob mission station.

We travel thru the plantation, cross a brook, and then ascend Hanse-mann Hill on a well-kept riding path. In a little more than an hour we come to an open space in the forest where the station is built. Cattle are grazing in the

shade of the palm trees. We pass a small building which serves as sanitarium in that district of the mission field. On the highest ridge of the hill the mission station is situated. Here Missionary and Mrs. Schuetz live with their youngest son; their older children are in Germany. In 1926 the Schuetz family went on furlough to Germany. We are delighted over the beautiful church, built of brown iron-wood. On the mountain side and farther inland we notice a few native villages, most of them are hid behind the mountains and forests of this rugged mountain country. Here we must stay over night. Brother Schuetz tells us of the joys and sorrows, the reverses and successes in his experience with the helpers' mission of the hinterland.

The next morning we continue our journey on horseback. Brother Schuetz goes with us a ways and together we visit a number of villages that belong to his parish. Then we go on alone in a westerly direction towards Amele. The road leads thru mountainous country, thru bush and forest; we are obliged to exercise great caution and make only very slow progress. Many rivers and creeks must be crossed. At a number of difficult places it is better to dismount. We pass many villages, many fields of the natives, and many palm groves. The hilly ground is very fertile. We meet many natives on our way. In their own peculiar way they give us a friendly greeting. Towards evening we arrive at Amele. This is a double station with two dwelling houses not far apart. We greet the missionary of the congregation, Brother Welsch, and his wife, and the teacher of the Amele helpers' training school, Brother Wullenkord, his wife, and his two children, and sister Hattie Engeling, R.N., of America. We tarry here one day and thus have an opportunity to gain an insight into the work done at the two local schools: the training school, or seminary, a fine new school building, and the preparatory school. Near the school buildings are the numerous dwellings of the pupils, and the spacious church, all built in native style. Round about are pastures and fields surrounded by the dark forest. Amele lies upon a hill which slopes abruptly towards the large Gogol River. The broad valley of this river extends far inland towards the north-west. A stretch of the water course, which swarms with crocodiles, can be seen from the station.

The next station is Keku. It lies in the Oertzen Mountains, a hard day's journey, about twenty-five miles to the west. We could ride to Bilibili on the coast, in a few hours, take a boat there and row to Bogadjim on Astrolabe Bay in several hours, and could ride to the station from there in three more hours. Strong men can also make the trip over land on foot and can learn to know New Guinea's primeval wilderness in one day; they must cross the Gogol, a dark and dangerous mountain torrent, in which a Chinese once had to cling for days to a dead tree trunk until he could be rescued, they must cross swampy lowlands covered with dark forests, and finally climb over rugged mountains to reach their destination. Whatever way we wish to come, in Keku we are given a hearty welcome and are well taken care of by Missionary and Mrs. Eiffert. Eifferts have their smaller girls with them, two older girls attend school at Sattelberg. To learn something about the work done at this station in school and church, with the catechumens, the native helpers, and the congregation, we must stay over Saturday and Sunday.

On Monday afternoon after a three-hour ride we reach the large plantation Stephansort near Bogadjim. The manager and his wife, tho English people, are kindly disposed towards the mission. They are glad to have us stop for lunch. In the village church at Bogadjim we attend an evening devotion. We sleep several hours in a vacant house belonging to the mission. It is still a good house built of teak-wood and likely will soon be taken down and erected elsewhere. A night trip of several hours in a row boat brings us back to Ragetta, that is, if the weather is good, if not, we have to wait. We manage to reach Ragetta in good time. A commotion among the station boys and their loud cry of "Sailo!" attracts our attention. We have come just in time to see the *Bavaria*, coming from Simbang, proudly enter the port and noisily cast her anchor at the warehouse on Ragetta.

The next day our ship is to make an extra trip to Dampier. That suits us just right. It gives us an opportunity to visit also the fifth and last station of our Madang District. The island of Dampier lies about forty miles to the north of Madang and about twenty miles from the main land. The next morning we set out in good time. As we approach

the island, its mighty mountain range appears in ever more massive grandeur before our eyes. The central cone is that of an extinguished volcano, in the interior of which, however, there is still heard a rumbling from time to time causing frequent tremors thruout the island. The foot-hills extend almost to the very island strand, leaving only a very narrow coastal plain. In the shade of cocoa palms a number of villages appear on the strand. The whole island is covered with a dense forest and the numerous villages and fields are hidden from sight. Our lights are good so that we are able to recognize and avoid the reefs that surround the entrance to the landing place, and soon the *Bavaria* lies safely anchored on the strand behind the protecting reefs. Brother George has seen us approaching from a distance and has come to take us with him. In about half an hour we arrive at the station on a gently ascending height, which beyond the station abruptly slopes towards the crater of a volcano. We greet Mrs. George, who is in rather poor health, and her two little boys. Two older boys are away at school in Queensland, Australia. Miss Deguisne from America helps Mrs. George with her work. The name of the mission station on Dampier is Kurum. It is a double station like Amele; Brother George is at the head of the newly opened helpers' training school and Brother Eckershoff is the local missionary. The Eckershoffs live in a house very near the edge of the crater. The unmarried Brother Holtkamp from Murtoa, Australia, is stationed here. He has charge of the small plantation and the mission warehouse. A newcomer at Kurum must get used to the never ending concert of the frogs that live in the crater bottom. Only just before an impending earthquake do these never-tiring singers of the deep cease their song. They can teach us that the feeble creatures shall observe silence when the Almighty wants to speak. For the mission people this calm before the storm is a welcome warning to put their house in order and prepare for the coming shock. The next day we make a trip along the coast on the other side of the island. We pass regions where the forest ceases and large cocoa plantations of Europeans cover the gentle slopes. Then we come to the station of the Samoan pastor Asafo. He is a tall, square-built man and his wife, also a Samoan is much like him and they have four children. Asafo is in charge of

a large parish with congregations, schools, and native helpers. Here we take on a cargo of native produce.

Then we return to Ragetta. Night overtakes us. Dark clouds cover the sky. Our captain has difficulty in finding the entrance to the port. At length we cast anchor before the station warehouse. Everybody has gone to bed. I take the lantern and seek my room. There I find the mail bags which the *Mataram* has brot during our absence at Dampier. I find my letters and in the dim light of the lantern read the most important ones, those from my sons in America.

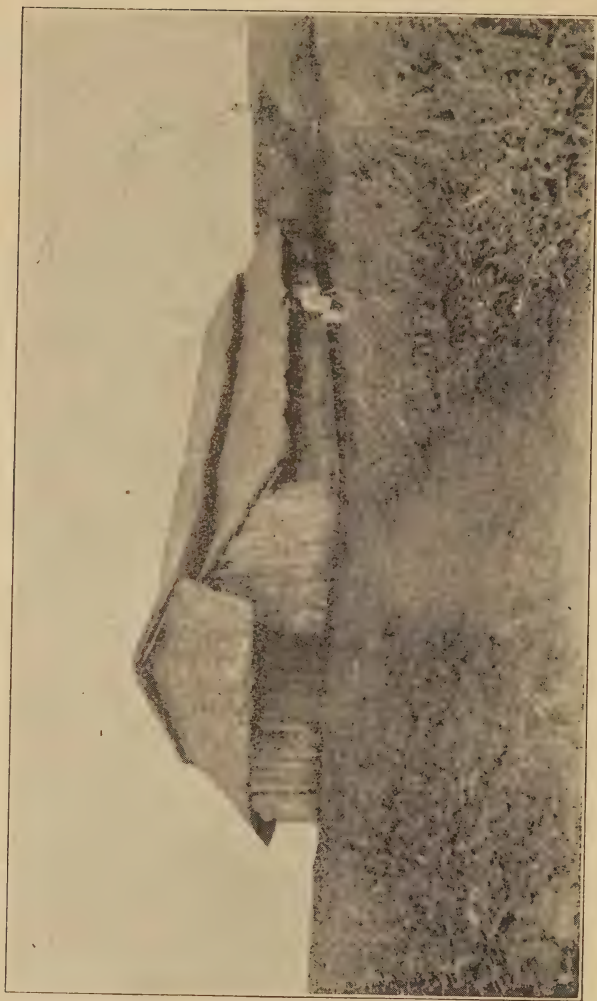
During the following days the *Bavaria* loads its cargo for Finschhafen and we also get ready to go in order to continue our tour of inspection in our large district down there. On a fine morning we set out on our journey. After a trip of a few hours, we make a stop at the station of the Samoan pastor Jerome. He comes aboard in order to welcome visitors from Ragetta and to receive his freight. He is a widower, a man of middle age, almost as tall and sturdy as his countryman Asafo on Dampier, and of somewhat darker complexion. With a staff of helpers from Ragetta and Siar, on various helpers' stations, he controls the upper stretch of the Rai coast, which lies nearest to Astrolabe Bay and the Madang District.

After a short stay, we continue our journey and before nightfall reach Malalamai, the most distant helpers' station under the control of the Jabem congregations, and still within reach of the farthest station of Jerome's circuit. Thus the whole coast is occupied by our mission forces. At Malalamai the *Bavaria* has a good place to anchor and we stay over night. The next morning we travel on. The farther we are out at sea the more we are impressed with the height and massive grandeur of the mighty Finisterre Mountain Range. Along the coast we halt several times to visit a number of helpers' stations of the Jabem.

Just before nightfall we reach the small, quiet harbor at Sio, our most distant mission station to the north-west. We ascend the steep acclivity to the grassy plateau on which the mission station is built. Here we greet Brother Stolz and his wife, who live all alone among the natives. They are glad to keep us over night. A dreadful rain-storm with terrible thunder and lightning—a specialty of this region at certain times of the year—interferes somewhat with our

night's rest. Nevertheless we rise well and happy in the morning, glad to have been under roof in the raging storm and not on board our ship or way out on the sea. The sea is still unruly and the wind is still high; so we are obliged to remain. Firmly anchored and fastened on land with a strong cable, the *Bavaria* is fairly safe. We have time to go with Brother Stolz on a visit to Dorfinsel (village-island), a bald and storm-swept island with a large village of more than a hundred dwellings and over eight hundred inhabitants. The village swarms with children. The houses covered with grass and weighted down with stones are all very low in order better to resist the strong winds. The large church and school are also built as low and humble as possible, lest pride go before the fall. A number of Jabem helpers are working here under the supervision of Brother Stolz and a Christian congregation of about two hundred souls has already been gathered. The island has two, but only two distinct advantages. It has no mosquitos; these singers of the night and troublesome disturbers of the night's rest are effectively kept away by the wind and they find not a drop of water wherein to breed and the least of vegetation, a tree or two and a few shrubs. The islanders must get all their water and their provisions from the mainland. At ebttide they ford the narrow, shallow strait, during high-water they cross over with their many small and large canoes. The second advantage is the extensive reef that surrounds the island and, as in the case of Tami, affords excellent fishing.

The next day we can continue our journey; our objective is the station Sialum-Kalasa. The current is still contrary and the *Bavaria* can make only moderate headway. But we are fortunate in reaching at least a temporary stopping place before night by passing over a coral reef thru the narrow, dangerous entrance into a fairly safe harbor beyond the little island of Sialum. Sialum is even smaller and more barren than Dorfinsel and likewise has neither water nor mosquitos. The inhabitants, about three hundred in number, are Papuans, while the people at Dorfinsel are Melanesians. Here the water in the harbor is too deep to be forded; hence the islanders have a great many boats, large and small, a type peculiar to Sialum, the so-called Samasam boat. These light boats are paddled almost entirely by women and girls, who go about it with a great deal of screaming and shouting. They needs



Church at Kalasa

must be loud if their voices are to rise above the roar of the surf. Quambu, another village, with two hundred inhabitants lies in the midst of beautiful palms and other trees farther down on the strand about two and a half miles from Sialum. In both villages there are already many Christians. The mission station has, some years ago, been transferred a considerable distance inland to a plateau of about 1500 feet altitude at the foot of the mighty Cromwell Mountains, where most of the people live. At Sialum remains only a small warehouse on the strand and a small house for guests where the station used to be on a high terrace a few hundred feet wide that stretches for miles and miles along the coast. A mission helper now works at this place. On our journey to Kalasa we rise from terrace to terrace, riding or walking thru wide meadows fringed with beautiful groves stretching along cool brooks filled with an abundant supply of water. Much cold, clear water flows from the glens and gorges of the Cromwell Mountains into the great warm tropical ocean. Kalasa station lies on a pretty height with a sparkling brook on either side. Here we greet the missionary Brother Wacke with his wife and little son.

Since the weather has improved and the sea is more calm the next morning, we can risk a trip to the large island of Rook with its lofty mountain ranges and dark green forests. We pass the small Siasi Islands, surrounded by wide stretches of reef. Good lights and great watchfulness are necessary in order not to run aground. Look-out men are placed both on the mast and at the helm. A sudden rain-storm darkening the field of vision could easily bring about a disaster. But we safely reach a landing place on the small island of Aromot. This island has only a few palm trees and a few houses. About a half hour we must paddle a canoe thru shallow sea and then the same distance up a river, and we have only a short walk to Brother Bamler's new station. Here on a rather lonesome spot, a little hill surrounded by the primeval forest this pioneer missionary works together with his faithful wife. The station village, where we find a number of Christians, is about a mile away. Other Christians belonging to Brother Bamler's congregation live scattered on the islands near and far. The two smaller children of the Bamlers are attending school at Sattelberg, the two older ones are in Australia for their education.

From here we have only about forty miles straight south to Finschhafen, the center of the southern and much larger district of our mission field, the Finschhafen District. After a good trip of a few hours we safely reach our destination. The Finesterre Mountains, a mighty range towards the north, are considerably lower in the region about Finschhafen. The most conspicuous mountain in the neighborhood is the Sattelberg with the Sattelberg station. At the foot of the Sattelberg on the broad foothills that reach to the very coast we have Heldsbach, a station three-fold in its character, having a mission, a helpers' training school, and a plantation. To the north of Sattelberg on a long drawn-out somewhat lower mountain the station of Waréo is situated.

Long before the *Bavaria* enters the harbor, she had been sighted by the black boys of the station, who announce her with calls of "Sailo! Sailo!" Since the weather is fine and it is in the evening and a little cooler when the *Bavaria* draws up at the pier near the large warehouse, many blacks and the whole white population have gathered to bid us welcome. We welcome them in order, Brother Ruppert, the accountant, and his wife, an ever active, energetic woman of the Martha type, and Brother Deutscher, the new manager of the warehouse from Victoria, Australia. Brother Klaussen and his wife have recently come from Queensland; he will serve the mission as a builder. Then there is a new sister from America, who helps in the guest-house of this important central station, where there is always much to do. And Brother Schulz with wife and little daughter has come per boat from the plantation Salankaua. And since we are now in the home port of the *Bavaria*, we must introduce the captain of our ship and his helper. The captain is Brother Radtke, his faithful helper is Brother Miers; both are from near Brisbane, Australia.

At Finschhafen the *Bavaria* makes a longer stay. She must unload her cargo, the ship and its machines need a certain amount of overhauling, and a new cargo must be taken on for the stations lying to the south. Thus we have ample time to look around. We inspect the large warehouse and notice that it ought to be better stocked with goods. We call at the emergency hospital where our medical missionary attends to his native patients. We make a visit at Salankaua, the

plantation with its extensive palm groves, its driers, and its stores of copra ready for the market.

Next we procure horses from Salankaua and Heldsbach in order to visit the neighboring stations. Early the next morning the boys in charge of the horses bring them ready saddled to the house. We mount and set out on a cross country ride to the north. We ford the Buming River, which borders the plantation, pass thru the village of Kamlaui on the other side, we go on and on, thru bush and forest, by many fields of the natives, thru small and larger streams, over dry and over wet ground. Tho the road is fairly good, we do well to let the horses walk; thus we do not overtax them and make slow but sure progress. After a full hour's ride we reach the borders of the Heldsbach plantation and rejoice at the sight of the fine palm trees heavily laden with fruit.

We proceed on steadily rising ground and soon arrive at the first buildings of the station. The oldest building is the dwelling house of the local missionary, Leonhard Flierl, with his wife and child. His extensive mission parish reaches from the coast to the high Saruwaged Mountains far inland. At the next house we greet the head of the native helper's training school, Missionary Pilhofer and his wife. Their two children are attending school at Sattelberg. On a somewhat smaller hill, with a fine view of the copra drier and a large part of the Heldsbach plantation below, the house of the plantation manager, Brother Doeblen with wife and child, is situated.

After we have eaten our dinner at Heldsbach and the horses have been grazing for a while—horses are not fed in the barn in New Guinea—, we can still ride to Sattelberg in the afternoon. It is a real joy ride, ten miles on a new, well built highway. Of course, our horses walk; we consider that we are riding into the mountains on ever rising ground and that our horses are not fed on oats, tho they usually look good. At our arrival in the evening, we are welcomed by the temporary manager of the rest and recreation home, Brother Koschade and his young wife. The regular head of the home, Brother Helbig, with his wife and four children have recently gone on a much needed furlough to their former home in South Australia. We also meet the teacher of the children's home, Miss Voss from America, and other women helpers there: Mrs. Panzer, and Miss Keppler, who has recently re-

turned from furlough in Australia. There is also a new matron of the children's home and another woman helper, who have just arrived from America; the Misses E. Engeling, and L. Reck.

At Sattelberg we must tarry a few days, that we might get acquainted not only with the black teacher Zuleno and his big school of native children, but also with Miss Voss and her school of white children, the children of the missionaries, where the upper classes also take English as a regular subject. And on a fine clear day we also want to enjoy the beautiful scenery. To the west we have a splendid view of the lofty mountains covered with dark forests; to the east the endless ocean, from which every morning about six o'clock the sun rises in renewed splendor, i. e., when he does not prefer to remain enveloped in clouds. To the south we see the wide Huon Gulf and beyond it the bluish ranges of the lofty mountains of central New Guinea. To the north the station Wareo lies in plain view on the top of the next mountain and far beyond in the midst of the great ocean the large island of Rook with its satellites, the small Siasi Islands.

An early morning ride on a winding mountain path thru villages and forests takes us back to Heldsbach. After dinner we set out for Wareo. The riding path is not so good as the road to Sattelberg, but it is passable. We travel thru a mountain valley, cross the big Busim Creek, ascend the mountains beyond following the winding path, first thru bush and thicket, then thru a mountain glade covered with grass of the height of a man, and finally a long stretch thru the wonderful mountain forest. Before the sun sets behind the wooded mountains in the west, we reach the station and are cordially welcomed by Brother Saueracker and his young wife, Mrs. Saueracker, nee Rechner, from Australia; she formerly was the matron at the children's home at Sattelberg. They are at present taking the place of the Wagners at Wareo, who have recently gone on furlough to Australia, after Brother Wagner had worked in tropical New Guinea for more than twenty years uninterruptedly. Their four children, of course, have gone with them to Australia.

After our return to Finschhafen, we take a few days of rest for ourselves and our horses. Then we again set out on horseback to visit the stations lying to the south. After a ride of an hour and a half, we reach the little village of Simbang

on Simbang Creek and near by the memorable spot where our first mission station in New Guinea was founded thirty-eight years ago. No one would recognize the place if it were not marked by a bronze memorial plate with the proper inscription on a mighty mango tree. A few hundred steps from there, where the garden of the first mission station used to be, under the mighty branches of ancient New Guinea almonds, we can visit the grave of the Rhenish missionary Wackernagel, who was drowned bathing in the Bubui River soon after coming into the country. About two miles inland on elevated ground is the site of the second station Simbang; the graves of Missionary Vetter's first wife and of Missionary Held mark the place. There was a third station Simbang on Mosam Hill, but we shall not go there now, rather instead to Simbang-Quembung, which lies in the mountains a number of miles farther inland. Here Brother Schnabel has worked a long time and has gathered a large congregation.

We have reached the banks of the broad Bubui River. It is impossible to ride thru; since we are so near the mouth of the river, its waters here abound in sharks and crocodiles. At this very place one of our brave boys Bolatu was fatally injured by a shark. Near here a black boy, who was crossing at dusk, was snatched from his canoe by a crocodile. Another was picked off the bank while fishing. One of our men once found thirty crocodile eggs among the reeds on the bank and destroyed them. He did well. Not so long ago three oxen were killed by crocodiles one night near our saw mill. While we wait, the natives of a small village on the other side of the river send a boat to help us across. One by one we are taken across. Then the horses are brot over: their saddles are loaded into the boat, and the horses, which wade or swim, are led thru the water. It is really a wonder that there has never been an accident as often as the river has been crossed in this manner. To be sure, in day time the danger is comparatively small.

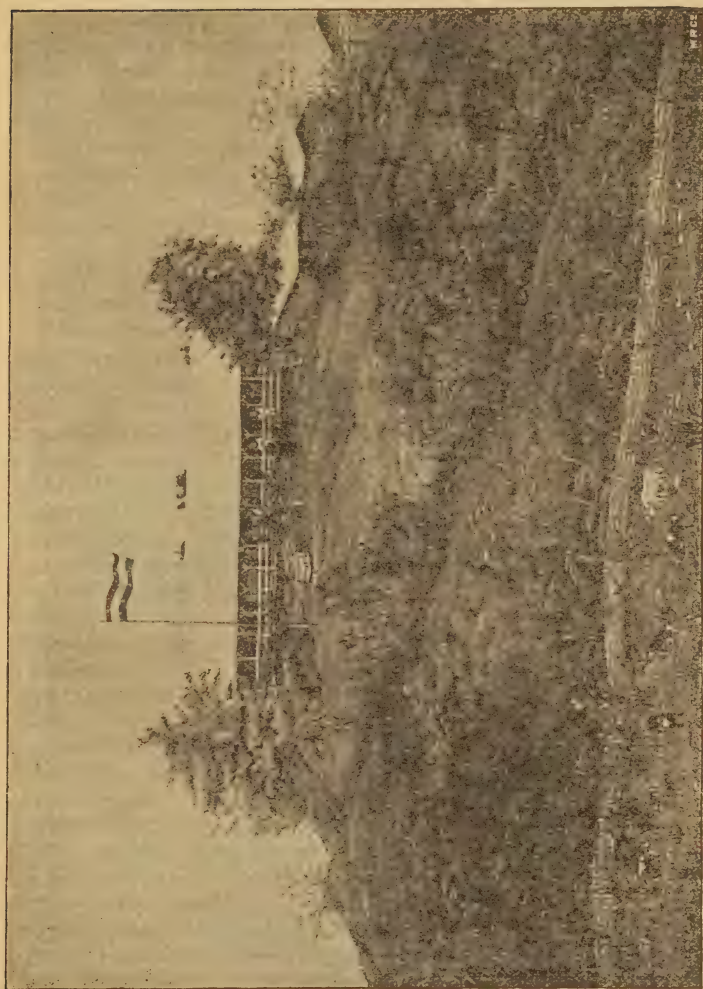
A half hour's ride brings us to our sawmill on the big Butaweng Creek. This creek comes out of the southern mountains and has a good many falls. It flows into the Bubui just below the mill, so that boats coming up the river can practically reach the sawmill to get the lumber. Here we greet the manager of the sawmill, Brother John Schmutterer with his wife and his little daughter, and also the fores-

ter and lumberman, John Lindner. The latter lives in a small house near the mill, the former with his family on the heighth just above the mill. We deplore together with the manager the misfortune which has recently come to the mill, when the large belt tore and the large cog-wheel broke. In a land like New Guinea it is not so easy to get the necessary repairs for a sawmill and lumber is much needed.

The distance from the sawmill at Butaweng to the printing establishment at Logaweng is about five miles. The road will just do for a riding path, in places it is quite steep. We arrive at the place and have the good fortune to see the printing press in action and several of the boys at book-binding. Brother Boettger, who superintends the work at the printing press, is also the missionary of the large Jabem congregation, which comprises the villages of the surrounding country and even includes Tami. He is plainly overburdened and hopes soon to be able to turn the press over into other hands. He has been so long in the tropics that he really ought to leave the country on furlough, especially since he has recently had an attack of black-water fever.

There is a messenger from Finschhafen. The *Bavaria* wants to make a trip to the Huon Gulf the next morning. Since we wish to go along, we quickly return to Finschhafen. We get an early start the next morning and by about noon reach the station Deinzerhoehe, thirty miles down the coast. Old Brother Decker comes down from his station on the height to receive his modest share of the cargo and his mail. His two big boys have been in Germany ever since his vacation trip home to the old fatherland in 1911 to 1913. Since Brother Lehner and his wife have gone to Australia on furlough and Brother Pietz has been transferred to Azera, Brother Decker has faithfully served two parishes, the one at Deinzerhoehe and the one at Bukaua, or Kap Arkona, and has supervised the schools of his large field.

We continue our trip and before night reach the anchorage at Bukaua. From the height on which the fine new helpers' training school Hoboi is situated, Brother Zahn, the head of the school, has sighted the *Bavaria* and has come down to the strand to bid us welcome. At his home we great his wife and his daughter. His son is attending Immanuel College at North Adelaide, Australia. The new Melanesian helpers'



Deinzerhoehe

training school has just been transferred to Hoboi and is about to begin its work.

Late in the evening we leave Bukaua. We take an almost direct southerly course heading for Morobe and Zaka. Here we have deep, clear water and no reefs for almost a hundred miles. Before dark we pass the Morobe Islands and enter the safe harbor. We dutifully call at the government station and have a talk with the district officer. We deplore the fact that there is too much change of officials in the government service. The present incumbent of the office, we note with pleasure, is a friendly man and kindly disposed toward the mission.

The next day we proceed to the mouth of the Waria River, about twelve miles from Morobe. Here Brother Mailaender meets us and we go with him to his station Zaka, situated on a steep, craggy height, where we meet Mrs. Mailaender and their little son. The three older children attend school at Sattelberg.

Before night we return to Morobe and the next morning we continue our journey down the coast in order to reach Malalo station, where Brother Bayer and his young wife live and work. Malalo is ninety miles from Morobe. In the day time one can safely travel near the coast and find his way between the rocky islands along the way. Along the coast as well as on the islands we see many high, steep mountains covered with forests. Long stretches here are almost uninhabited. Wherever native villages are found, native mission helpers have been stationed. Those near Zaka are under Brother Mailaender's supervision, the larger number are Brother Bayer's helpers at Malalo.

From Malalo to Lae is only twenty miles and the *Bavaria* takes us there in a few hours. The strand is low and level where we go ashore. After taking leave of the *Bavaria*, we walk the short distance to Lae station, where we meet Brother G. Schmutterer with his wife and his smaller children. The older ones are going to school at Sattelberg. Lae has a fine new station house and we resolve to stay a few days in order to make preparations for a more extended inland tour. We make a call at Malahang, the large cocoa palm plantation which belongs to Lae station, where Brother Freese from America cheerfully attends to his many duties as manager of the place.

The day of departure has come. We intend to travel up the wide valley of the Markham River. A number of Labo, people of Brother Schmutterer's congregation, are willing to help us and show us the way. During the afternoon they take us and our belongings over to their village in their canoes. We attend their evening devotion and hear them pray for good weather for our journey the next day. Early the next morning their shell-horns sound the march. While it is yet dark, the large river canoes are shoved into the water. These canoes are simply gigantic hollowed-out tree trunks, without decorations of any sort, but fitted with large platforms, outriggers, and sails. We safely pass thru the surf and enter the mouth of the river. Now we must make our way against the current of the stream. There one can learn a lesson for life, if one has not yet learned it. We hope to make the station Gabmazung in one day, twenty-five miles up stream. We hope that the wind may be favorable and help us on. Already somewhat wise thru earlier experiences, we have not loaded our freight on special canoes; every canoe has passengers, and every passenger has his belonging with him, in order to be prepared to spend the night anywhere along the way if necessary. Our strong oarsmen ply their oars with a will and cheer each other on the way. They row and row and occasionally heave a sigh, wishing that the wind might rise, but there is no wind. We are not yet half ways when the sun goes down, and, whether we like it or not, we must camp on the banks of the Markham, notorious for its mosquitos and crocodiles. The large enemies do not dare to bother us, but so much more we have to suffer from the little pests. Everyone protects himself as well as he can and the night passes. After an early breakfast the shell-horns again sound the march for our black water-hussars. We make good headway. The wind is also more favorable and early in the afternoon we land at our river station Gabmazung and greet Brother Stuerzenhofecker, his wife, and his smaller children. His older children are also at Sattelberg, his oldest son in Germany.

The next day we continue our journey up the Markham valley on horseback. The fifty miles that we have yet to go, we cannot expect to make in a day. On the banks of a little creek we camp for the night and sleep in huts covered with grass. On the second day, after having traveled

practically the whole way thru uninhabited regions, we suddenly enter the populous land of the Azera and in the afternoon in good time reach our last mission station Kajapit. Here we meet Brother Oertel with his wife and two children and also Brother Pietz with his wife and two little daughters, who was formerly stationed at Bukaua and has been here only a short time.

The land of the Azera is a beautiful country in the wide valley of the Markham and Ramu rivers dotted with numerous villages surrounded by cocoa palm groves. We visit many of them and also a number of helpers' stations in the vicinity. We are delighted to see so many people come to church on Sunday. The Azera, who formerly were cruel heathen, cannibals of the lowest type, have learned to appreciate higher and better things. The first-fruits have already been baptized, the mass of the people is about to follow. We enjoy the homely scenes in the Azera villages, where after the day's work is done, the women are busy preparing the evening meal, while the men after the heat and burden of the day sit under the trees in friendly conversation. The broad and fertile valley of the Markham is surrounded by beautiful and mighty mountain ranges; to the south we see the great Central Ranges, which extend the whole length of New Guinea for 1500 miles; to the north lie the mighty Finisterre Ranges. On a foothill of the latter Kajapit is situated. What has been said of other heathen countries, used to be all too true of the beautiful land of the Azera: "Every prospect pleases and only man is vile." Now the Gospel has come to them and has begun to make a new people out of them.

At length we are ready to leave. The *Bavaria* is not waiting for us at Lae; so we might as well risk a cross country trip towards the Astrolabe Bay. The brethren Eifert and Hannemann have already once made that trip. Meanwhile perhaps some sort of riding path has been made. And if not—the first discoverers of the Ramu-Markham valley managed to make the trip on horseback coming in from the Astrolabe Bay. It was not until they had reached the valley of the Watut River that they were ambushed by murderers; there one of our men recently found the bleaching bones of man and horse and buried them. Now the whole country is at peace thru the influence of the Gospel and we can have as many men as we wish to carry our things

for us and, wherever necessary, to cut our way thru the jungle with bush-knife, axe, and mattock. A two day's journey as far as Gamarari, a helpers' station on the Ramu, the land is open and level. From there, traveling thru the foothills of the Finisterre Mountains, we can hope to reach Ragetta and Madang inside of a week. Thus we reach the starting point of our great circular tour to all the stations of the Madang and Finschhafen Districts, where we met all our mission workers in their respective fields of labor.

It was a journey in spirit and not in reality, that is why everything went so well. The *Bavaria* did not lose her propeller as at the time when our Mission Director, the Reverend Mr. Theile, went to Rabaul. Nobody got sore feet like Brother Hannemann on his trip to Kajapit. Now, since these journeys in spirit are neither dangerous nor difficult, we would suggest that our readers procure a map of the mission field, and with the map and this description undertake this journey in spirit more often, in order that they might become thoroly acquainted with the great work and the workers of our Lutheran mission in New Guinea.

After we have presented to our kind readers in proper order the men in our mission and their respective fields of labor, we shall say a few words concerning the "nervus rerum", to say it in Latin, or the "Unterhaltungskosten", to say it in German, or, to use the short business-like English term, the means. The mission needs men and means. So many workers at so many stations in a distant tropical country—to maintain such a large mission, takes a lot of money. Frequently the means at our disposal are not sufficient to supply the most pressing needs and we are obliged to go into debt. That is the situation just now. These debts must be paid as soon as possible, if the whole mission is not to suffer harm. We realize that we must appeal for help to God and man, to the Lord of missions and to our fellow Christians, who have the work of the kingdom of God at heart.

We have always been obliged to do that, and our God and his faithful children, who work and pray for missions, have always carried us thru.

In 1910, when I wrote the pamphlet *Gedenblatt der Neuendettelsauer Mission in Neu Guinea*, we were also in

great need. The mission work in the field has expanded and grown more in proportion than the means received from the home church. At that time I appealed to the brethren of the faith in the whole world and expressed the wish that all might help to preserve the Lutheran mission in New Guinea. Soon after I made a trip to Germany and while there also attended the mission week at Herrnhut. There, during a noonday recess an old gentleman from Sweden came to my quarters and said that he had read the *Gedenblatt* and also the appeal to the brethren of the faith. He wished to do his share for the Lutheran mission in New Guinea, and saying this, he laid one thousand marks in gold upon the table. Later on he sent other similar mission contributions to our Missionhouse. He has long gone to his reward. May the Lord send us many such friends of missions.

And when the mite of the widow is added to the lordly gifts of the rich; then there is no danger that the works of the kingdom of God will suffer from want of means. The following is an example of the right spirit of giving among the poor. In the large city of Bamberg, which is largely Catholic, but where our Lutheran Church has also a large number of congregations, a mission meeting was held in a spacious hall, and a large congregation was in attendance. When I had spoken on the subject of our New Guinea mission, the collection plates were passed around. And many that were rich cast in **little**. And there came also a certain poor widow; she did not want to put the rich people to shame by putting in more than they; so she quietly approached me after the meeting and pressed a number of silver coins into my hand. I put the money into my vest pocket. When afterwards the collection was counted in the parsonage, I took the money out of my pocket and said: "This also belongs to the collection; an old lady gave it to me in the hall." "Oh," said the dean, "I saw her when you spoke to her. She is a wonderful woman. She has had a hard life. Her husband was a drunkard; since he is dead, she gets along surprisingly well with her large family. She was offered help, but she declined and said that she could get along. And she is managing very well: she supports herself and her family with washing, she brings up her children right, and withal she has money to give for the cause of the kingdom of God."

When rich people like the noble old Swede, mentioned above, and poor people like the widow of Bamberg support the cause of missions with their prayers of faith and their gifts of love, the work will surely go on, even when the times are hard.

OUR DEAD AND THEIR GRAVES

We have visited all our mission workers, as it were, in the midst of their labors for the preservation of our mission. Now it is only right and fair and an act of reverence that we should remember our sainted co-workers who throughout the long years of the history of our mission have helped in the founding, the expansion, and the preservation of the work. We shall therefore now recall **our dead** and visit **their graves**. And we shall begin at the headquarters of the mission both in the Old and the New World, where our fathers and leaders lived.

Johannes Deinzer, superintendent of missions and head of the Missionhouse in Neuendettelsau, died January 25, 1897. He was the founder of the Neuendettelsau Foreign Mission at home and the man who gave the watchword: Forward to New Guinea, quietly and quickly! With much love he tended the young and tender plant of our mission, and with much solicitude and confident hope he looked forward to its eventual success, which, however, he was not destined to see in this life.

Of the friends of our mission here in Australia, we want to remember especially two old pastors and, in the days past, members of the local committee for missions among the aborigines of Australia: Pastor J. G. Rechner of Lightspass, formerly president of the Immanuel Synod, who died in August, 1900, and Pastor J. O. Auricht of Langmeil-Tanunda, who died in February, 1907. Both were friends and zealous supporters of the young and weak New Guinea mission. The latter lived long enough to see the beginning of the great harvest of souls. With great enthusiasm and almost prophetic foresight he had at missionary meetings in his congregation foretold the coming of the great awakening with these words: "The time will come when thousands upon thousands of the heathen of New Guinea will accept the truth of the Gospel." Just recently an old friend of our mission at Tanunda told me what he used to think at such occasions. "I used to think," he said, "that our pastor was

taking his mouth pretty full. But now, now," he added, "it is evident that what Pastor Auricht said has more than come true."

Martin Deinzer, superintendent of missions, and faithful successor of his older brother as head of the Missionhouse, died during the World War on December 25, 1917. He had lived to see the full and glad harvest in the mission field. On his deathbed he thought, that the hostile powers would not stop short of destroying all Christian missions in heathen lands that were conducted by German societies, frequently distressed him. He will now rejoice with us in the realms above that the Lord of missions has preserved our mission work in New Guinea.

And now we return to the mission front in New Guinea. The first grave in the field we had to dig at Sattelberg. There, on July 16, 1894 we buried the young Brother Andreas Ruppert, who had died of typhoid only fourteen days after his arrival.

On November 25 of the following year the first wife of Brother Vetter, nee Seel, died of black-water fever. She had been in the country only a short time and left an infant child with her mourning husband.

On June 19, 1900 Brother Karl Tremel, my first co-worker at the founding of the New Guinea mission, died at Lobetal, South Australia. He died after a long illness, which he had contracted during his years of work in New Guinea, the land of fevers. He found his last resting place on the cemetery of Pastor Auricht's congregation at Langmeil-Tanunda.

On February 8, 1901, Brother Friedrich Held died of black-water fever at Simbang, after only a few years of devoted and faithful work among the heathen.

On March 12, 1902, the wife of Missionary Hansche, nee Springer, died at Sattelberg. She left with her mourning husband an infant daughter, both of whom are now in America. After a short season of work in a climate too strenuous for her frail constitution, she slowly languished away.

On May 3, 1906, Brother Vetter died on board a Lloyd steamer outside the harbor of Adelaide, South Australia. Already a very sick man, he had started with his family on a journey to the home country where he hoped to regain his

health. He was a very industrious worker, a very skillful man in handling the language of the natives, and a man of exceptional modesty. His earthly remains found their last resting place beside the grave of Brother Tremel on the cemetery at Tanunda.

In the night of August 22, 1913, the wife of Missionary Decker, nee Schlenk, and her two younger sons lost their lives in an accident; their boat struck a reef and was wrecked in the entrance of the small harbor at Ginggala.

In June, 1914, the wife of Missionary Boettger, nee Tugut, died at Sattelberg during confinement; and in the same year, the beginning of August, the wife of Brother Hertle, nee Busch, died of black-water fever at Finschhafen.

On January 28, 1916, during the World War, Brother Jericho, the faithful and reliable captain of our mission boat *Bavaria* very suddenly died on board ship in the harbor of Morobe. He had superintended the building of the boat at Rabaul, had safely brot it to Finschhafen, and had for a number of years carried provisions and mail to the various stations on the coast. To make a trip with him was always considered a treat by the members of the mission force. He was buried on the site of the former mission station on Ongga Hill.

Three little children of missionaries have also been buried in New Guinea, little daughters of the families Schmutterer at Lae, Mailaender at Sattelberg, and Stuerzenhofecker at Gabmazung.

Many graves of missionaries may be seen at the stations of the former Rhenish mission in the neighborhood of Madang and the Astrolabe Bay. According to tract No. 123 of the Rhenish Mission, the Society lost the following mission workers in New Guinea.

On Rargetta island near the business office of Brother Knautz is the grave of Missionary Ostermann, who died of black-water fever when still a young man and soon after he had come to New Guinea, January, 1904. He was two years in the field and died after the baptism of his first convert.

At Bogadjim are buried three victims of this same disease—Missionary Arff, who died after four years of service in 1893, Missionary Klaus, who died in 1890, and Mrs. Eich who died in 1889.

On the site of the former station Bonggu lies the first wife of Missionary Hanke, who died in 1900. Brother Hanke himself died in the time of the war at Nobonob of the lingering after-effects of dysentery. Of the same disease and about the same time lay-missionary Loessel died on the island of Dampier. Another lay missionary, who had to be sent home sick just before the war, perished in an accident at sea.

Missionary Bergmann, one of the founders of the Rhenish mission at Madang, died at Sydney, Australia, in 1904, where he had gone for his health. The first two pioneers of the Rhenish mission, Eich of South Africa and Thomas of Nias, returned to their old fields where they have since died.

On Dampier on the site of the first station, which had to be discontinued, Missionary Kunze buried his first wife, who had died of malaria in 1892. On the same place is also the grave of the young missionary Barkemeyer, who accidentally shot himself while out hunting just before the party left the island when the first missionary enterprise had to be given up in 1895.

The two missionaries Scheidt and Boesch were killed by the natives when they endeavored to found a new station near Franklin Bay in 1891. The young Missionary Wackernagel was drowned while bathing in the Bubui River on the day after his arrival in New Guinea in 1888. He was buried at Simbang. He had not even seen the mission field at Madang where he was to work.

Mrs. Boesch died at Siar in 1891, Missionary Pillkuhn on Dampier in 1892, Missionary Nebe in 1901 having been in New Guinea only five weeks, and Mrs. Diehl in 1905.

A considerable number of workers in the Rhenish mission were obliged in the course of years to leave the field on account of sickness in their families. Among these I recall that following: Missionaries Kunze, Helmich, Diehl, and Dassel, and Doctor Frobenius.

From our Finschhafen District the families of Missionaries Zwanzger, Pfalzer, and Hoh had gone on furlough to Germany just before the war. When the war came, of course, they had to stay; Brother Keyszer, who had to return soon after the close of the war, is not permitted to return. Brother Hoh, a quiet and faithful man, died as pastor of a parish in Upper-Frankonia during the war, on July 2, 1916.

There is no doubt about it, that health conditions in our mission field in New Guinea have been much better in recent years than they were in the beginning.

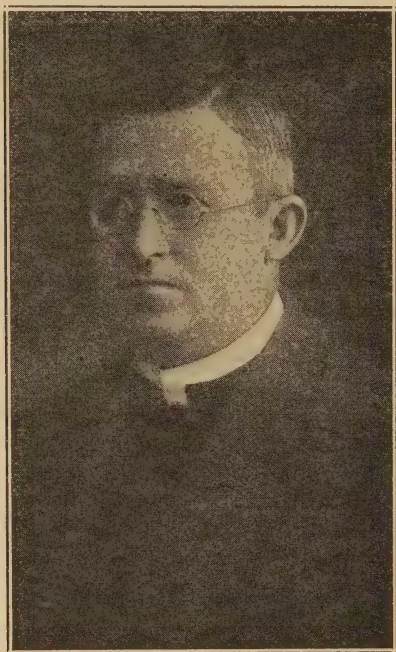
All the workers in the field, those of the former Rhenish mission as well as those of our Neuendettelsau mission at Finschhafen, those who had to leave the country on account of broken health and especially those who gave their lives for the great cause of winning New Guinea with its many heathen nations for Christ and his kingdom; all have contributed to the wonderful victory of the Gospel that we are now privileged to witness. Above all, however, it was the sustaining grace of God, that gave us strength and endurance to wage His holy war. To Him alone we give thanks and praise!

LOOKING BACKWARD AND FORWARD

With this survey of the dead I have now practically come to the end of this brief history of the Lutheran mission in New Guinea. In conclusion I yet wish to cast a backward glance upon the work that has been done and again to consider the outlook for the work as it lies before us. In looking back it is good to remember our shortcomings and errors and realize that oftentimes we have not been as faithful in our work as we should have been, that we have not been so kindly disposed towards our co-workers and those committed to our care as Jesus' new commandment of love to his disciples would have us be. We have frequently not been so unselfish and so peaceable as our Lord and Savior would have us be and for the purpose of which He left us an example, that we should follow His steps. That the Lord has helped us, His humble and unworthy servants, in many needs and difficulties, that He has blessed the work of our hands beyond what we dared to ask, that He has made the church ever willing to fill our hands anew, especially during the terrible years of the war, that we could continue our work—when we look upon ourselves, all these benefits must make us ever more humble and penitent, and when we look upon the Lord and His faithful children, they must make us heartily thankful and content.

With the psalmist let us say: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits!" Let us also not forget what for the Lord's sake our brethren in the Old and New

World have done for us. With reverence we shall all our lives remember our old board and our old society and the congregations in the old home and all the dear friends there, who for so many years have supported us and our mission in New Guinea with their many offerings of love, and who now must bear such heavy burdens.



Rev. Otto Theile
Director of Our New Guinea Mission

And likewise we always want to be loyal and thankful towards our new management and the brethren of the faith in Australia and America.

We shall always remember what our new Mission Director Pastor Theile has done for us, all the extra toil and care that he took upon himself as pastor of a congregation during the terrible years of the war, to sustain our lives and our mission in New Guinea, without ever thinking of his own

comfort or even his safety in those dangerous times. He visited our prisoners in camp, as also Pastor Leidig of South Australia has done. Again and again he appealed for help to the congregations of the church in Australia and America, and untiringly these have given, to make the lot of our prisoners more tolerable and to provide the thousand necessities of life for all our missionaries and their families in our large mission districts in New Guinea.

Furthermore, we express our life-long gratitude to the Reverend Dr. Richter, the venerable president of the Iowa Synod, who tho advanced in years, came all the way to Australia after the war, in order with Pastor Theile to conduct the negotiations that were necessary to save our New Guinea mission. And we deeply appreciate the fact that the venerable Synod permitted its president to make this journey and that it did everything that was necessary to carry out the enterprise of saving this Lutheran mission. We shall thankfully remember all that the Lutheran churches in Australia and America have done for our New Guinea mission, already before the war, then during the war, and now since that time.

When our brethren in the New World assumed responsibility for our mission, that being the only possible way to save it, no one knew exactly what sacrifices would be required to carry on such an extensive missionary enterprise. No one knew just how bad the after-effects of the war upon the whole world would be. Nobody knew then that the misery and need of our fatherland would become so great, that both in America and in Australia our friends would for years to come have to send relief for German need, in order to save the charitable institutions of the church there, also the institutions at Neuendettelsau. So much more we appreciate what our friends in the New World have also done for New Guinea: they provided the means that some of the missionaries and their families could make the journey home, that seven brides of missionaries could come out to the field, that a number could go to Australia on furlough, that the missionaries' children could be cared for, and that the running expenses of the whole mission could be paid.

We are thankful to God and to the church for all the help received in the past and we trust that God and His Church will not forsake our mission in the future.

The Lutheran Mission in New Guinea

Statistics 1925

The Mission Staff

District	Ordained Missionrs.	Wives of Ordained Missionrs.	Lay Missionrs.	Wives of Lay Missionrs.	Women Missionrs.
Madang	8	7	4	2	2
Finschhafen	20	18	14	7	7
	<hr/> 28	<hr/> 25	<hr/> 18	<hr/> 9	<hr/> 9
Hope Valley	1	1			1
	<hr/> 1	<hr/> 1	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/> 1
Total	29	26	18	9	10

District	Returned from Furlough		About to Leave on Furlough		Dec. 31, '25 on Furlough		Total
	men	women	men	women	men	women	
Madang			1	2	1	2	22
Finschhafen	2	2	2	1	6	3	66
	<hr/> 2	<hr/> 2	<hr/> 3	<hr/> 3	<hr/> 7	<hr/> 5	<hr/> 88
Hope Val.				1		1	3
	<hr/> 2	<hr/> 2	<hr/> 3	<hr/> 4	<hr/> 7	<hr/> 6	<hr/> 91

Children Under 18 Years of Age

District	In New Guinea	In Australia	In Germany	Total
Madang	8	0	11	19
Finschhafen	35	5	16	56
	<hr/> 43	<hr/> 5	<hr/> 27	<hr/> 75

Station Districts

Main Stations		Branch Sta. Organized	Branch Sta. Not Organized	Places Occupied by Native Helpers
Ragetta	1	1		12
Kurum	1	1		27
	—	—	—	—
	— 2	2		39
Nobonob	1			26
Amele	1		6	22
Keku	1	2		28
	—	—	—	—
	— 3	2	6	76
	—	—	—	—
Madang Total	5	4	6	115
Jabem	1			
Deinzerhoehe	1			5
Arkona	1			4
Malalo	1	3	13	18
Lae	1	1	10	8
Gabmazung	1		7	
Sio	1		3	3
Siassi-Rook	1	5		3
Kajapit	1			10
	—	—	—	—
	9	9	33	51
Sattelberg	1	6	9	18
Quembung	1	2	7	15
Wareo	1	4	13	19
Kalasa	1	6	11	11
Zaka	1		3	3
	—	—	—	—
	5	18	43	66
	—	—	—	—
Finschhafen Ttl.	14	27	76	117
New Guinea Ttl.	19	31	82	232
Hope Valley	1		3	
	—	—	—	—
Lutheran Mission Field Total	20	31	85	232

NATIVE HELPERS

Stations	In the Home Field:		In Other Fields:		Total
	Trained Helpers	Untrained Volunteers	Trained Helpers	Untrained Volunteers	
Ragetta	1	15			16
Kurum	10	34			44
	—	—			—
	11	49			60
Nobonob		34			34
Amele		21			21
Keku	3	27			30
	—	—			—
	3	82			85
	—	—			—
Madang Total	14	131			145
Jabem					
Deinzerhoehe	5	1	4	10	20
Arkona	6	1		11	18
Malalo	10	26			36
Lae	7	21			28
Gabmazung		11			11
Sio		3			3
Siassi-Rook		8			8
Kajapit		2			2
	—	—	—	—	—
	28	73	4	21	126
Sattelberg	19	25	4	14	62
Quembung	16	15	1	4	36
Wareo	15	24	3	4	46
Kalasa	4	26			30
Zaka		12			12
	—	—	—	—	—
	54	102	8	22	186
	—	—	—	—	—
Finschhafen					
Total	82	175	12	43	312
New Guinea					
Total	96	306	12	43	457

STATISTICS

1926

MADANG DISTRICT

A. Melanesians — Ragetta

Station	Popu- lation	Baptized	Baptized alive	Bap. current year	Adults	Children	Katechumens	Com- muni- cations	Com- muni- cations	Helps & Teach.
Ragetta	743	676	618	—	—	31	27	427	184	15
Rai	2500	99	99	96	96	3	450
Kurum	8000	2008	1854	326	326	254	1500	961	1157	39
Total	11243	2783	2571	422	422	288	1977	1388	1341	54

B. Papuans — Amele

Nobonob	3319	1291	1270	398	196	150	600	484	43
Amele	12000	964	909	293	90	400	639	377	43
Keku	4000	979	825	4	21	100	556	190	31
Total	19319	3234	3004	695	307	650	1795	1051	117
Madang Total	30562	6017	5575	1117	595	2627	3163	2392	171

FINSCHHAFEN DISTRICT

1926

A. Melanesians — Jabem

Station	Popu- lation	Baptized	Baptized alive	Bap. current year.	Adults	Children	Katechumens	Com- muns	Com- muned	Helpers & Teach.
Jabem	1206	1692	1091	—	—	33	12	550	256	12
Deinzerhoehe	1289	1124	743	1	1	21	—	290	564	23
K. Arkona	1323	1229	847	45	45	48	24	492	241	16
Malalo	15000	1631	1191	26	26	59	250	664	647	40
Lae	5060	1333	1086	44	44	60	131	667	1023	27
Laewomba	1351	255	230	—	—	10	152	143	65	16
Sio	2496	366	344	49	49	21	210	208	139	5
Siasi	4000	285	244	16	16	13	56	193	170	8
Kajabit	17400	276	262	—	—	20	328	179	218	6
Total	49125	8191	6038	181	181	285	1163	3386	3323	153

B. Papuans — Kate

Sattelberg	12282	4326	3404	453	453	165	600	1694	268	86
Quembung	4200	1601	1298	126	126	40	150	658	176	52
Wareo	15000	2143	1602	24	24	31	285	970	—	66
Kalasa	12174	1350	1212	217	217	78	1218	747	809	44
Zaka	11370	275	261	63	63	23	400	178	114	15
Total	55026	9695	7777	883	883	337	2653	4247	1367	263
Finsch. Total	104151	17886	13815	1064	1064	622	3816	7633	4690	416

Elementary Schools—Standard Type				Elementary Schools—Emergency Type			
Stations	Trained		Pupils: Girls	Untrained		Pupils: Female	Grand Total
	Schools	Teachers		Schools	Teachers		
Ragetta	1	1	30	5	6	50	140
Kurum	9	10	367	20	24	434	1684
	10	11	397	25	30	484	1824
Nobonob	15	25	205	522
Amele	6	6	92	282
Keku	3	3	42	12	13	89	268
	3	3	42	33	44	386	1072
MADANG TOTAL	13	14	439	58	74	870	2896
Jabem	8	8	77	146
Deinzerhoehe	5	5	116	87	87	203	203
Arkona	4	4	100	85	85	185	185
Malalo	10	11	245	147	392	392	392
Lae	5	5	118	84	202	202	202
Gabmazung
Sio
Siasi-Rook	2	2	35	59	59	59	59
Kajapit
	34	35	691	6	6	20	1263
Sattelberg, Hube,
Heldsbach	16	16	383	85	468	468	468
Quembung	10	10	141	84	225	225	225
Wareo	13	13	225	95	370	370	370
Kalasa	6	6	81	7	88	88	88
Zake	3	3	103	50	133	133	133
	48	48	933	7	7	86	1550
FINSCHHAFEN TOTAL	82	83	1624	13	13	106	2813
NEW GUINEA TOTAL	95	97	2063	71	87	976	5709

SCHOOL STATISTICS FINSCHHAFEN DISTRICT

1926

Primary Schools			Emergency Teachers Schools			Advanced Schools			Helpers Seminary								
Schls.	Tchrs.	Pupils	Total	Schls	Tchrs.	Pupils	Total	Schls.	Tchrs.	Pupils	Total	Native	Semin.				
		male fem.				male fem.				male fem.		Tchrs.	male fem.				
47	49	958	265	1223	4	4	67	74	141	1	1	25	..	25	1	59	12
Papuaus — Kate																	
31	34	543	372	915	22	22	311	134	445	3	3	79	33	112	1	57	..
Melanesians — Jabem																	
78	83	1501	637	2138	26	26	378	208	586	4	4	104	33	137	2	116	12
Finschhafen Total																	
MADANG DISTRICT																	
Papuaus — Amele																	
29	29	468	220	688	1	70	10
Melanesians — Ragetta																	
12	13	..	540	25	30	760	51	..
Madang Total																	
41	42	1228	25	30	760	1	121	10

Sattelberg, January 29, 1927.

F. B. and K. M.

Collections		£.	s.	d.
Ragetta	137-16-10			
Kurum	91- 8- 6½			
	229- 5- 4½			
Nobonob	83-11- 7			
Amele	55-15-10			
Keku	46-18- 5			
	186- 5- 5			
MADANG	415-10- 9½			
Jabem				
Deinzerhoehe	18-19- 3			
Arkona	17-11- 0			
Malalo	80- 5- 3			
Lae	61- 4- 3			
Gabmazung	6- 5- 0			
Sio	0- 0- 0			
Siassi-Rook	6-12- 0			
Kajapit	2- 8- 0			
	133- 4- 9			
Sattelberg, Hube, Heldsbach	69- 3- 6			
Quembung	32-17- 9			
Wareo	9-10- 9			
Kalasa	41-19- 6			
Zaka	55- 6- 0			
	208-17- 6			
FINSCHHAFEN	342- 2- 3			
New Guinea	757-13- 0½			

Medical Mission Expenses		£.	s.	d.
Hospital and Medical Mission Hdqtrs.	153-16- 0			
Ragetta	10-11- 2			
Kurum	19- 9 -9½			
Nobonob	19- 0-11			
Amele	44- 2- 7			
Keku	17-13- 4			
Rai Coast	8-10- 2			
Nagada	10- 7- 4			
(Carpenter)	1- 3-11			
	130-19-2½			
Arkona	8- 3- 7			
Malalo	39-12-11			
Lae	5-18- 4			
Gabmazung	12- 3- 3			
Sio	4-16- 9			
Siassi-Rook	1- 9			
Kajapit	12-13- 9			
Sattelberg, Mission..	3- 5-11			
Wareo	12- 4-10			
Kalasa	10- 8- 5			
Zaka	5-15- 6			
Hoboi	17-17-10			
Sattelberg, Health Station	35- 3- 9			
(Bavaria)	1- 0- 0			
(Saw-mill)	5-11- 8			
(Carpenter)	3- 6- 7			
Pola	1- 8- 7			
Salankaua	22- 5- 4			
Heldsbach, Plantation	4-11- 5			
Malahang	11- 1- 3			
	212-11- 5			
New Guinea, Total...	497- 6- 7½			

European Mission-staff—New Guinea

Nationality	Males	Females	Total
German	30	31	61
American	6	8	14
Australian	10	5	15
Total	46	44	90

Occupation	Males	Females	Total
Missionaries	29	0	29
Carpenters and Timber workers....	5	0	5
In Charge of Boats	2	0	2
Plantation Managers	4	0	4
Storemen	3	0	3
Other Helpers	3	4	7
Married Women	0	36	36
Female Teachers	0	2	2
Trained Nurses	0	2	2
Total	46	44	90

Area of Mission Holdings

District	Total, Acres	Planted, Acres	Not Planted, Acres
Madang	2857	802	2055
Finschhafen	5920	1643	4277
Total	8777	2445	6332

Church and school statistics are gathered every year. A regular census is taken every few years by the missionaries and their helpers in all the station districts. The last census, that of 1925, showed the number of natives among whom the mission is working to be over one hundred and thirty thousand. This number increases from year to year as the influence of the mission penetrates farther and farther inland. Of these 16,306 are baptized. Many other interesting facts may be gleaned from the statistical tables above—28 ordained missionaries labor at 19 mission stations, 4 helpers' training schools, or seminaries, and 2 printing establishments; 18 lay missionaries are in charge of the hospital, the mission ships, the saw-mill, the building enterprises, and the plantations of the mission; there are 19 mission stations, 31 organ-

ized congregations, 82 preaching stations, and 232 places where native helpers are stationed; 91 white mission workers, 108 trained native helpers, and 349 untrained native helpers are active in the field; 2066 persons, adults and children were baptized in 1925 and 8438 are being instructed preparatory for baptism; there are 9522 communicants and 6499 communed in the course of the year; in 4 training schools 225 young men are being educated as teachers; in 172 schools 191 teachers instruct 5972 pupils; of these 102 are trained, the others are emergency teachers; collections amounted to 757£-13-0½. A great many cases of sickness and wounds were treated by the missionaries and their helpers thruout the mission field. Expenses for bandages and medicines for 1925 amounted to 497£-6-7½. When we think of the small beginnings and the trying difficult labors of the pioneer days of our mission, we are amazed at the great change that has come about by the grace of God.

Tho we have no small difficulties to overcome at the present time, and tho troubles and dangers may befall our mission in the future, we, nevertheless, cannot fail to see by the great successes that have come to us in recent years that the Lord wants to bless us and that His Word spoken to Paul at Corinth also applies to us—"Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace; for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee; for I have much people in this city"—in this land of New Guinea.

What responsibility for us, what task for the future! Since whole tribes are ready to give up their heathen faiths, and are eager, as it were, in a body to accept the Gospel, the danger is great that they accept the Christian faith just superficially, that they never get beyond the first article of the faith, that they are satisfied to have God Almighty free them of their fear of spirits and sorcery, and that they do not receive in faith the only-begotten Son of the Father, the crucified Savior, who is to save them from their griev-

ous sins, that they do not fully realize their sinfulness and their sins.

Therefore it is necessary that we untiringly bear witness of that salvation which is in Christ, in all our work in school and church, instructing the natives for baptism and guiding their spiritual lives in the congregations. We must show them Christ and His Cross until the message of Salvation penetrates their hearts and their Christian faith becomes firmly founded on the Rock of Ages. As Johannes Warneck clearly shows in his book, *Lebenskraefte des Evangeliums*, only those are true Christians which have made the two-fold experience, to be freed from the fear and bondage of their spirit cult by God the Almighty, and to be freed from the guilt and domination of sin by the crucified Savior. All our converts who accept the Gospel from pure motives must be lead to accept Christ as their Savior with all their hearts, and that at least some of them attain that goal that St. Paul calls the perfect manhood "unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ," that they may be a light and a salt unto their people. Such Christians Warneck found among the Batak on the island of Sumatra in an older mission, and such Christians Brother Keyszer found at Wasa and Brother Blum at Ragetta from the beginning.

As to the means and the men that are needed for the growing mission, we trust that He who has helped so far will graciously provide. Both silver and gold are His. The hearts of men are in the hand of the Lord; He directs them as rivers of water. That holds also in the matter of raising the necessary means to carry on missions, as well as to support the works of the church at home. The means are necessary, but ever so much more important are the men. These the Lord must choose, and call and lead forth and render fit to lead the heathen that have been won on to the fullness of knowledge of God's plan of salvation. We

need new forces to rejuvenate our staff of workers. One after another of the older men are becoming superannuated. All considered we have more workers in the field proportionately than our neighbors, the Methodist mission in the Bismarck Archipelago and the islands to the south-east and the Anglican and London missions in British New Guinea, or Papua. But the fact is that these missions work rather superficially. We don't want to imitate them in that respect; we, including those that come to us from the New World, want to continue to work according to our thoro-going Lutheran method.

The pioneer days of our mission are past. The natives need no more be induced to come by all kinds of external means; they come of themselves and come in great numbers. Much external labor that we had to do at first, the natives do for us now. Also in the mission work proper the helpers do a great deal of work and must do ever more; they must teach school, must give preliminary instructions for baptism, and must in other ways help to spread the Word. Without this help it would be quite impossible to reach every nook and corner of our large field with the message of the Gospel. Not yet, but in time the native helper will take the place of the white missionary. One of our objectives must be to make ourselves more and more unnecessary in the course of the years. But until that time comes, many more white mission workers will be needed, and only the best are good enough to develop the mission church in New Guinea. We can only touch on that subject here, but it must be mentioned, for some people are still of the opinion that anybody is good enough for the mission field, that anything is good enough for the blacks, that it is a pity to send gifted men, whom the Church should keep at home to do the work among white people. The opposite is right. In old Christian congregations where every phase of church life has its fixed form and rules of order, faithful men of

mediocre talent can very well do the work; in the foreign mission field, however, where the church is to be founded, where a native church is in the making, as is the case in our mission in New Guinea, the very best is not too good. Above all we need leaders, able leaders for the extensive and very important school system as well as for the congregations, men to whom the native helpers can look up to, whom they can take for examples, so that thru a well ordered co-operation of white and brown the blessed Gospel may become deeply rooted in, and thoroly identified with the spirit of the people.

And from where shall these new white workers come? Shall they come from the Old World, in case that New Guinea should again be opened to German missionaries, or shall they come from the New World? My advice is that for the time being they should come from the New World, which has already sent a few good men. I have a very definite reason for giving this advice. The world situation today makes it more than probable that the New World will have to support the mission for many years to come, and it will be able to do this work in the proper way only if it has as many as possible of its own workers in the field; only then will the churches in Australia and America have that interest in the work which will yield the prayers of faith and the gifts of love that are needed. The co-operation of the church in the Old World will always be welcome. It is touching to see how in the old home young and old in spite of the greatest poverty continue to give and sacrifice for the mission that has been taken from them. We should faithfully work together in building the house of God. Neither side should look upon the other as undesirable helpers. Both sides should do their best, so that with the help of God the cruel wounds may soon be healed, that the terrible war has inflicted in the service of unrighteousness. Furthermore the church in the New World should

gladly welcome ministers of the Gospel from the Old World that are not permitted to enter the mission field so that by their work other forces in the New World may be made available for New Guinea.

It is also good to remember that the wheel of fortune as far as the things of this world are concerned is forever turning. The day may come when misfortune overwhelms the New World while the Old World has again an opportunity to enjoy the blessings of peace. Therefore should those who are of one faith in Christ's everlasting kingdom of peace faithfully stand together and should help and further the common cause as best they can.

Times of trouble will no doubt come to the mission church in New Guinea, and the better that our Christians have comprehended the central truth of the Christian faith, the better that they have apprehended salvation in Christ, the better they will stand in the day of trouble.

That the native Christians of New Guinea should ever revert to their old heathen faiths, is not to be feared, rather that they are corrupted by the evil influences of modern world paganism and drawn into the wicked ways of the world. Wherever our brown Christians come in contact with white people, they hear the voice of modern unbelief, which denies the existence of higher powers. At first they are not impressed, such views are contrary to their very nature, for even in their heathen state they were conscious of overruling powers. They instinctively shrink at the idea of no God, but on the other hand the spirit of the world has a great fascination for them. Some things may in themselves be harmless enough, as for instance the games and sports introduced by the English. But our people, who are like big children, are more than captivated by such vain things and become so passionately devoted to them that they have neither time nor thot for higher values, and in that way their Christianity suffers.

The English missionaries on the islands of Polynesia have the same trouble with this passion for sports among their people. Rev. Bourton of the Tonga Islands, which have long been christianized, writes in his book *Call of the Pacific* that the government had to make a law according to which the natives were not permitted to play foot-ball six days of the week, because they neglected their fields and thus caused a famine. (On Sundays and holidays, it seems, they were permitted to play, it not being considered so important that the hunger of their souls be satisfied with the word of God.) Just as wise as the government of Tonga or maybe a little wiser, I judge, was our old chief at Sio, or Dorfinsel. When I left there, he asked me to tell the white people in Australia to keep their foot balls at home so that his young people would not get hold of them. They were continually playing foot-ball and forgetting their fields and he feared that his people would soon be in need. And if he protested, the young people would tell the district officer, who in turn would scold or punish him for interfering with innocent sport.

Before I left the field this passion for sports had taken hold of the people about Finschhafen too. In a short time three young men were crippled in the game. One young man, who had been working at Rabaul, came home with one leg; the other had been badly fractured in a foot-ball game and had to be amputated. A boy who works on the *Bavaria* broke his wrist playing at Pola and a laborer at Sattelberg broke an arm. It is a good thing to have a doctor at hand when we make such progress.—The labor laws prescribe that laborers shall not be required to work in the rain. When it begins to rain, the foreman calls his blacks under roof; the moment they are free, they run for the foot-ball and play in the rain. This passion for sports also arouses the old heathen brutality in the natives. When the young men come home from over-seas, where

they hire out as laborers, they often have knockers in their possession. And sometimes these are used in the heat of the game to even a score with a personal enemy.

The best support that our natives and their youth have against all temptations is their Christianity. Where this is firmly rooted, all difficulties and temptations are like clouds that pass in the sky. To make the Christianity of our mission church in New Guinea deep and pure with the help of God, shall be our highest aim.

One way to strengthen the faith of our native Christian congregations in New Guinea is to make the Word of God more largely available to them in printed form. Just extracts from the Bible and Bible histories will not suffice on a long run. A mission church of thousands of Christians and hundreds of trained native helpers and whole tribes clamoring for more of the Gospel, must have the whole New Testament printed in its own language and also the most important parts of the Old Testament, the Books of Moses, the Psalms, and the Prophets.

A more exact literal translation of parts of the Bible is naturally much harder to understand for our natives than the Bible histories written in a more popular style; these of course are only intended as a kind of bridge leading into the fuller understanding of the books of the Bible in their entirety. When our Christians and even our helpers do not understand everything, it will lead them on to think and ask questions, and they will be thankful listeners when the missionary explains the Bible to them. In this way our converts will become more alert, they will ponder these matters more, and so will be lead to better and better knowledge of the word of God.

We are glad to report that the Jabem, or Melanesian congregations about Finschhafen will soon receive the whole New Testament printed in the Jabem language. With great industry Brother Zahn has for years devoted himself to

this task, assisted by skillful native helpers. Brother Zahn, the head of our training school, who year for year teaches the best and most gifted of our native youth the word of God, was naturally best fitted to render this translation.

While on furlough in Australia, Brother Zahn put the finishing touches on his translation and the British Bible Society kindly consented to take charge of the printing. The first shipment of Jabem New Testaments has already arrived in New Guinea and has been received with much joy and thankfulness by the natives.

Among the Jabem our work began, and it was only fair that the Jabem should be the first to receive a New Testament for use in church and school. We hope that with the help of God the Kate church will soon be able to follow this example. Brother Keyszer gave to this part of the field the valuable Dictionary in the Kate language. There is yet a great deal of work to be done by the white missionary in the way of building up and fitting out the mission church in New Guinea, in order that in the future it may become more and more independent and finally be able to stand on its own feet.

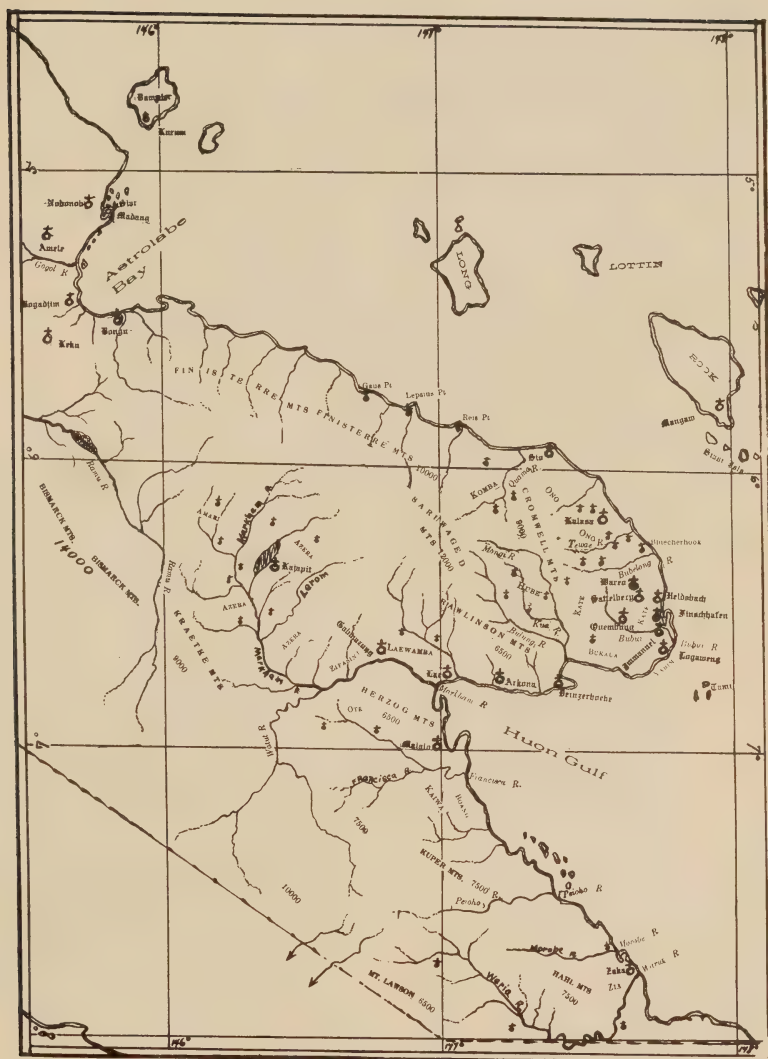
EBENEZER:—"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us!" May he graciously continue to guard our mission work in New Guinea.

SOLI DEO GLORIA!

Pictures of American Mission Workers in New Guinea

The publisher gladly would have inserted the pictures of all the members of the mission force in New Guinea, but was not able to do so for lack of the necessary photographs. It was not deemed advisable to postpone the printing of this edition until such pictures could have been secured.

The Board of Foreign Missions.



Map of the Milne Bay

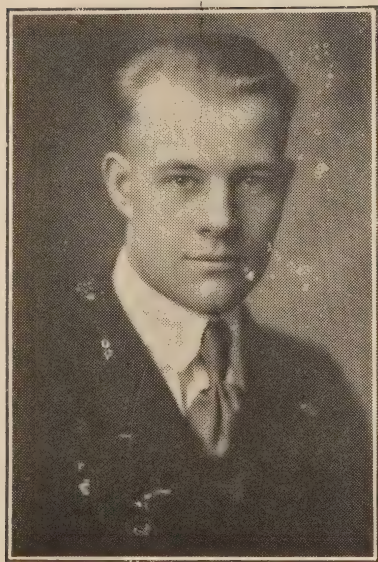


Missionary Fred Pietz of Parkston, S. D.
Arrived in New Guinea, 1922.
Kajapit, Finschhafen District.

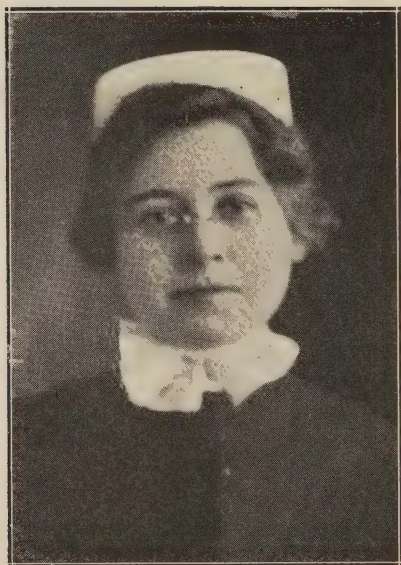
Mrs. Fred Pietz, nee Adena Carlson, of Clinton, Iowa.
Arrived in New Guinea, 1922.



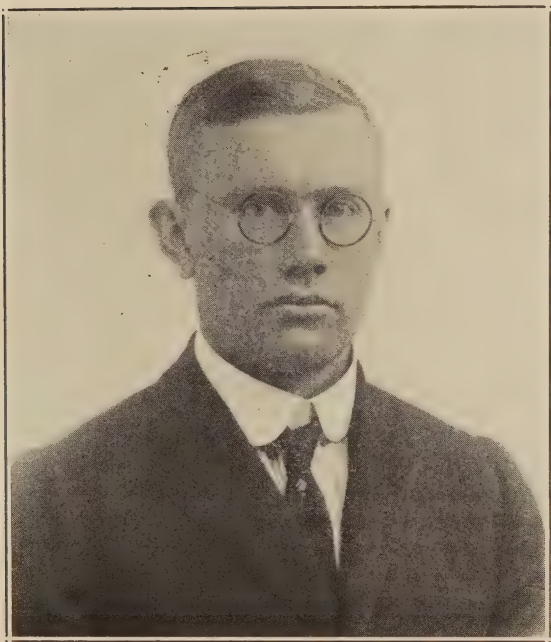
Mrs. Fred Knautz, nee Margaret
Vieztens, of Winona, N. D.
Arrived in New Guinea, 1921. Nasada-
mon, Ragetta, Madang District



Fred Knautz of Ribbsville, N. D.
Arrived in New Guinea, 1921. Manager
of store at Nasadamon, Ragetta Island,
Madang District.



Mrs. Victor Koschade, nee Ida Voss,
Sister and R. N., of Stout, Iowa.
Arrived in New Guinea, 1921. Sana-
torium, Sattelberg, Finschhafen District.



Andrew Freese of Butler Center, Iowa
Arrived in New Guinea, 1922.—Manager of plantation,
Malahang, Finschhafen District



William Siemers of St. Donatus, Iowa
Arrived in New Guinea, 1922.—Carpenter at Nagada,
Madang District



Missionary Emil Hannemann
of Ramona, S. D.
Arrived in New Guinea, 1923.
Ragetta, Madang District

Mrs. Emil Hannemann,
nee Luthilda Voss, of Stout, Iowa.
Arrived in New Guinea, 1921.
Ragetta, Madang District



Miss Sophia Deguisne of Primghar, Iowa
Arrived in New Guinea, 1923.—Matron
of School for missionaries' children.
Sattelberg, Finschhafen District.



Miss Louise Reck of Spragueville, Iowa
Arrived in New Guinea, 1924
Sattelberg, Finschhafen District



Miss Emma Engeling of Brenham, Tex.
Arrived in New Guinea, 1924.—School
of missionaries' children.—Sattelberg,
Finschhafen District.



Miss Hattie Engeling of Brenham, Tex.
Arrived in New Guinea, 1924
Amele, Madang District



The Foreign Mission Board and a number of mission workers about to leave for New Guinea. Standing, left to right: Rev. R. Taeuber, chairman; Mr. E. Mussgang; Rev. F. Braun, treasurer; Rev. A. Hoeger; Rev. W. Kraushaar, secretary. Sitting, left to right: Miss Tennie Kalkwarf, Miss Emma Engeling, Miss Louise Reck, Miss Hattie Engeling.

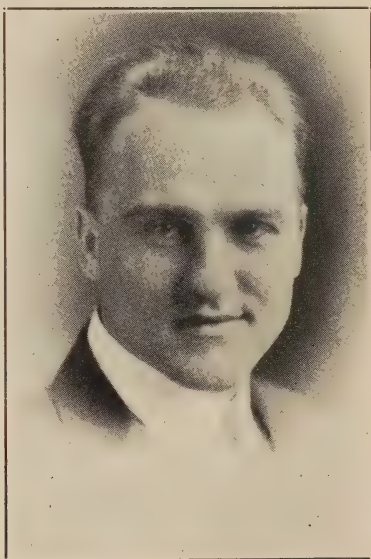


Missionary George Hueter
of Blissfield, Mich.
Arrived in New Guinea,
1926. Nobonob,
Madang District

Mrs. George Hueter, nee
Anna Henkelmann, of
Bryan, Ohio
Arrived in New Guinea,
1926. Nobonob,
Madang District



Miss Bertha Knoernschild
of Dubuque, Iowa,
Fiancee of Missionary Paul Fliehler.
She expects to sail for New Guinea
on the 2nd of June, from San
Francisco



Missionary Paul Fliehler
of Strawberry Point Iowa
Arrived in New Guinea, 1926
Finschhafen District



Missionary Roland Hanselmann
of Bowdle, S. D.
Arrived in New Guinea, 1926.
(Station not yet determined),
Finschhafen District.



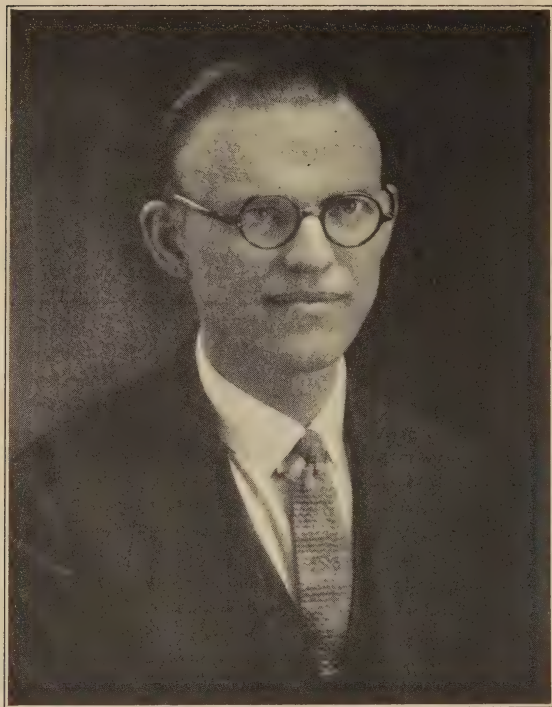
Rev. John Flierl and Family
of Lockney, Texas, who is to sail for New Guinea
June 2nd, 1927



Rev. William Flierl and Family
of Buckholts, Texas, who is to sail for New Guinea
June 2nd, 1927



Candidate Frederick Henkelmann
of Wartburg Seminary at Dubuque, Iowa, who is to
sail for New Guinea September 15th, 1927



Candidate John F. Mager
of Wartburg Seminary at Dubuque, Iowa, who is
expected to leave for New Guinea during the month
of September, 1927



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